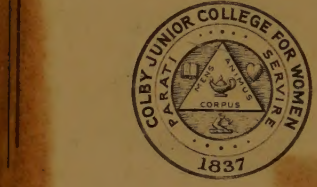
THE LIBRARY

COLBY JUNIOR COLLEGE



THE NEW RUSSIA

© *Underwood & Underwood*

SOVIET RUSSIA'S HOLY PLACE

THE NEW RUSSIA

BY

DOROTHY THOMPSON

NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

THE LIBRARY
COLBY JUNIOR COLLEGE
NEW LONDON, N. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1928,
BY
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

PRINTED IN THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FOREWORD

WHEN I had been in Moscow a month I met for the third or fourth time Mr. Paul Scheffer, the brilliant correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*. "What! You are still here," he exclaimed. "Go out. Take my advice, go out."

(Something of what Russia is like for the westerner is implicit in that phrase. One never speaks simply of leaving. It is always "going out.")

I had no reason to expect any personal animosity from Mr. Scheffer, so I asked for an elaboration.

"Only two sorts of people can write about Russia," he explained. "They are those who stay here for years and give up their lives to the study of this extraordinary country, and those who come in for a very short time and leave before the first vivid impression becomes confused. Therefore, I say, go out. For if you stay much longer, and yet not long enough, all that you see and feel so clearly will become chaotic."

I did not follow my colleague's advice and take the next train to Warsaw, but I definitely belong to the second class of observers whom he named. It is inevitable therefore that much of my information should be second hand, gleaned as answers to questions, brought out in conversations with people who

know Russia better than I do, taken from literature. And I owe to all of my journalist friends, American, German, Italian, and Russian, and especially to Walter Duranty of the *New York Times,* Junius B. Wood of the *Chicago Daily News,* and Miss Anna Louise Strong, thanks for many hours of patient answering of questions, and for the stimulus of numerous animated conversations. I wish to thank Mr. Reswick of the *Associated Press* for bringing me into contact with numerous young Russian poets and artists, and Mr. Albert Rys Williams for his views about the peasants whom he knows as no other American does.

And I am especially grateful to Count Brockdorff-Ranzau, the German Ambassador to Moscow, and to the members of his embassy for their memorable courtesy and most valuable assistance, and while I leave them unnamed to many American and British business men and to many Russians of no official importance, who were generous in sharing with me their experiences.

There are ways of seeing Russia which do not demand one's bodily presence on Russian soil. It is impossible to live as a foreign correspondent in Central and Eastern Europe, as I have done for the past seven years, without being daily aware of the importance of Russia and almost daily confronted with some aspect of the problem: Russia and the West.

From the outside I have for a long time peered in upon Russia through the few small windows open on the west.

And it is gratifying for the student of Russia that more and more of the literature of the younger Russian writers, particularly that which is least colored by propaganda and most endowed with poetic insight is being translated, especially into German. Most of it draws its material directly from contemporary life, and as a supplement to first-hand impressions and observations it cannot be too highly prized.

The greater part of this book appeared originally as a series of articles in the *New York Evening Post,* which made it possible for me to visit Russia and generously allows me to re-publish the articles. To the articles, which were largely straight reporting, I have for this book added more of what I think and feel about Russia. Not the least noteworthy fact about Russia is that no matter what viewpoint one may bring to this country, once one has visited it, once one has realized that what is happening there is not a dry political experiment but is the painful process of a nation being re-born, one is forced to think and think again; to re-live experiences and revive impressions in an attempt to make clearer to oneself what it is all about. Part of this book is the result of these long arguments with myself, this weighing over again of facts, observations, and instinctive reactions.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	FOREWORD	V
I.	THE FIRST IMPRESSION	3
II.	MAYFAIR AND MONTPARNASSE	41
III.	THE STATE AS A POLITICAL MACHINE	72
IV.	LENINISM: A POWER FORMULA AND A FAITH	89
V.	THE STATE AS SUPER-TRUST	121
VI.	AMERICANIZATION AS A SOCIALIST IDEAL	159
VII.	THE WAR PSYCHOSIS	169
VIII.	THE TROOPS OF ARMAGEDDON	191
IX.	MAKING A NEW MENTAL TYPE	211
X.	LAME EROS	259
XI.	THE RED FIELDS	279
XII.	THE PERMANENT CRISIS	303
	INDEX	319

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Soviet Russia's Holy Place	*Frontispiece*
Politics in Soviet Russia	8
The Smolensky Bazaar in Moscow	32
Hardening Soviet Fighting Men	190
Singing the "Internationale"	206
Equality of the Sexes in Russia	258
Making Hay in Russia	278
This is "Log-Cabin" in Russian	294
The Structure of the Soviet Union	318

THE NEW RUSSIA

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST IMPRESSION

I

Soviet Russia, after ten years of revolution and Soviet government under the dictatorship of the Communist party, is a land of the most amazing contradictions, the most crass contrasts, the most mooted possibilities. No two people who go into Russia with what they think is objectivity, bring out the same judgment or see the same picture. It cannot be said that political bias always influences the judgment of observers, because I found in Russia business men, rooted in capitalism, who had more respect for the system and more optimism for the country's future than so-called radicals. I found artists who thought that Russia was the art center of to-day and of the future, and artists who thought that sovietism and the peculiar life form practised in Russia, which for reasons which I hope to make clear I shall call "Leninism," meant the death of art. A liberal diplomat with whom I talked had hardly a good word to say for the country where he has been living for the last years; an aristocrat of feudal tradition, also a diplomat, told me that in his estimation, there was

more self-sacrifice, personal devotion, concentration of will, and hard commonsense acceptance of realities in this government than in any régime in present Europe. I do not quote these estimable and sincere opinions because they are mine, but because the only definite judgment which I brought out of Russia is of a country in mighty movement, of an experiment of far greater significance than the western world dreams of, of problems, spiritual, mental, economic and administrative, greater than have ever concentrated themselves at once in any nation, and which are of profound meaning for the whole world, and of the impossibility of making at this time any estimate of this experiment likely to hold good for many years.

A decade has passed since the "ten days which shook the world." These ten years have laid low many prophets. Neither assaults from the outside nor the predicted revolution, decadence, corruption, or inefficiency from the inside have brought down the system which Lenin founded, whose word has become its Bible, whose memory its religion. The Russian nation is administered and makes, with whatever slowness, a certain progress under conditions which are, for the orthodox economist, "impossible." The economic laws which operate for other countries glance off here on the armor of the system itself. Isolated, spiritually, mentally and commercially from the rest of the world, a country which occupies one-

seventh of the land surface of the earth and includes a hundred and ninety-three nationalities with about as many languages, is attempting to lift itself by its own bootstraps in one generation from an economically and culturally backward and half oriental nation into a modern industrial state, fancying itself at the same time a missionary to the world. Out of the colossal incongruities of this original aim and thesis spring a million incongruities, and they are reflected in even the most obvious and outward aspects of everyday life, in the look of the city and countryside, in the mentality of the people, in their behaviour, in the way business is conducted and public institutions are run.

Moscow is at once a modern town and an oriental village; it is at once the most progressive and the most pitifully backward capital in Europe; it is at once Europe and Asia; it is the center of a frontier, pushing civilization, of anarchic quality, and it is the center of a working theory of government originally rigid in its rationalism. It is the most isolated capital in the world—and thousands of dispossessed from all corners of the earth call it "home." The concentration of all these conflicts and incongruities, the undeniable sense of pushing life which one gets immediately one has passed the country's borders, produce an impression of vitality, and this is increased, for the visitor from outside, by the necessity

of constantly making readjustments in order to get any perspective whatsoever upon the system and its manifestations. The result is that all visitors—all of the people whom I met in Moscow, whether they were journalists, or businessmen, or tourists,—insofar as they were intelligent, sensitive, curious, and receptive, were excited and stimulated by the impinge of Russia, and this fact in itself colors their impressions and their judgments.

II

The frontier quality of life in to-day's Russia impressed me vividly before I was an hour over the border, and this is one feeling for the country which never left me. From Negerolje, the border station between Russia and Poland, the Russian landscape begins to assert itself. It was early winter when I came to Russia, and a fine wind-driven snow was blowing; right and left of the train stretched wide untidy fields. The roads, through the thin snow, showed themselves rough, muddy, rutted; the fences were no longer the trim hedges and walls of Europe, but were wooden and weathered, and reminiscent of the fences of home, before our own civilization became somewhat mellowed.

And the towns which the incoming visitor passes in the twilight are like frontier villages in the America of the 'Eighties. One sees wooden houses; not

the quaint chalets of Switzerland, so foreign to us, but precisely the log cabins or the little wooden houses, painted a horrible mustard color, with dinky verandahs on the front, which housed American pioneers not so long ago. These flimsy villages in the midst of an unkempt landscape, the main streets, with their rows of board fronts—the general store, the feed store, and now, the cinema—the irregular rutted roads, the tallness and the independent, rather impudent and friendly way of the peasants, the outlying fields, full of stumps—a sight seldom seen in overpopulated and thrifty Europe—the wagons rattling along the roads, and the sharp determination of the climate, its cruel coldness, its exhilarating dryness, as contrasted with the kinder, more temperate, and more depressing climate of Europe—all these must infallibly remind the American of the United States in pioneer days.

And I must admit that the first Soviet celebration which I attended reminded me of nothing so much as the end of a sleighride party arranged by the Ladies' Aid of the church, as I remember it from my childhood. The companions of my journey from Berlin were German communists come to attend the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the revolution. In their honor we were all taken off the train at Negerolje, a village in the Constituent Soviet Republic of White Russia. Over the railroad track an arch

had been erected, covered with crimson bunting. In the middle of it a frosted glass star, the emblem of the soviets, stained red, contained an electric light, and, twinkling like the topmost ornament on a mighty Christmas tree, shone all along the rails in two great streaks. Cheers greeted this sight, and my German travelling companions forthwith started to sing the Internationale as they were directed through the snow toward a large hall where a meeting of welcome was arranged. The tall room, smelling of wood walls, a wood fire, and the pine and fir used for decorating; the crimson bunting awkwardly put up, and painted with the words "welcome" in four languages, the "cold supper," bountiful and homemade, and above all the manners of the greeting committee, awkwardly cordial, rather taciturn, but genuinely pleased and hopeful of making a good impression—one had far more the feeling of returning to the old home town after a long absence than of entering the land which is the home of World Revolution.

The eternal speechmaking which immediately began, and which I came to learn is an integral part of Russian life, was also in the picture. Oratory always flourishes in pioneer civilizations, and did in our own. The innumerable posters which decorated the room had a sentimental benevolence. They were designed to show the peasant what ten years of revolution have done for him. One showed a peasant

© *Henry Miller. News Picture Service, Washington, D. C.*

POLITICS IN SOVIET RUSSIA

A Bolshevist propagandist carries his message to the people

woman sitting under a hay-wagon with her little boy at her feet, reading a picture book; the title indicated what joys are open to those who can read. In the distance caricatured and most unreal figures of the Tsar and royalists were represented as gnashing their teeth. Other posters urging peasants to participate in local committees for the uplift of the village pointed accusing "This Means You" fingers in an almost rotarian manner.

Nor does the substitution of *tovaristchi* for regular conductors, waiters, and porters, in the spotless new red mahogany and blue velvet sleeping-car train which meets the visitor at the Russian border seem fantastic, in this frontier landscape. They wear no uniforms and do not in the least act like either officials or servants. In blouses and boots they make themselves useful and chat with passengers in an entirely independent and equal tone. And they are extremely kind. "Could I have some tea, comrade," one asks, and the comrade brings the tea. He is not tipped. I can remember such conductors on branch lines in up-state New York, not long ago.

(It would be a vast mistake to draw conclusions from this. One is also served by comrades in hotels, in Moscow, but one tips these comrades, otherwise one is not served, and apart from knowing no language but Russian, they are, in deportment and appearance, like waiters the world over.)

III

The frontier quality of life in Russia extends into Moscow but with added incongruities. Here there is the background of another preceding civilization, unfinished, sumptuous and yet crude, and touching only the top of life. In to-day's Moscow, after ten years of revolutionary government, in the simple aspect of the city, one can see how topheavy and superficial was the civilization which the Bolsheviks overthrew so violently and completely in 1917. The streets are cobblestoned, and if the snow has melted, are swimming in mud. (In summer they cast up clouds of dust.) The famous *Tverskaya,* through which the emperor used to enter the city, and which runs, so they say, clear to Leningrad, is like the shopping street of a small town. There are beggars on the streets, now, as there were before the revolution declared the dictatorship of the proletariat. If the *droshkis* and their *izvostchiki* are shabbier and dirtier than they were before the war, their spirit of bargaining, their shrewd stupidity, is surely essentially the same as before. There are the same booths along the theater square, opposite the Grand Opera, where men in beards, boots, and sheepskins sell *piroszhkis,* cigarettes, and fruits from the Crimea, and women with shawls over their heads peddle everything from apples to brassières. Mud, markets which recall the

oriental bazaars, beggars, shabby peasants in evil smelling sheepskins, cobblestones, and a general untidiness and casualness—these were not introduced by the Bolsheviks. Against them is the Byzantine glory of those monuments to former rulers: palaces, and above all churches; lavish in gold; roofed in cobalt and jade; making up for what they lack in grace of form by fantastic design, daring ornamentation and an astonishingly happy sense of proportion; looking like barbaric jewels lost in mud puddles. Occasionally there are patches of consistent grandeur. There is the Red Square, vastest of public places, faced at one end by the huge and rather clumsy historical museum, flanked on one side by a long white building with arcades, now a great co-operative department store; at the other end the incredible church of St. Basil, built in the time of Ivan the Terrible; the orgy of an architect genius, who must have built it after reading the Thousand and One Nights under the influence of vodka, such a riot it is of domes and color; domes like the striped and silken turbans of oriental pashas, twisted in many colors. And to complete the Square—the long ruddy Kremlin wall out of which bloom such shapes of towers and clusters of domes, such princely roofs and cornices as Aladdin might have conjured out of his lamp. Atop them all the golden double eagles of the Romanoffs or the flashing double crosses of the Orthodoxy.

And all of this, lavish and miserable, handsome and neglected, is old Moscow.

In the midst of it: New Moscow. New Moscow carrying into the city the impression of a civilization devoted to progress, to practical realities. New Moscow is in the jostling, thronging crowds, which make the streets so much livelier than those of—for instance—Berlin. Not a single one of the numerous buildings erected in the last ten years show the slightest trace of oriental influence. Modern Germany, and America, are the inspiration for the designs. Façades of concrete or plaster, broad and practical windows, flat roofs, frank steel girdings, each of them affirm the modern industrialist; each of them affirm practicality and nationalism. Here, with the double eagles of the Romanoffs flashing in its very teeth, is the grim building of the Mosctorg (Moscow Trading Trust) looking like a hygienic prison and seeming to shout that beauty is a weak cult in the service of exploiters; here is the fine cubist home of the *Post* and *Telegraph;* here the mighty building of the *Isvestia,* the official government mouthpiece, which sends daily the news of the world according to the communists—and only thus—throughout the length and breadth of Russia. These and half a dozen other buildings,—amongst them many new apartment houses for the workers—stand out practical and incongruous, declaring in every line that Bolshevism, at war with

the west in its economic tenets, is the missionary of the west in many of its practices.

IV

Soviet Russia is like a vast river, whose stream has been directed into one narrow channel. Outside that channel one sees a stagnant river bed, from which all life has departed. But in the channel itself the current is swift-running and powerful, and the dynamic power of this narrow stream is not to be minimized. Certainly, one's impression of Russia depends on whether one looks at the rushing stream or at the deserted river bed. Whether one looks at Peter the Great's Leningrad, which is like a beautiful disintegrated corpse, at some of the Black Sea ports, where despite optimistic reports of the government on grain export there is every impression of stagnation, or at a city like Baku, where the government's oil industry is going at a pace that would do credit to any western power, at a town like Ivanovo-Voznesensk in which a vast cotton industry is concentrated, at the center of the lumber industry in Karelia where former workers are running thriving paper mills—and above all, at Moscow. In Moscow there is poverty; in Moscow there is appalling housing; in Moscow, the new, tall, and practical city jostles a shabby and casual village, in Moscow, after ten years, one can still observe the pitifully strug-

gling remnants of the old bourgeoisie, but Moscow is undeniably a living city.

A criticism has been often directed against Soviet Russia which my experience did not confirm. It has been said that Russia is a series of Potemkin villages; that the foreigner is led around by the nose; that he sees and hears only what the government wants him to see and hear.

But if I had any personal complaint to make about my stay in Moscow it would be rather that the government did not pay the slightest attention to me. At least not openly. I suffered from the same disabilities in getting around, in visiting institutions, from which every one, and not least of all Soviet citizens themselves suffer: a cumbersome and incredibly complicated and extensive bureaucracy in which no one seems to wish to assume responsibility, so that the accomplishment of the simplest processes of living undermines in the long run the steadiest nerves. It took me five months to get a visa for Russia, a week to get permission to leave, each process cost me twelve dollars, and in between the registry of my passport, twice—because I changed my hotel—cost me another five; workmen's clubs, factories, and schools could not, theoretically, at least, be visited without a permit from the Foreign Office or the *Voks,* the Bureau of Cultural Relations, whose business it is to deal with foreign visitors. And this institution is one of

the most well-meaning and inefficient organizations which it has ever been my misfortune to encounter. One is passed around from one person to another; one is advised by the *Voks* to go to the Foreign Office and by the Foreign Office to go to the *Voks*. But when at last I took matters into my own hands, employed my own interpreter, made my own schedule, arranged my own dates, I never asked for any permit which in the end I did not get. I myself picked the factories, schools, clubs, and other institutions which I wished to visit, and sometimes I picked them quite haphazard, out of the telephone book. I saw some institutions which could objectively be considered as models of their kind, and I saw others which were certainly no particular credit to their makers. Apart from the ubiquitous and indiscriminating bureaucracy, nothing was placed in my way. I am convinced that it is not true that the visitor who goes to Russia cannot see it. To arrive at the truth about Russia is quite another matter. The analyst of statistics will find himself at his wit's end, very soon; the man who proposes to make a definitive report on the workings of the industrial system will find it excessively hard to present a statement which he himself believes to be accurate. And it is very hard to see any country with more than a superficial eye unless one knows its language. But insofar as life is lived on the surface, it is there for every eye to see.

That the revolution has uprooted and put into motion the peoples of this vast land, which reaches from a spot in northern Siberia thirty-four miles from Alaska down into central Asia and from the borders of Europe to the Pacific is observable in these streets. "Lend me a few kopeks" begs a swarthy man in a wadded striped tunic and high hat of lambskin who has come from the far Caucasus to seek his fortune in the town where rumour has it gold is to be found in the streets. He has not found his gold and he is on his uppers. Each new Soviet celebration, May-day, or Revolution Day, or a Soviet congress, brings to Moscow people who have never before been on a railroad train, women from Armenia and Turkestan, individuals who look like Lamas from Mongolia, which although not part of the Soviet Republic is nevertheless under its influence, peasants from Ukraine, from Crimea, from White Russia, who before the Revolution could not and would not have contemplated a visit to the national capital.

V

And day and night the streets are crowded with Moscovites. Enter their houses and you will understand why they prefer the streets. Collectivism in home life has been a complete failure. The government knows it now, and is building as fast as it can, two, three, and four room apartments on German or

American models; the last thing that can be socialized, it has found, are human stomachs. In the matter of kitchens all men are individualists. But the apartment houses do not go up fast enough; there is shortage of capital. Moscow, before the war hardly more than a picturesque and extensive village, has to-day two million souls. If the Moscow soviet were to provide for merely the natural increase in population it would have to carry out an annual building program twelve times as comprehensive as that of the city of Vienna which is, probably, in modern housing, a model among European capitals.

Meanwhile the majority of people are housed in the makeshift way started by the Revolution when all houses were seized and the proletariat quartered together in the homes of the bourgeoisie on the basis of a certain number of square feet per person. Soviet spokesmen told me that the average number of proletarians per room in Moscow was 6 before the war and that now it is 4.2. I do not know whether these figures are accurate. I only know that if before the war there was a horrible state of overcrowding in the slums, this evil has now been spread out, a little thinner, over the entire city. Most of Moscow to-day lives in slums. The handsome palaces, the large apartments of the former bourgeoisie, have been given over to workers, and after ten years they are still not livable. The façades are chipped and decaying. The

characteristic little iron porches are rusted, and the interiors display a tenement-like aspect of utter ruin. An apartment of ten rooms which formerly housed a family of five, now may contain five or more families. But such an apartment has many rooms which can only be entered through others, now occupied by other families, and has only one kitchen.

One would think that in a communist state, after ten years, some form of communal living would have been worked out, whereby such dwellings could be organized and the various families determine by schedules who was to do the cooking each week, and how the expenses were to be divided. Such indeed was the hope of many Utopians at the beginning of the revolution. No one in Russia any longer believes in this phase of collectivism. Experience has demonstrated the obstinacy of the principle of private ownership in the matter of sauce pans. The fine stove of iron and tiles has been abandoned in these communal kitchens, because if one family heats it the entire population of the house or apartment steal his fire. The kitchen contains a dozen or more small deal tables and on each table is the "primus." If the institution of fresh air had taken a firmer hold on the Moscow population and windows were left open the visitor would hear, at meal times, a terrifying though subdued roar through all the streets. This roar, accompanied by sputterings of blue flame is no

revolutionary rite nor presage of another rising. It is the sound of the "primus," the one-burner oil stove, which more than any institution in modern Moscow asserts the eternity of the individualist. The "primus" emits gases, which if they could be collected, might solve that problem of chemical defense which so engages the attention of the Red Army and the numerous defense organizations; the "primus" explodes frequently, and has cost, according to one observer, more lives than the whole revolution; the "primus" is noisy as a small dynamo. But on it one can cook one's own *Kasha,* boil one's own soup, in one's own sauce pan, and while swearing allegiance to communism be one's own master in the communal kitchen.

The little tyrants of Russia are the house committees in these crowded dwelling houses. All the tenants who are wage-earners (traders and non-workers excluded) can vote for these committees who administer the house. If a communist lives in the house he is usually and in the nature of things on the committee and one member of it always serves as the informer of the O. G. P. U. (*Tcheka*)—the organization for the apprehension of spies, counter-revolutionists, and swindlers of the state. The committee decides about the disposal of the rooms, settles conflicts, which are bitter and numerous, determines rates—which are fixed upon the class of the person who

pays and not upon the space itself, so that a foreigner or a concessionaire or a trader pays manyfold what a factory worker is charged for similar quarters—collects rent, water and gas bills, and sees to repairs. For these services president and secretary are remunerated out of the house funds, and alas, they often add to this rather paltry sum by embezzling the repair money, so that a Moscow newspaper reported while I was in Russia that 3000 cases of dishonest house committees had been brought before the Moscow courts this year.

Even the new houses do not solve the problem of overcrowding, because it is impossible to get the tenants to use them according to design. A foreign concession built apartments for its employees consisting of one living-room and a large kitchen for each family. Before long as many as twenty-six people were living in one such dwelling.

VI

Outside of meal times the population flees from primuses and crowded, ill-smelling quarters into the streets, into the very numerous workers' clubs, into the cinemas, into the theaters, into the market.

The shops and markets reveal a great deal about the present social system in Russia. Up and down the *Twerskaya,* the *Petrovska,* and the other shopping streets one sees constantly and especially over food

stores the word "KOMMYHAP" ("Kommunar.") These are the co-operative shops which Soviet figures show are increasingly taking the place of private or government trade. Many of these shops, which outwardly resemble any well-organized store, and which sell stuff somewhat cheaper than private institutions do, are organized as co-operatives by the trade unions, and all in theory distribute dividends to members on the basis of purchases. The government has found that the government itself is not the best means of distribution, and encourages these co-operatives. But in many cases it subsidizes them to an extent which makes them practically government institutions. The statement that they are "free" co-operatives is open to serious question. They are always favored over private enterprises in the granting of concessions. Although they are classified as free co-operatives the population itself almost always refers to them as "government stores."

The government has its own shops, to be sure, which are usually distributing stations for government industries and monopolies. Wines and spirits, furs, machines, and books are nearly always sold in such shops which are outposts of the industry itself.

Private shops usually handle such manufactured goods as clothing, smaller industrial articles, and household goods. They are taxed higher than co-operatives, are granted less favorable concessions,

and enjoy a grudging legality. Nevertheless their owners often make a great deal of money. The only explanation for it is the shortage of goods and the hunger for them. In Russia to-day people buy and buy and buy. Before the *Kommunar* and the government shops there are often huge queues; on any given day the complete supply of galoshes, or wadded coats, or felt boots may be sold out. And at the private shop for a little more money one can obtain an article as good or better.

The investigator is at a complete loss to understand where these buyers come from. If wages are investigated, he finds that the average worker earns somewhere around thirty dollars a month. Yet a pair of felt boots to wear over one's shoes as protection against the bitter cold costs $20, and I have seen hundreds of such boots on the feet of Moscow women.

The fruit and food shops on the *Twerskaya* are magnificent. There are round tins of gray Molossal caviar, or of Red Salmon-roe, Crimean grapes sweet as honey and big as plums; apples and pears, pomegranates and persimmons and tangerines from those parts of the Soviet Republic where the sun is burning hot in December. And these luxuries have buyers. One explanation of the spendthrift tendency is that many people have two, three or half a dozen jobs. Another is the paternalism of the government and trade unions. Many normal expenses are lifted from the shoulders of the worker. He pays practically no

rent; he gets free theater tickets or at greatly reduced prices; he is insured against nearly every emergency; he can be treated in a free hospital, if he is ill. The factory furnishes him his club, his recreations, often his free cinema, his books. Whatever he earns he can put in his stomach or on his back. In early revolution days it was "bourjui"[1] to save: the government has not yet been able to change the spendthrift tendency which is doubtless due to the memory of the inflation and apprehension of a future one.

Along with this tendency to buy extravagantly as long as there is money is the evidence of a shortage in the most basic supplies. Often I have seen long queues of women with shawls over their heads standing in the snow before a *Kommunar* to get a few pounds of flour. On some days the entire milk and egg supply of Moscow is exhausted. When one asks for the explanation of such a phenomenon in an agricultural country one is told: The government is exporting grain, the milk or egg price is too low and the peasants are holding back.

So in the streets of Moscow one sees evidences of national policy and domestic difficulties.

VII

One is cumulatively conscious, in Moscow, that Russia, like primitive America, is a nation without a past. America never had one. It was built out of

[1] Popular corruption for "bourgeoisie."

forest and prairie, after the singularly fragile aborigines had been rooted out. Russia has wilfully destroyed her past. The revolution of ten years ago was the most thorough that the world has ever seen. All previous European revolutions built up a new order on the basis of the old. Even in France, where revolution established a democratic and liberal state, the spirit of the country and of the leading men of affairs retains a large measure of the old aristocratic flavor. But Russia's revolution goes to the bone. In buildings alone can one trace the existence of Peter, Catherine and Nicholas. There is only the most esoteric connection between these former rulers and the civilization which they produced, and the new generation.

In these ten years urban Russia having destroyed, exiled, or reduced to the most abject misery all representatives of that previous civilization, is without most bourgeoisie amenities.

The foreign visitor feels this the moment he lands in a Moscow railroad station. Unless he speaks Russian he is in a dilemma. The people who spoke foreign languages in Russia were most of them either revolutionary intellectuals, who now have important posts in the government, and don't have time to meet the railroad trains, or were bourgeoisie, or persons who lived from the bourgeoisie and were therefore sympathetic to them. (The communists call them "lackey proletarians.") To-day these people have

been weeded out of the proletariat, as unreliable, and the new workers know no foreign tongues. Neither in the information bureau, ticket offices, or baggage room will you find any one who can speak English, French, or German. Neither do any of the drivers of dilapidated taxicabs, or of the dirty *droshkis,* with their torn seat coverings, and chipped and rusted fenders.

When by means of pantomime, the visitor arrives at his hotel, he is lucky if he finds at the desk a porter with whom he can communicate in any western language. Theoretically, in all of the hotels which house foreigners, there is some one at the desk who speaks English, French or German, but this individual is no trained hotel man, and if he departs for a meal, or an errand, there is no one to take his place. The hotels are entirely run by the Moscow Soviet, which seems to have picked its employees rather for their political reliability than for their experience or cleverness at hotel management. Whether one stays at the Savoy —frequented for the most part by foreign businessmen, concessionaires, etc.—at the larger and more florid Grand, which houses foreign journalists, distinguished guests of the Soviet government, and visiting Russian officials, or at the Metropole, one will find a very sketchy, if good-natured, service. At the Grand one may have a room full of the most gaudy empire or Louis Quinze furniture, decorated with

carved bronze, inlaid with Sèvres porcelain, upholstered in pale damasks—requisitioned by the state from former private palaces, and brought here for want of a better storehouse—but it is difficult to get a clean towel, even though when it comes it may be of damask and be embroidered with a crown. I was repeatedly told that all of the porters in the hotels which house foreigners, are O. G. P. U.—agents of the secret political police. But the visitor is likely to err in spotting detectives. The little men in blue blouses and boots who guard each floor, doze on benches, and wake very alertly if you pass by them at any hour of the night, may be there partly to watch you, but more probably to watch your property. The Soviet Government is anxious above everything to preserve before foreigners a reputation for honesty. You can safely leave your money, your jewels, and your most private documents in a hotel room. My friends in the diplomatic service assured me that the latter would all be read, but in my case, if they ever were, they were replaced with remarkable exactitude, as I had left them.

There are no pass-keys which an employee can take to enter your room in your absence. If you do not personally hand your key to the maid and tell her to clean your room, you will return at night to find your bed unmade. Incidentally, the hotel employees are called "officiant" (officials) and not servants. In

the matter of tips, however, they are amenable. No one of them may enter and work in a hotel room alone. If the guest is out, one of the worker's colleagues is sent to "control" him. Foreigners who live privately are less fortunate; there is a great deal of thieving in Moscow. As far as food goes, it is plentiful and not badly cooked. Life for the foreigner is possible. What one sees on the surface is not a revelation of the more fundamental difference between the Moscow of to-day and the Moscow of the Romanoffs.

VIII

In the matter of amusements Moscow is for the sophisticated westerner a dull city. The theaters, where those geniuses of the theater world, Stanislawsky, Maierhold and Tairoff, still work and produce, are fascinating in their acting, their mise en scène, and their use of new technique, in which they probably lead the world. But the spirit of Bolshevism, which never for an instant loses an opportunity to preach a doctrine and teach a lesson, will not let the theaters alone and they are crowded ad nauseam with propaganda. Every play which is produced—and for that matter, every book that is published, every picture which is exhibited, every film which is turned—is subject to the Board of Censors. In theory this board merely "makes suggestions." It is composed of workmen—shoemakers or factory hands, small offi-

cials, and perhaps a school teacher, picked for their communistic loyalties rather than their powers of artistic discrimination—and it tries new productions for heresy. It judges whether the general tone of the work to be produced is in harmony with Soviet principles. In the matter of morals, it would delight the heart of Mr. Comstock. Romantic love in even its purest phases is not thought to be a fitting subject for the consideration of citizens of a communist state, who have no time to waste on such trifling; the sex play is unknown in modern Russia. Since it is not permitted to criticise in any way the fundamentals of the communist doctrine, satirical plays—and there are some—have to trim their sails too closely to be very effective. The problem of the individual soul and his maker is also outlawed. Social comedy would pass completely over the heads of this proletarian public who neither understand the bourgeoise world nor wish to do so. There remains as the ubiquitous theme for plays: revolution, with all the patriotic and nationalistic connotations which have grown up around it; heroism, sacrifice for the nation and class; consciousness of solidarity with one's fellow proletarians; common suffering; great adventures with new ideas; great prospects for the future machine age, which is to be a sort of Russian-communist Americanism. These are the materials of the new Russian theater.

It is ten years since the revolution, but there is more bloodshed and violence depicted on the stage in Moscow to-day than anywhere in the world. Maierhold shows most fantastic and un-British British slaying Chinese coolies who are saved in the end by Gabriel-like Russian officers in Stretjakoff's "Roar, China." The same theme, with rather more shooting, is the theme of a play in Yiddish at the Jewish Theater. Stanislawsky fills a very long evening with a Russian version of an old-fashioned Fourteenth Street railroad melodrama, reviving the days of the Peasant Revolt in Siberia, in a cinema-like play called "Armored Train Number 1469," which Stalin, Russia's party leader, attended three times, weeping each time. Even in the more mellow "Turbin Family," which the censors barred from the stage as containing elements of counter-revolution, but which Stanislawsky insisted on presenting, winning for the first time an important victory over the censorship, has plenty of blood and revolution in it. Russia does not want her citizens to forget the Revolution. She uses every means to keep it alive.

And is successful. The theaters are crowded every night. Whereas a foreigner or "bourjui" must pay three or four dollars for a seat, workers, through their trade unions, attend the theater for a minimum price, or even free, because blocks of tickets are distributed to every union. All theaters are nationalized and

budgeted and many of them operate at a loss. They are not considered as commercial ventures, but rather as instruments of popular education, and are, indeed, under the Commissariat for Education.

But it is perhaps significant that the one theater which continues almost entirely in the old tradition, is most popular with the masses. This is the Grand Opera. Over the box of the former Tsar hangs the hammer and cycle, encircled in a sheaf of wheat, which is the emblem of the Soviet Republic. In the boxes and dress circle sit the most curiously dressed audience in the world. If there is any evening dress, it is worn by visiting foreigners or diplomats. One sees Chinese students in baggy trousers bound around their ankles, girls in cheap woolen jumpers, bobbed hair and plentiful lipstick. (Cosmetics are a bourgeoise vice which it has been impossible to stamp out. They are now manufactured, therefore, by a government monopoly.) One sees men in boots and blouses, and occasionally timid looking bourgeoisie in worn clothing and fine lace shawls. On the whole, however, the audience is dressed much as a Middle Western small town audience at a church festival in America might be garbed; modestly, but decently. But the performances which they follow with such shining attention are precisely those which enchanted the aristocracy of pre-revolution days. The amusements of the people are harder to change than their

politics. Years ago Isadora Duncan came out of the west to tell the Russian ballet that all this artificial toe-stepping was out of date. An emperor received Isadora; the revolution crowned her for a while Goddess of Reason in the Dance. And one of her pupils and adopted daughters, Irma Duncan, in her studio, in a former palace, still teaches the children of the proletarians to throw their arms earthward from whence all good comes and revel in the free and untrammeled expression of their revolutionary souls. But at the Grand Opera, Mme. Gelzer, aged fifty-five and fat-legged now, in such ancient pieces as "Esmeralda," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "The Lake of the Swans," twiddles her toes in the same old way, and gets the same applause. The ballet seems eternal—its expenses reduced by the inheritance from the old régime of 100,000 pairs of silk tights and innumerable costumes. And the ballet school goes on training the prettiest Russian proletarians in the ancient gesture, grimace and acrobatics.

In this opera, where jewels and gleaming shirt-fronts seem necessary, the dance is still held in such reverence that Professor Sokolov could say with solemnity: "I have 'given' my boy to the Ballet." In this opera one lives again the romance of Carmen; sees the barbaric splendour of Boris Godunov; drops sentimental tears at the thoroughly bourgeoise tragedy of Mignon. And alas for the efforts of the govern-

ment to create a completely new mentality! In such illusions, frankly described by conscious communists as narcotics, proletarian Russia delights. The government is perfectly aware of the narcotising effects of this sort of amusement. On the other hand it knows that a certain amount of revolutionary propaganda can be connected with the Grand Opera. It knows that the workers like to sit in the box where the Tsar used to sit, and that they regard the conquest of the opera as no small part of the revolution, and so it still tolerates this remnant of the old régime.

Apart from the theaters there is little public amusement available for the foreigner. The Casino is a dreary dance-hall, restaurant, and gambling den, furtively visited by "Nep" men and by desperate looking Russians who follow the turns of the roulette wheel with intense and often terrified eyes. At tea-time and after dinner the Grand Hotel provides music and a floor for dancers. It is patronized but the atmosphere is not gay. Indeed, gaiety is singularly lacking everywhere in Russia. What is intense and joyful goes into pioneer work and not into amusement. Only in the company of young communists and artists can one find stimulation.

IX

The personalities of the old régime no longer exist in Russia. The stories which periodically come out about this Grand Duchess who has been arrested or

© *Underwood & Underwood*

THE SMOLENSKY BAZAAR IN MOSCOW

Where former members of the Russian nobility dispose of their possessions

that Grand Duke who has committed suicide are all pure fakes. The upper aristocracy and even smaller nobility are dead or in exile. The masses of the former bourgeoisie have died under the privations of the last ten years or been absorbed. It is hard for them to enter the trades unions, even if they work in factories, so most of them eke out a wretched existence giving lessons in foreign languages, doing plain sewing, or working in smaller and closely controlled posts in government offices where their education is useful. Their existence is precarious, because they are always suspect. They are the hardest people to see in Russia, because pity and respect for the difficulties under which they live keep a foreign visitor from calling upon them, and so prejudicing their position before the government.

Even after ten years some of them still have things to sell, and the best place to see them is on the Smolensky market on Sunday, which is the day open to everybody; any one can peddle on it what he can carry with him, without a license, and without being subject to any sales tax. This market is a strange mixture of pathos and comedy. Here is a gay peasant playing an accordion and selling home-made sausages; here a man has spread a canvas on the cobblestoned street, in the mud. On it is an ikon, a bronze inkwell, three china plates, seven bent silver spoons, and a beaver collar. Another merchant has made a little stand out

THE LIBRARY
NEW LONDON

of a cheese box. He has covered it with red bunting, pilfered, perhaps, from the bedraggled decorations of the tenth anniversary celebration. On it he has tastefully arranged a china teapot without a lid, a small battered silver sugar-bowl, a set of pressed glass cruets, and a china meat platter. And here, standing in the mud, is a woman, about fifty years old, in a dilapidated velvet coat and broken shoes. Her face is grey and motionless, her eyes dead. Straight before her she holds the single article which she has to sell: a plush-mounted stereopticon, one of those instruments in vogue a quarter of a century ago into which one stuck photographs and colored cards, to see them magnified. Who will buy it? Not even the purveyor of small meat-filled loaves, *piroshkis,* will exchange them for what is evidently the last furnishing of a house once proud with pampas grasses, wax flowers under glass domes, and antimacassars.

Yet even on this market one cannot make too hasty judgments about the salespeople; the Russians are a child-like people; this market is for many of them just fun. They come for the excitement of selling something and buying something else. And here, selling her winter coat, is a young girl, for whom I might be sorry, if I did not recognize her as the well-paid secretary of a foreign journalist, who is merely selling an old garment to buy a better new one. The old bourgeoisie are undoubtedly passing. In a very few more

years, the visitor to Moscow will have to hold off the old-fashioned sob stuff. The tragedies of Russia play on a different stage to-day—inside the proletarian class itself.

X

The housing situation is characteristic for the whole of the Russian urban life. For the perception of what this life is like, in its upward striving against ignorance, naïveté, poverty, chaos and psychic maladjustment, I would recommend the reader Michael Sostschenko's collection of "Humoresques" entitled "Thus Laughs Russia," which is available in German translation.[1] It is as the foreword describes it, "a carnival of grotesque masks, written by one who sees life as a stupid joke, who sees a world full of idiots who want to act sensibly, but who always achieve the opposite of what they strive for." Sostschenko, whose feuilletons are sharp little vignettes drawn with the utmost realism from to-day's Moscow, pictures the lives of the Little People, who, so powerful in the mass, are so pitiful as struggling individuals. One sees in these stories almost more clearly than one can possibly observe at first hand without a knowledge of the language and wide connection with "unimportant" people how small and mean is the individual life-ideal,

[1] "So lacht Russland," by Michael Sostschenko, translated from the Russian by Mary V. Pruss—Glowatsky and Elsa Brod., published by Adolphe Synek Co. Prague. 1927.

how trifling and yet how tragic the individual problems. It is the meanness of the individual life, this degrading atmosphere of sweating samovars, rowing neighbors, drying diapers; this fear of the man one step higher in the bureaucracy, this self-importance of the little man who has made some petty advance, this airlessness of tight-closed, crowded rooms, this reek of too-close bodies, this frustration of love through the pressure of petty nagging cares, which, over against the grandiose conception of the Soviet Republic as the materialization of a world-dream of order as the soil for lofty thoughts and daring experiments, provides the material for either a cosmic comedy or a soul-shaking tragedy.

Here is the story entitled "The Goat." It is worthy of Tchekov. Sabjeschkin is such a very little man! He blows his nose too loudly in the office one day—the office where he has such a little unimportant job, and his comrades say: "Sabjeschkin, Sabjeschkin, take care—they are cutting down the officials." In that phrase alone the insecurity of to-day's life in Moscow is summarized. Sabjeschkin is a loyal Soviet citizen, yet he dreams all the time of owning something, something from which he could live if he once should really blow his nose too loudly. So he risks everything he has, his job included, in the romantic adventure which is to end in his ownership of a goat. To own the goat he arranges to marry the fat, bass-voiced

Domna Pawlowna; but his romantic adventure collapses; Domna discovers that he is a fortune hunter—and Sabjeschkin discovers that the goat belongs to some one else! In this story we see that a new class system is beginning to emerge in Russia, the steps of the new social ladder very close together, its highest rung equal to one of the lowest in a bourgeoisie system. "If Sabjeschkin had only had another social position," mourns the author for his hero. "If he had been a policeman or an agricultural expert!" Sabjeschkin's rival, the telegraph operator, is to him what, in pre-revolution days, a Grand Duke might have been to a petty official.

In "Dowry" Sostschenko writes with cynicism of an "Old Revolutionary," one of the veterans of the 1905 revolt who constitute a sort of aristocracy in Soviet Russia, who uses his advantages in the business of fortune hunting. To be sure he does not expect his wife to have a dowry . . . gone are the days when the bride brought to her husband cash money, or a house of stone or wood. But he wins a wife with a good job, and that is something. A nice, gay little wife, who runs out every morning with her briefcase, and returns at four to warn him that he will get bedsores if he stays too long in bed. But what happens? She gets laid off. He is enraged. To think that his wife, the wife of an "old revolutionist," should be dismissed! He actually gets up and goes to the office to

protest. Alas, the *morale* of Russia is failing; there is no heart to bleed for his sufferings in exile. So he shrugs his shoulders, goes around to the nearest registry office, gets a divorce, and returns his weeping wife to her snivelling mother. "Now I am divorced and seek a new wife" he advertises.

A caricature, but one which distinctly has the features of the truth, is a story called "Housing Shortage," which tells of a man who, having sought for three weeks for a place to lay his head, is granted, by some housing commission, a residence in a bathroom, a most handsome bathroom, with Pompeian pillars of pure marble. In this bathroom, in the bathtub, he marries and begets a child, and comforts himself with the thought that although even the bathroom is not quite his—he has to turn out each morning, while all the other tenants bathe—still, in twenty years or so the workers' state will have at least one room—without a tub in it—for each worker's family. But when all his wife's relatives come to live with him, because his bathroom is so much more magnificent than their own dwellings, then his spirit breaks, and he deserts wife, child, mother-in-law, brother-in-law and the Pompeian pillars.

Less exaggeration and a deeper pity is to be found in the little tale entitled "By Light." Here is a striking example of just that tragic contrast to which I have referred: the grandiose scheme for the collective

life—the pitiful meanness of the individual situation. In a communal dwelling house electric light is laid on. Electricity is almost a holy symbol in Russia, representing for the masses the new progressive order. But the light reveals what the murky petroleum lamps and the candles had mercifully failed to show—the furniture with its stuffing hanging out like dried entrails, the filthy walls and floor, the crumbling plaster. And one tenant who enters the field against the light, and tries with paint and elbow-grease to repair his dwelling, loses the fight. The refrain of the story is "Electricity has its disadvantages."

And the tone of the book and of the country is set by the last story—a love story, and a dingy one—of the collapse of a grand passion, over the question of the ownership of a chest of drawers. Here again, behind the events of the story, is the tragedy of the country whose dream is threatened by the most banal everyday realities. And the author, stepping out from the background, in this tale, to speak directly to his audience, hopes, with a passion scarcely veiled in satire, that there may be a new way of life in Russia—in three hundred years. "Ah, yes, my readers," he says, "may these three hundred years pass like a dream, and the time come when the true life will at last begin! And if then it is still a wretched world for these little puppets, the author's heart will be disappointed, but from behind the scenes he will look on

at the unchanging drama of life. And after three hundred years—there will still be time to throw oneself under the street-car wheels!"

Such is the gallows-humour of to-day's Moscow. Conditions which in any western country would be intolerable are met here with dumb resistance, and the satire of those who like Sostschenko are constantly and accurately aware of the terrific breach between theory and practice, dream and reality, is not sharp-toothed, but turned into pitying irony, in which, far back, there is a murmur of laughter. For Russia, though she has none of the amenities of Europe, has that which Europe has lost, which is the very source of the life force for nations and for peoples. Russia has hope. It can postpone its ultimate despair—three hundred years!

CHAPTER II

MAYFAIR AND MONTPARNASSE

I

Moscow has an odd sort of social life all its own, and a very contradictory social life it is. There is the curious society built up around the commissariat for Foreign Affairs, and having, it seems, no connection whatsoever with the rest of the Soviet government.

There is the primitive society of the communists, who put on their own festivals, which have the uplift atmosphere of a Rand school dance or a neighborhood frolic in some social settlement. There is the outcast society of the "Nep" [1] population, the private traders, who would be the chief pillars of society in a primitive capitalistic civilization since they are the plutocrats, but who, here, slink around to each others' houses to show off frocks and jewels illicitly.

There is the very limited society of diplomatic circles who have only the small foreign colony on which to draw, and who, living in vast and sumptuous houses with silver, porcelain, and space for entertaining hun-

1 "Nep," contraction N. E. P. for New Economic Policy, the program adopted shortly before Lenin's death, which permitted private business again. Private traders are therefore called "Nepmen."

dreds, give each other little luncheons, and talk about how long it will be until they can go "out" again to Paris or London.

There is the furtive society of the old bourgeoisie who get together in foreign houses or in their own crowded rooms and over ever-present samovars recollect old times and regale each other with wonderful fairy stories about this or that prince's jewels which must still be buried in the garden of some old house on the *Arbat,* or discuss how they may, perhaps, be able next month to get out to Paris, where they have friends. In an inimitable and exclusively Russian way they can still cheer themselves into comfortable optimism with their dreams.

There is the Bohemia of the artists who stand somewhat outside this civilization, as they do outside of most, have their own equivalent for Greenwich Village, Chelsea, or Montparnasse, their own ideals, their own amusements.

Finally, there is the non-diplomatic foreign colony. It consists of three classes of people: uplifters, who are in Russia out of sympathy with the communist experiment, who enjoy special privileges, and are sometimes wholly or partially supported by the local authorities; journalists; and business men in Russia for concessions, or as experts. The uplifters steer clear of the other foreigners; the journalists play with the diplomatic corps and with some of the business

men; the business men when they are important enough are known at the embassies, to some of the journalists, and to some of the Nepmen. The uplifters amuse themselves by uplifting, by being occasionally and rather patronizingly received by important communist leaders, who would, alas, rather see Ivy Lee or Irving Bush. The journalists amuse themselves by meeting at each other's houses and talking about Russian politics; the business men sit moodily in the restaurant of the Grand Hotel watching the dancing and thinking themselves lucky if they have a ballerina from the opera to dance with, or go and eat expensively at the Casino, where they watch some more dancing, and play, perhaps, a game of baccarat, with strange, grim Russians who look like beggars and win or lose thousands of dollars in a night—a percentage of which is taken by the communist state, which founded this gambling den. The croupiers are often women; there is no gaiety in the atmosphere of this place. It is one of the saddest, grimmest sights in Moscow.

II

Amongst the uplifters society has something of the flavor of the socialist club in college days. They live in one or another of the more dingy hotels, where they are entertained as the guests of the Soviet Government, and put up two or three in a room. They sit

on the edge of their beds, drink tea, feel themselves very Russian, and discourse at great length on the wonderful things the soviets have done. Sometimes they write articles about it. They are very enthusiastic and often very self-sacrificing; others of them have found it convenient to come to Russia, announce their sympathies, and find that they can obtain for the publication of these sympathies almost unlimited free board and room. They look down on the rest of the foreign colony, whom they find to be frivolous.

If they are more important foreign guests, and have at some time or another done something sensational for the workers of the world, they may have some official position, and be put up as the guests of the Comintern at the "Lux."

The Lux is, I suppose, the most exclusive hotel in the world. It is not up to much in the matter of bathrooms or lounge halls, nor are its prices exorbitant, but no one can get past its porter who has not a card to one of the guests; calling the name of a guest will not help; one must also know his room number. This is to prevent assassins from assaulting them. The presumption, if one is a guest at the Lux, is that one has enemies. Bela Kun, once dictator of Hungary, lives here; several refugees from Italian fascism—men who participated in the great 1920 strike; some French communists, and even a few Americans, amongst them Bill Heywood, live there.

The dominant atmosphere of Moscow is uplifty, puritanical, and discouraging to anything which could be regarded as frivolous—as failing to contribute to the welfare of the proletarian class. One goes to the theater but one usually has to learn a lesson while there. Even Eisenstein, chief of Russian film directors, the man who made "Potemkin" and other world-famous Russian films, asked whether he thought all films should contain propaganda, replied, "If a film does not teach a lesson what excuse has it for harrowing the nerves of the audience?"

And yet, even proletarian Moscow yearns for sheer frivolity, and the communist leaders, although holding themselves aloof, and maintaining a more Spartan attitude as befits a sect which feels itself called to leadership, do not too sharply discourage this tendency. Even in Soviet Russia all the experience of history cannot be disavowed; people are more docile if they are kept amused. Several theater directors testified that there were many signs that propaganda was becoming tedious for the audiences. Tairoff, in the Kamerney theater, puts on musical comedies in which the propaganda dose is small, and draws large audiences. The Grand Opera playing romances is always full; the Soviet shop girl buys imitation silk stockings, lip stick, and Soviet substitutes for Coty products—made by Chinese. On the street she pays a dollar and a quarter for a fashion magazine, pub-

lished in Russian, showing Paris styles of the season just passed, and at home she makes her own clothes, seeking to reproduce as exactly as possible the bourgeoise Parisian, New Yorker and Berliner. There was once much talk about making a national costume; Soviet posters represent the clothes of the worker as the acme of beauty; Soviet artists have even tried, by the well-known advertising method of repetition, to create a new erotic ideal—the worker type of woman, broad-hipped and strong-shouldered, with massive hands and sturdy limbs, a type fitted to simple and standardized clothing. "We shall never be a truly revolutionary country until we have overthrown bourgeoise conceptions of female beauty," one such artist told me. "But unfortunately the aristocratic type, slender of face and hands, fragile and pale, is still the beauty-ideal in Russia. It's most discouraging." It is indeed discouraging. The youngster, male or female, eyes the foreigner from the west carefully, and copies him as nearly as he can.

III

The Nepman occupies a most curious position in the community. As I have stated, he works under great disadvantages; he is hampered by heavier taxes than the rest of the population; he must pay more for nearly every commodity of life. His rent is higher; he does not have the innumerable privileges and insur-

ances which the workers enjoy; but if he does not go to the wall, if he is really a shrewd fellow, he often makes much money nevertheless. He knows how to circumvent the law, and although the risks are great, what will some men not do for money, and for the sport of the game? He is a great trickster; he is often, alas, a great smuggler. Despite all the watchfulness of the O. G. P. U. enormous quantities of smuggled goods pass the Russian border every year. How can it be otherwise?

Manufactured goods cost three, four, and five times as much in Russia as elsewhere, and Russia's borders are very long. I was told by a man who knows Moscow well that he himself knows eight Nepman who had made over a million dollars since the revolution.

But the Nepman gets less fun out of his money than any man living. Money—unless earned as a technical expert, or successful writer or artist—is no social advantage in Moscow. The masses hate the Nepmen because the masses are poor. Often the Nepman is a Jew. This is implicit in the fact that the Jews have always been the small traders of Russia and know the ropes better than any one else. But the rise of the Jewish Nepman is partly responsible for the very marked growth of anti-Semitism, which is observable in party ranks, in the schools, and in society at large. The Nepman's money does not bring him power. He can, if he will, build himself a house;

new houses are exempt from confiscation; he can buy his wife jewels and furs, stock his house with servants and rare wines, but if he displays wealth he is certain to be taxed into poverty. Taxation is literally *levied* in Russia. The tax assessor decides what one should pay and the victim contests it, but usually loses. The tax is levied on what the assessor—through his spy system—knows of the living standard of the man assessed. Thus a millionaire may choose to travel third class, sleeping on hard wooden benches, may live as modestly as a better paid official; and although he makes his money openly, he spends it illicitly. His dream is to make his pile and go abroad, but this is not always practicable; first of all the rouble diminishes by a third when changed into foreign currencies abroad and is not salable in vast quantities; secondly it is hard indeed for a Soviet citizen to get a passport. Communists do not like to be seen with Nepmen. Officials dependent upon communists do not like to be seen in Nep society either. So the Nepman lives quietly, amasses a fortune against a better day, associates with the few of his kind, sends his wife and children to the Crimean riviera for the season, goes occasionally to the Grand or to the Casino where he dances, and meets, occasionally, foreign concessionaires, in whose undertakings he may, perhaps, have invested his money. I was astonished to learn that much of the capital in

smaller concessions held in the names of foreigners is collected right in Russia. The position of the Nepman is curiously similar to that of the rich Jew in the Middle Ages, in the days of the Ghetto. He, too, could acquire a fortune, but was under the same compulsion not to show it, lest he be robbed and even killed.

IV

Moscow even has its "high life." The only branch of the communist government which makes any attempt to get into society is the foreign commissariat. It entertains foreign diplomats, foreign journalists and business men, and foreign delegations of communists and sympathizers.

The foreign office is recognized as forced to assume certain bourgeoise habits. Housed for business purposes in a dingy building which one can only enter and leave with a pass, it holds its official receptions in the parvenue and excessively pompous palace of the former Ukrainian sugar baron, Haripenko, which is now the home of Litvinov, highest official after Tchicherin in the foreign office, and one or two other important foreign office members. This palace was evidently built by some one who made every effort to have as expensive a house as possible. It is rather overwhelming. There are flights of reception rooms, some in heavy panelling and pseudo-renaissance furniture, others in pale damasks, ivory and gold; heavy

curtains of brocade and satin shut out the rest of Moscow; in a richly furnished room is a collection of rare ikons, and from the wall, in a magnificent carved frame, the face of Christ looks down upon the festivities of those who have dethroned him. "Very valuable," commented an official on the day I was there, and shrugged his shoulder toward it.

A huge and heterogeneous crowd usually attends these receptions. Evening dress is not always worn; it is usually reserved for purely diplomatic functions. But the young secretaries of the foreign office, neat in blue double-breasted coats and polished shoes, suave and charming in manner, speaking accentless French and English, do not suggest a proletarian government. Here is Tchicherin, sharp-nosed, sharp-eyed, sharp-bearded with a gray, tired skin. All his visits to spas are not political. He is very ill with diabetes. He is one of the most admirable men in the Soviet government. No one has ever challenged the purity of his motives. He lives simply and eats, chiefly, *kasha*. A quarter of his small income goes to his sister. He once had a considerable fortune, and he gave it away. His job is not enviable. He is a servant of the political boss—the party—and a very hard-working, badly paid servant, at that. Here is a youth who is called chef-du-protocol—master of ceremonies. He looks and acts like a German junker. His business is to introduce foreign diplomats. Here is Rothstein, the

round little Chief of Press, a dry fellow, clever, and popular with the foreign correspondents. Here is Ossinski-Obolensky, as elegant as he was at the world economic conference in Geneva, where he was more elegant than any one else. He always wears a cat-that-swallowed-the-canary smile. Here is Treves, the bright young man of the Bureau of Cultural Relations, always very companionable to foreigners; and here is Kagan, the secretary for England and America in the foreign office, who wants to be sure that every one has enough caviar and enough vodka. Litvinov, who led the delegation to the disarmament conference in Geneva, is a round-faced little man, speaking fluent English and German but with a bad accent, and wearing that slightly pompous air which eyeglasses on a black ribbon seem invariably to give one.

There are not many outstanding women at these foreign office receptions. I was interested in Mme. Litvinov, who, on the day I was there, appeared in a simple woolen jumper and skirt. She brings to the Russian capital the speech, the slang, the careless way of dressing, and the attitude toward life of a Chelsea Bohemian. Her uncle was once Lord Mayor of London. She met Maxim Maximovitch when he was a revolutionary exile, working for a British publishing house. She is good-hearted, clever, hard-up,—her husband earns 250 roubles a month and they live in only two rooms of this magnificent palace—is de-

voted to her two children, writes rather well, and, I thought, does not quite fit into the Russian scene. I was told that she is aware of this fact, aware of her English origin, a little anxious, a little nervous.

Here is Alexandra Kollontai, most brilliant of Russian women of prominence. Kollontai is a woman of good family, a revolutionist by conviction, an excellent Soviet official of talent, yet famous neither for her virtues nor her ability, but for her wit and her Byronesque gestures. Moscow gossip says that she was nearly shot in 1917 when she eloped to the Crimea with the youthful Debenko, hero of the cruiser *Aurora,* which stormed the Winter Palace. Trotsky was all for shooting a comrade guilty of so frivolous a gesture in time of war, but Lenin issued another judgment: Make the couple swear fidelity for five years! No longer young, her skin slightly wizened, her small nose a little too sharp, her fair bobbed hair graying, she still defends with sprightliness and wit her doctrine of the winged Eros whom communism is to free. She is quick-tongued, proficient in languages, good at remembering faces, and not completely unpopular in Norway, where she is ambassador.

Mme. Kamenewa is heavier. Much heavier. She runs the *Voks,* the Bureau for Maintaining Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries. It is an important job, but her head sits a little uncertainly.

She is married to a rebel and the sister of a rebel. Trotsky is her brother: Kamenev her husband.

Here is Lunacharsky, first commissar for education, and Mme. Lunacharsky. Madame is an actress, from the Mali Theater. The good old-line communists regard her as the sisters of the provincial church might look upon the young wife of the new pastor—city-bred, wearing silk stockings, and rumored to have once played bridge. Mme. Lunacharsky likes fine clothes, fine society, and fine manners. Some German communists, seeing her enter a theater and carelessly cast aside a sable coat, made big eyes, wondering, no doubt, how such a bourgeoise had come there. Hints have been cast numbers of times in Lunacharsky's direction that it would be more fitting if Madame would be a little less ostentatious. But Madame can herself reply that she is a working woman, and that in a capitalistic country she can make plenty of money any day as a film actress. She is economically independent.

Two men are in evening dress. One is an Englishman—one of the few left in Russia. He wears his evening clothes as a national uniform. He jokes with a commissar about China and the revolution and receives tolerant smiles and caviar. Nowhere in Russia can one speak so frankly as in the foreign office, and the foreign office has taken over the old Russian tradition of hospitality. The other gentleman in a

tail coat is very handsome and reserved. I am sure he is a diplomat until he steps to the piano, opens a music score and begins to sing in a very florid baritone an aria from Bajazzo. Then I discover that the elegant guest is a hired singer wearing professional, trades-union clothes. The other guests wear sleeves or bare arms, blouses and boots or discreet conventional clothes, as they choose.

Foreign office receptions are noted for their suppers. Red pyramids of crabs appear on the long tables, three sorts of caviar, delicious salads, roasted snipes and partridges; hot dishes of cabbage and pork in savory sauces brought in in smoking casseroles; magnificent fruits, fresh and in sirups, foreign wines and wines of the sunny Crimea; sixty-year-old vodka, with something of the aroma of old cognac. To-morrow the Chief of the Press may strike a line out of the journalist's cablegram; the day after to-morrow he may even hint that it would be well for him to leave Russia. The fork with which the guest eats that delicious salad has a coat of arms upon it. The motto which it carries is "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Sometime or another this silver must have been the property of the British embassy, as the plates from which he eats once belonged to Mr. Haripenko, or some other aristocrat or industrial baron.

Yet the atmosphere of the foreign commissariat is not that of the rest of Moscow. The men here repre-

sent a new class; a third estate, which slowly is arising in Russia—the better paid bureaucracy, occupying positions of trust and power. These men are Russia's tie with the west and indubitably they swing the country toward more reasonable measures in dealing with foreign powers. I have heard men of this class say quite frankly that they wished the Third International had its headquarters elsewhere than in Moscow, but a Damocles sword hangs over their heads. Let them depart too far from orthodoxy in their zeal for capturing the sympathies of other countries, and these rooms will see them no more. The communist faith is guarded, and the policy of the state directed, not by Tchicherin, but by Stalin. And Stalin does not attend receptions. "What sort of a man is Stalin?" I asked the dean of the Moscow diplomatic corps, and he replied: "I have been for years in Moscow but I do not know. . . . I have never seen him. He is the Sir Basil Zacharoff of Communism."

V

Moscow has, too, its Bohemia. In crowded flats, in the very comfortable quarters of the Artist's Club, in a few restaurants, Russia's painters, writers, and poets meet, curse, or bless the times, predict the future, discuss themselves and each other, organize into groups and movements, and act not altogether unlike the inhabitants of Montparnasse.

The artistic production is immense. The whole tendency of the Soviet Government has been to encourage the arts. Themselves intelligentsia—writers, journalists, sometimes poets—the leaders of the revolution hoped to establish a state in which art would be untrammeled; no longer bound by commercialism, but patronized by a beneficent commonwealth.

And if production is a sign of health, then the arts are indeed flourishing. Far more books are published each year in the Soviet Union than in the United States of America. Every one in Russia seems to be writing a book.

The quality of the literary production is another matter. The revolution itself, the intensification of life and experience, even the terrible tragedies of the early period, the suffering and heroism, inflamed Russia's talented youth; a mass of revolutionary literature and painting in the service of the new era was the immediate result. The nationalized publishing business seized upon this promising material and hurled it out in huge quantities. It served the purposes of the revolution and created the hope that a new dynamic literature and art was about to blossom in Russia. Painting was immediately put into the service of the proletarian movement. Good artists moved by revolutionary fervor made the posters which carried the first messages of the Soviet state to the population of town and country-side. Some of these were

magnificent, but one has only to compare the posters reproduced in Rene Fûlep Miller's book, "The Mind and Face of Bolshevism," which date from several years ago, with what is turned out in to-day's Russia to see what a slump revolutionary painting has undergone. The spontaneous fervor which resulted in sincere expression with the ardor of inspired imagination has cooled, and this is especially discernible in contemporary literature. The heroic period produced one great poet, Alexander Block. His poem "The Twelve" belongs to the authentic contributions of his time, and it also belongs to a period when revolutionary speakers and actors were declaiming it with frenzied enthusiasm on every stage and club platform. The heroic period, however, has its successor; more realistic, more satirical, more cynical. But perhaps the soil of to-day's disillusionment will produce in the end better fruits than grow in the heat of yesterday's fine frenzy.

For some the transition was impossible. Jesenin, certainly one of the greatest of contemporary Russian poets, in whose lyric lines one can read the record of the reaction of one soul to the revolution, committed suicide a year ago. Sobol was another promising member of the earlier group who took his own life. Among the most sensitive the breach which they saw between the Revolution as inspiration, as idea, and the Revolution as reality was unbearable. They ex-

pected to see the furious brotherliness, the splendid dream, realized in their times; they expected, perhaps, a sort of perpetual—though atheistic—Easter; a revolutionary holiday in the spirit of the greatest of Russian festivals, a continual kissing of brothers and proclamation of glad tidings. What came in Russia was material misery not only painfully acute but depressingly petty; the revolution made gods of ordinary men for a day; afterward they squabbled as before, each for his small advantage. The struggle for existence brought out the meanest instincts; competition continued, reduced to incredibly mean levels by the proletarianizing of the whole of society. The whole world stank of dishcloths. In place of the petty, bullying bureaucracy of the Tsarist régime, a tyranny of self-important little men, came another bureaucracy, also petty and bullying. The spirit was insufficient to leaven the flesh. It is not inapropos that "The Inspector-General," Gogol's famous satire on the stupidity of small officials, should draw such huge audiences in to-day's Moscow. Its message is more than historical.

For those who were most quickly fired by the Revolution the disillusionment was greatest. Nor could those who followed art for art's sake—Jesenin really belonged to this category and was its only genius—survive the terrible pressure of the Revolution in practice. Almost all the æsthetes and abstractionists,

imagists and symbolists of all kinds, who flourished during the early days, lost their power to abstract, to stand aside from life, as it came rushing over them.

Not only was the Revolution in practice mean; it was riddled with damn-foolishness. Nowhere was this more apparent than in the schemes for fostering "proletarian" art—the so-called "proletkult." Every ambitious lout who could lick a pencil, every bobbin-feeder who had once, in the blaze of the Revolution, made a speech or written a factory manifesto, saw his way to a higher position in the new society as spokesman and interpreter of the proletarian class. What these proletarians, almost without exception, produced was not proletarian art, but sentimental balderdash. Official circles coddled them in somewhat the same way as America, England, and Germany, in at least the early days of the war, coddled any one who had the slightest experience of the trenches and could express it in high school diction. And what has become of those hero geniuses whose books we read and whose speeches we heard in 1917? In a review, published in Berlin by Russian apologists, the French poet, Henri Gilbeaux, who spent some time in Russia and is apparently familiar with Russian contemporary literature, says:

"The proletarian 'poets,' Serafimovitch, Gerassimoff, and others are mediocre talents and nothing more than imitators of bourgeoise literature; their ideas

are really those of the pettiest middle classes; they think they are creating a proletarian art when they transpose a banal outlook into a proletarian milieu. . . . The 'proletkult' has suffered a complete collapse." [2]

Only one man who might be counted as belonging to the proletarian group, Fedor Gladkoff, author of "Cement," has a talent which could command international recognition. For the rest, their only service has been in organizing amateur theatricals for workers' clubs; they have produced nothing original.

VI

Only those artists have survived *as artists* in Russia who were made of stern stuff, mentally and spiritually; most of them come from the intelligentsia—from precisely the classes which produced Russian artists a generation ago. These men accept the revolution as an historical fact and necessity; seeing the appalling present they have the mental power to realize history; they have a sense of perspective; without losing sight of the past or the present—which is a subject for satire by most of them—they look bravely even if bitterly toward a better future. The attitude of some of Russia's intelligentsia toward the Revolution is summarized in a passage from "Michail

[2] "Gibt es eine 'Proletarische' Kunst in Sowiet Russland?" Henri Gilbeaux, in "Das Neue Russland," January, 1928.

Lykow," a novel by Ilja Ehrenburg. ". . . Let us not try to fix the value of the various classes, or the value of the revolution from an economic or scientific standpoint . . . but let us try to test the value of the revolutionary process as such. Dreadful is stagnant life . . . Were these cataclysms not to occur from time to time mankind would choke in its own excrement. This is especially true of Russia where nothing can be measured in kilograms but only in poods! And the air—that pre-revolution air of estates and barracks and suburban tenements, of Petersburg offices . . . that smell of Machorka tobacco . . . and vodka . . . and the philosophy—that silly philosophy . . . which consisted in offering oneself to the blows of those whose faces dripped with holy lamp oil . . . Ventilation was a necessity! Let the skeptics scoff, saying, the air will again be befouled; I tell you it is already befouled! But that is not an argument against ventilation."

This is one sort of affirmation of the revolution—in a novel which throughout is a protest against the inhumanity of a régime supposedly based upon reason and humanity; a régime and a justice so tiresomely undifferentiated! Michail Lykow is an unfulfilled genius—warped from childhood, hero and renegade, victim of his own nature and the times in which he lived . . . the time to-day, the scene Russia. Ehrenburg sees theory-lovers wasting long hours in futile

discussions about ethics while outside, driven by hunger to desperate measures, men are tempted to petty betrayals of office for which the punishments meted out are brutal in the extreme. He takes us into a court and shows us one no less inhumane, stupid, and routined than those of the days before the air was let in. He shows that the law of the revolution is hardly more competent than was the old one to deal with the spirit of man—with even such a distorted human spirit as that of Michail Lykow, who kills himself, finally, in a prison courtyard after the Soviet authorities have sentenced him to death for petty dishonesties. The commutation fails to save a man who has already died a thousand times in imagination.

Yet, men like Ehrenburg live, write, and publish in Russia. The censorship lets them. They are as Russian as Sinclair Lewis is American, and belong as authentically to their times. Indeed in reading these young realists one is constantly reminded of Lewis, who is deeply understood and loved by the young writers of Russia. Their satire is more like his than like that of any writer whom I can at present name; it is broad and vehement, it slashes mercilessly, but the passion which moves it is love not hate; or it is the ambivalent hatred of thwarted love. In these younger writers—Isaac Babel, Constantine Fedin, Nikolaj Nikandrow, Wsjowolod Ivanov—one sees

more than a régime; one sees a people and a country with resources of power deep enough even for the demands of these hard times.

VII

Materially the talented writer has the chance to make a considerable success in Russia (judged by Russian standards) and the money he earns is not begrudged him. The writer, painter, or other artist is regarded as a brain worker, joins a trade union, and enjoys the privileges which are accorded the proletariat. But he feels intensely his isolation from the rest of the world. He tries to compensate for this by reading all that he can from outside. A great deal comes in. The absence of any copyright agreement between Russia and other countries makes it possible for Russia to pirate the artistic production of the bourgeoise world, and this she does most competently. Every conceivable sort of thing is translated: Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat" as well as Upton Sinclair's "Oil." Fanny Hurst and Edna Ferber are best sellers. Everything by Sinclair Lewis has been translated, even a very early work, "The Innocents," which he long ago withdrew from publication. The Russians made tentative gestures—when Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser were in Moscow last winter—looking toward some sort of reciprocal agreement outlawing pirating, but nothing came of it.

The Russian Bohemian may belong to the group which is still glorifying the revolution. Some are left; notably Stretjakow and the expressionist poet Mayakowski. He may belong to the group which is trying to probe through the strange dynamic manifestations of the present to some human and more permanent truths of character underneath, taking his cue from his great literary ancestors. He or she may be merely servants of the state, carrying on in much the same way in which they formerly served the crown—like the singers and dancers of the Grand Opera. He may be one of the innumerable half-baked artistic climbers, who live off the inclination of the government publishing houses to give any man a hearing who sings the right song. But the fact that the government welcomes all effort except such as is openly counter-revolutionary has doubtless released much energy. What is counter-revolutionary is hard to define; even half-expressed tendencies may be judged so. Criticism of the workings of the Soviet apparatus or pictures of Russian life which show its misery and the inefficiency of the administration are allowed to pass; on the other hand seemingly harmless stories which glorify the past or appear to represent a bourgeoise point of view, do not. Russia's artists do not complain to foreigners—unless they know them very intimately—about the conditions under which they work. But it is impossible to be-

lieve that the fact that every book and play is submitted to the censor and that those books and plays enjoy the best official reception which are most openly in the service of the ideology of the present régime—which also is the first economic determiner of the author's success—does not, consciously and even more unconsciously, check the artist.

In the realm of artistic mechanics—in the film, in the staging of plays, even the drafting of propaganda posters—one sees very successful things. Governmental support and subsidy has been of assistance to such men as Maierhold whose work can be interpreted as an experiment in collectivism, although it has only a limited appeal to the collective, proletarian public. And the seriousness of the Russian theater is impressive to any one coming from the west. There is little intellectual snobbery. Elsewhere I have spoken of the vast amount of bloodshed and violence depicted on the Russian stage. The whole theater is filled with boring repetitions of the revolutionary theme, usually devoid of fantasy, and inspired by propaganda. But it is impossible to believe that writers produce such pieces merely by order of the régime, for one cannot, even in Russia, order audiences, and these audiences still listen—even though propaganda is beginning to be wearisome to them—with an earnestness which is significant. The revolution still appears to hypnotise and fascinate the Rus-

sian mind. The horrors and sufferings of the civil wars are still fresh in their memories. And perhaps they find some compensation for to-day's less acute but more dreary misery in the contemplation of the tragedies and heroisms of the immediate past.

The Russian also looks at more than the past contained in the last decade. There is a great interest in history and especially in biography—a strong tendency to re-evaluate old heroes. Russian magazines and reviews—their number is legion—are constantly publishing articles discussing such questions as the place of Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, or Pushkin in the new mental background. This movement, of course, runs parallel with a similar tendency in Europe and even in the United States. Strachey and Emil Ludwig have their Russian prototypes.

VIII

The Artist's Club is one of the most amusing and comfortable places in Moscow. It is one of the new places where one can dance, play billiards, and dine, and the food and wines are excellent and not, relatively, expensive. Bohemia, curiously enough, looks rather more "bourjui" than the rest of Russia. The club is furnished with valuable over-ornate Empire mahogany and bronze taken from some private house.

There, at the table in the corner, is Mayakowski. He is the leading futurist poet. Modern Russia

honors him but does not know half the time what he is talking about. He is all for the machine age, as soon as possible, and is not the least afraid that his individuality will get lost in the coming mechanical millennium. His ideal city is Chicago—only more so—and he carries on a propaganda for "Chicagoism." He is large and blond, wears rough tweeds, looks like a prize fighter, and adores being rude to people. He is, actually, a good sort. Next to him sits the woman who was pointed out to me as the Queen of Moscow's Bohemia. She it is who gives it its tone. If any one in Moscow's art world has a salon, I suppose she has. It consists of a corner table in the Artist's Club, or a samovar in her flat, but there she presides, and to be seen with her is a sign that one is about to arrive. She is a fair woman, with wide cheek bones, the short slightly tilted, well-shaped nose which one sees on the prettiest Russian women, and she wears a silk dress short enough to show very slender legs in silk stockings. On her small feet are smart beige slippers. She has the broad white brow which is the beauty of so many Russian women, a dazzling smile, and great charm, although she is no longer very young, and has that tired look about skin and eyes which is almost universal in Russia. She belongs to the loftiest and most successful circle in Moscow's Bohemia. I believe she is a painter.

Here, too, one sees the ballerinas from the opera,

often very pretty creatures—though I never saw while I was in Russia a single *soignèe* woman—in sleazy silk dresses which could be bought in America for $9, at a department store sale, but which here equal a Molyneux creation and indicate questionable sources of income. Old "bourgeoise" habits are by no means abolished in Russia.

They fox-trot to a New York tune, despite the fact that Lunacharsky has denounced this and all variations of jazz as signs of the decadence of the western world.

If one talks about art—over a first-class French champagne, perhaps, from pre-war cellars, cheap as long as it lasts, one gets some interesting ideas, especially from the more radical artists. Stretjakoff, for instance, whose play "Roar, China!", is a great success at Maierhold's theater, is willing to hold forth at length on the subject of Art and the Revolution. Art, he said to me, ought to be abolished. It is an unearned social value. There are no absolute æsthetic values, only those created by the reaction of people. What later becomes the best art, and is valued for itself, always starts as something utilitarian. Afterward, when the life has gone out of it, it becomes "art" and is used as a narcotic for the class in power. People who never had a chance to go to the country or live in fine houses hang chromos of princely in-

teriors or green fields on their walls and get a specious comfort out of them. Russian artists, according to this representative of one tendency, ought to devote themselves to architecture; to building homes for the workers; to designing new sorts of practical furniture. Wall decorations should never include pictures and should be chosen by experts for their medical and psychological effects. All literature should be written for a definite social end. "Art" is a bourgeoise inheritance.

"If I had my way I would sell the whole French collection to-morrow," said one of the group, referring to the two magnificent collections of post-impressionists, which the Bolshevists assembled from confiscated houses, and which include some of the best Matisses, Pisaross, Picassos, and Gaugins in the world. "Lunacharsky" (then commissar for education) "is an unconscious counter-revolutionist; he thinks we can make a proletarian civilization with a political system and the abolition of the fox trot. He is an old stick-in-the-mud. He lets the people go on seeing bourgeoise ballets and he loves those French pictures. We need a *mental* revolution; a revolution in taste."

"And we ought to stop printing books," said another member of the group. "That's a bourgeoise, individualistic idea. The newspaper is the true litera-

ture of our times. Modern literature should be short and anonymous. How else are we to have true collectivism, true *mental* collectivism?"

I happened to be sitting at the table with an American novelist. The Russian writer said, "I must say openly I have far more respect for the journalist's profession than for authorship. Authors express themselves, and crystallize life which ought to be kept dynamic. The newspaper is the only storybook for the modern man. It prints every day the true story of the world and is a true collective product. Authors use too much fantasy. They bamboozle people into getting a vicarious kick out of life in the form of 'Art.' The true Russian revolutionary writer should turn reporter. The newspaper is not individualistic. It's a wonderful book, rewritten each day, by many, many people."

(The idea of an artistic collectivism is very manifest in the theaters, where, it must be acknowledged, it has brought about very interesting and impressive results. Maierhold, sending his actors to see Stanislawsky's finished but old-fashioned production of Gogol's "Inspector-General," said, "Look at it—but I don't want you to do anything in the least like it." Both he and Tairoff decry the prominence of any individual actor, or specialization in acting. His casts are artistic men-of-all-work. His ideal is a production with a uniform rhythm, in which the individual

almost disappears. The gesture is never realistic but symbolic, formalized, depersonalized.)

And so on . . . and so on. Those artists who run with the stream run ahead of it.

The Soviet state lets them talk. Soviet theaters produce their plays; the Soviet publishing house brings out their works. But they are not particularly welcomed as members of the communist party. "They aren't disciplined enough," it was explained to me. And they are not put in charge of the department of education.

They are too radical.

CHAPTER III

THE STATE AS A POLITICAL MACHINE

I

How is it possible for the Communist Party, an organization of something less than a million members, to exercise a dictatorship over a population of nearly 140,000,000 divided into numerous nationalities and stretching across a seventh of the land surface of the globe?

This question can only be answered with an analysis of the structure of the Soviet state, and of that state's single legal political sect, the communists. This mechanism is so incredibly complicated that I should like to spare both myself and the reader a description. But without some knowledge of it one is unable to comprehend the most important surface fact of to-day's Russia, namely that the Communist Party, for better or worse, has set up a machinery which is a seemingly invulnerable instrument for the practice and continuance of its power.

One must bear in mind that Russia to-day is a federated state; a union of "independent" republics. The political complex contained within the ultimate outside boundaries is called the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, popularly called U. S. S. R., as the

United States is designated U. S. A. Within that union are six major Republics[1] each of which may again be a federation of smaller states, these being called "autonomous" or "allied" republics, and invariably composed along national lines, to give satisfaction to national minorities. The U. S. S. R. is relatively a new organization. It was founded with the adoption of a constitution at a meeting of the Central Executive Committee of the U. S. S. R. as late as July 6, 1923, following a decision taken at a congress of the Soviets of the various republics. The first section of this constitution lays down the principle that the union is *voluntary,* that to each republic is secured the right of withdrawal; that entry into the Union is open to all Socialist Soviet Republics wherever they may come into existence in *the world.* It is stated in the constitution that the object of the union is the quicker restoration of the national economy and the necessity for creating a united front against the danger of attacks from capitalistic nations. The constitution defines the competence and authority of the Union and also describes its system of government.

[1] 1. Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic. Ninety-two percent of total territory, sixty-nine percent of total population.
2. Ukrainian Soc. Soviet Republic.
3. S. S. R. of White Russia.
4. Transcaucasian Soc. Federated Soviet Republic.
5. Uzbeck S. S. R.
6. Turcoman S. S. R.

The competence and authority of the Union includes every matter of vital importance for any state. Any infringement is so guarded against, both in the constitution and by the mechanism which the constitution sets up, that it is impossible to see how even the one great right secured to the federated republics, of withdrawing from the Union, could possibly be exercised, because withdrawal could only follow political action which the power vested in the Union and its instruments could promptly quelch. The constitution grants the Union competence in twenty-three matters of the most vital importance. Amongst them are:

1. Complete control over international relations. (All Republics have a common Foreign office, the Peoples Commissariat for Foreign Affairs of the U. S. S. R. which delegates plenipotentiaries to the Peoples Commissariats of the various Republics.)
2. The determination and control of the External Frontiers of the union.
3. Admittance of new members.
4. Declaration of War and Conclusion of Peace.
5. External and Internal loans.
6. Foreign agreements.
7. Direction of Foreign trade and establishment of a system of internal trade.
8. Establishment of the Foundations and the general plan of the whole national economy of the Union, definition of branches of industry and separate industrial undertakings possessing gen-

eral importance to the Union, conclusion of concessionary agreements both for the whole Union and in the name of the United Republics.

9. Direction of transport, posts and telegraphs.
10. Organization and direction of the armed forces of the U. S. S. R.
11. Approval of a single state budget of the U. S. S. R. in which are embodied the budgets of the United Republics; determination of taxes and revenues applying to the whole Union; authorization of additional taxes forming part of the budgets of the United Republics.
12. Establishment of a special money and credit system.
13. General legislation regarding migration from one republic to another.
14. Establishment of the bases of courts and legal procedure.
15. Establishment of fundamental labour laws.
16. Establishment of general principles on the domain of popular education.
17. Fundamental legislation in the matter of citizenship in the union in regard to the rights of foreigners.
18. The right of amnesty extending over the whole territory of the Union.
19. The repeal of such decrees of the congresses of Soviets and Central Executive Committees of the United Republics, as infringe the present constitution.[2]

It is interesting that many liberals, who are champions of decentralization and states rights should

[2] Soviet Year Book 1927.

have been misled by the constitutional promise of the "right to withdraw" into believing that the Soviet system represents their ideal of organization in respect of the rights of smaller units in a federative system. Actually there are fewer states rights under the Soviet system than the states enjoy in the United States of America. Numbers 1 to 6 in the category of powers listed above, and numbers 9, 10 and 13 represent power which it is customary for a central government to exercise in a federative state.

But numbers 7, 8, 11, 18 and 19, accompanied as they are by further provisions empowering specific action from the Union's administration, limit state rights to the most superficial matters.

Economically the state entering the union is completely bound. It must accept the general plan of national economy which provides for state utilization and control of every resource; it must permit the Union to come in and take over control of any natural resources or industries which the Union may consider to be of special importance or value; it must, if required, relinquish its most important concessions; it must submit its budget to the Union and obtain from the Union authorization for such taxes as it levies; it must accept the general labour laws; and finally it must allow the Union to repeal any decrees of its congresses which the Union directors believe to be an infringement of the constitution. The power to repeal

decrees rests in the hands of the Central Executive Committee of the U. S. S. R. which, as we shall see, when we study the mechanism, is responsible to no organization beneath it—and the power above it is not of the state, but of the party.

Numbers 14, 15, 16 and 18 remove the possibility of the separate republics exercising any important authority in education or in the organization and treatment of labor. It would not, for instance, be possible for a Soviet Republic to decide that the history of evolution cannot be taught in the schools; still less that the schools rule out the doctrine of economic materialism. The "basis" of the courts is defined in the mechanism of the Union set up by the constitution and makes them party organs; finally, the Union, by exercising the right of amnesty, can interfere at any time against political sentences issued by the federated republics. The united republics must of necessity become so intertwined with the Union that withdrawal would amount to revolution, which would be bound to be suppressed. In other words, states attempting to withdraw on the basis of their constitutional rights would probably find these rights about as valuable as those which the Southern States of the United States of America believed they enjoyed before the Civil War.

I do not mean to imply an unfavorable criticism of centralization as compared with large states rights;

it is only curious that the high sounding phrase "the Right to Withdraw" should have led so many people astray.

But it is when we come to the mechanism of the Union, which is duplicated in the Soviet system of the separate republics, that we realize how the whole system is made to protect higher units and instruments of power from lower ones. It is the antithesis of democratic, parliamentary systems which derive their power from their people, as the final instance. Here the central organ of power—whether in the party or the state—once constituted, has absolute sovereignty, legislative, administrative, executive. Each unit in the system is responsible, not to the masses below, but to the more highly selected unit above. I have not seen a graphological picture of the Soviet administration. (I am speaking now of the state organization, the outward façade of the U. S. S. R. As is generally known and as we shall presently see, this organization is merely, as Prince Rohan aptly remarks, "The piano on which the party plays.")[3] But on the basis of the description of the organization found in the Soviet Year Book for 1927, I have attempted to construct a picture which will, I hope, depict the organization rather more clearly than the Year Book's summary does.

At the top is the Soviet Congress. It is at the top

[3] Karl Anton, Prince Rohan, "Moscow."

but it is not the most important unit in the system. Assembled through the representation of town, township and provincial soviets, it meets once a year, and its sole purpose is to rear itself a Frankenstein's monster, to create a body which will then be infinitely more powerful than itself. Once having given birth to this vigorous creature, it modestly withdraws. Yet even this most democratic of Soviet organs is representative neither of the population as a whole nor even of the workers; for in all the soviets only workers have a vote, the employment of labor, even of one or two hands, or indulgence in any private business or unorganized profession puts one outside the ranks of proletarians qualified to vote. Moreover there is no secret ballot, and a most active political espionage. But *furthermore, peasants, though officially classed on an equality with workers in the "Peasants and Workers Republic" are brutally discriminated against in the composition of Soviet congresses, whether they be district, provincial or regional.* The rural working population has at most proportionally one fifth as much representation in the various Soviet congresses as the more radical and communistic town workers.[4]

[4] The Soviet system of the six major republics and of the autonomous republics federated under them follows exactly the same structural form as that of the Union. The smallest soviets are in villages, factories, works, etc., and these inside the system send delegates to Volost, District, Provincial and Regional Soviet Con-

This Union Soviet Congress in which the communists thus have, if not an actual majority of the votes, the only organized influence, and the only ticket, elects two bodies: the Council of the union, composed of 371 representatives of the United Republics,[5] in proportion to the population of each, and the Council of Nationalities, which, like the United States Senate, assures representation for each autonomous federated republic regardless of its size.[6] This has about 181 members. Together these bodies form the Central Executive Committee, the Supreme Power of the state, legislative, administrative and executive. In Russia it is called "ZIK." It publishes codes, resolu-

gresses. In all of these congresses the agricultural population is given representation in the ratio of about one to five of the city population, and this despite the fact that only the poorer peasants are allowed to vote. The Kulak (rich peasant) can be disqualified from voting for the possession of a horse or cow, more than his neighbors. *The Provincial Soviet congresses* are composed of delegates from the *Volost* (agricultural) *soviets*, on the basis of one delegate for every 10,000 inhabitants; and delegates from urban, factory and works soviets, on the basis of one delegate per every 2000 electors. The *District Congress* has one delegate per thousand rural inhabitants as compared with one delegate per 200 urban, factory and works soviets. *The Volost congress* represents only rural soviets and sends representatives to the Provincial Congress, but if the District Congress meets first, it, and not the Volost Congress elects the Volost delegates! *The Regional Congress*, which is one of the larger meetings, has one delegate for every 25,000 agricultural workers and one for every 5000 town workers. Under this system the agricultural representation which, to start with, is so low, becomes progressively lower.

[5] Soviet Year Book 1927.

[6] Most of such bodies have five representatives. The very smallest have one.

tions, and ordinances; it unifies legislation and administration; it—and not the congress—passes on all decrees determining general principles or the political and economic life of the U. S. S. R. or decrees introducing radical alterations in existing methods of state organs. Its decisions are binding, according to the constitution. There is no higher appeal. It can suspend or repeal decrees of the Praesidium (its own organ) and of the congresses of soviets and other organs of authority in the territories of the Union. *It will be noted that this power permits it to intervene whenever it chooses in the affairs of the various federated republics.* This body meets thrice annually. In the interim it delegates its power *in toto* to the Praesidium, which is composed of Praesidiums of the two councils included in the ZIK. The Praesidium has six presidents, one for each federated republic, and they serve as President of the Praesidium in rotation. Under this system the republics do not elect their presidents; they are chosen by the Council of Nationalities. Since the Praesidium is most of the time the first power-body of the State, the president of each republic serves at one time or another as president of the Praesidium—i.e., of the Union.

This body of only twenty-seven members, which takes over the complete legislative, executive, and to an extent judicial powers of the ZIK is subject to review thrice annually by the ZIK. It appoints the

Council of peoples' Commissaries, usually called the *Sovnarkom,* which is the executive organ corresponding to the cabinet in parliamentary countries. But the *Sovnarkom* is completely dependent for policy on the Praesidium—ultimately upon the ZIK. The Supreme Court, set up by law, is also attached to the ZIK. Its procurator is appointed by the Praesidium of the ZIK; plenary sessions of the court are called by the ZIK and only such plenary sessions have the power of passing on the legal liabilities of members of the ZIK. Attached to the *Sovnarkom* but *not responsible* to it is the United States Political *Department,* shortened to O. G. P. U. (Tcheka), the dreaded and famous secret police. It is supervised by the procurator of the Supreme Court, who, as we have seen, is responsible to the ZIK.

It is clear from this picture that if the party controls the ZIK it controls the entire machinery. The entire government of Russia, the power to initiate laws, pass ordinances and decrees, execute them, conduct the administration, ferret out, try, and sentence political offenders is, under this system, lodged most of the time in the hands of the twenty-seven members of the Praesidium who are responsible, ultimately to the five hundred odd members of the ZIK. If the party controls this body, it controls everything; it might indeed have a cabinet composed entirely of

non-communists, and still be able to carry out its policy in every department.

II

But even the ZIK is merely an instrument. In its subsidiary organizations are the best administrative, organizing, and technical brains of Russia. But the real directing force, the real center of power, is not the Praesidium, but the *Politburo*—the organization which is to the Communist party, what the Praesidium is to the State.

The Communist party, small as it is, riddles Russia. Its lowest organization unit is the "cell," the word being used in its biological sense as the fundamental organic unit. A cell can be formed of only three members. It can be formed amongst the teacher's corps of a school, or, by the "candidates"—party probationers—among the students. It can be organized, also, territorially, by governments and districts, down to the smallest unit in the soviet system. In communities where there is not a single communist, the party needs only to colonize three members and it has its cell. Each "cell" must be approved by the organization higher up. In a great factory every separate department of the works may have a separate cell. A group of cells has a secretariat elected for six months to execute orders which come to the cell. The secretary must have been a party

member for at least a year. Exceptions have to be approved by the Committee higher up. These cells are the nervous system of the party. Through them the party is kept aware of the political atmosphere of the country; through them the party is warned of dangers. Through them the party carries its messages and executes its desires—in a bazaar in Turkestan as well as in Leningrad. They are the basis of the amazing system of political espionage.

It is necessary to understand the quality of human material which goes into making this intricate organization. These million party members scattered in cells throughout Russia are picked men. Their devotion to the cause over all personal interests, their absolute obedience to orders, are tested again and again, and every lapse of discipline is paid for. In the midst of a large, illiterate and politically uneducated country, which has been deprived of every other sort of leadership, they constitute an élite class; a disciplined body moving with more than Prussian precision, completely goal-conscious and animated by a fanatic belief which is more like a religious faith than a political credo. Of this Faith, I shall have more to say in the chapter on Leninism. Here we are chiefly concerned with the organization itself. But it is out of the question that such cells, living in the center of every kind of social, economic and territorial group, and *opposed by no competing political*

organizations whatsoever should not, in spite of the smallness of their numbers—indeed, perhaps because of that numerical smallness, which keeps the organization from becoming obese and innocuous—exercise the decisive influence in most elections—which are open—and in the whole of Russia's political life. A minority which is effectively organized and completely goal-conscious can almost always control a majority. When one considers what the once ridiculed old ladies of the W. C. T. U., who were forerunners of the anti-saloon league, with its kindred organizations, accomplished in the United States, we should cease to wonder at the power of the communists in Russia.

The organization of the Communist Party is almost precisely along the lines followed by the state. The cell is to the party what the smallest soviet is to the Soviet system. As in the Soviet system the party takes its orders from above, not from below. Above the cell are larger organizations in which cell members are represented by progressively smaller delegations. Once a year the General Party meeting convenes, with 1000 to 1500 delegates and elects a Central Control Committee, a Central Revisions Committee, and a Central Committee. No party member can sit on any of these committees who has not been a member for at least ten years.[7] Character, asceticism, strength of

[7] Vide chapter on Leninism.

will, devotion, zeal—these rather than more ephemeral qualities of mind distinguish the party leader who rises to power; these, and the qualities which all party leaders must have, whether they crack the whip in Tammany or in Russia—shrewdness, knowledge of men, the power to create a machine. For if Russia is ruled by the Communist Party, the Communist Party is ruled by a steam roller.

The system makes this possible. Once the Central Party Congress has elected the Central Committee (ZK), the Central Control Committee (ZKK) and the Central Revisions Committee, these bodies assume full powers; the Congress steps into the background. The small body which it has created rules absolutely.

The Central Control Committee—ZKK—and the Central Revisions Committee are chiefly concerned with seeing that the ZK, and the Secretariat, which since Stalin became General Secretary has a power and a significance which it never previously enjoyed, do their work expeditiously and well.[8] Between party congresses the ZK, which is to the party what the ZIK is to the state, conducts all the work of the entire organization. It is, apart from the control exercised by the two committees which I have named, absolutely supreme in power. It sits at least once

[8] ZKK was for a time, and may be still, identical in personnel with the "Workers and Peasants Inspection," which is formed to check up the efficiency of all branches of state administration.

in two months, and for the interim delegates its political powers to the *Politburo* (Political Bureau, shortened in popular speech), and vests the direction of organization work in the *Organizationburo* and the *Secretariat.* The *Politburo* and the General Secretary of the Party, Stalin, are therefore the real directing force of Russia. They determine the whole line of policy, for the party, for the state, for the economic structure of state capitalism organized under the Soviet system. *The system is so perfect, that the "Politburo" can from its seat in Moscow pull all the strings that move the vast apparatus of the country —either through the party organization, or through the system of government which, as we have seen, is so constituted that all its threads are gathered up into the small body, the Praesidium, which the party can easily control.*

Russian officials and apologists constantly insist that the state is one thing and the party another and that their powers are strongly defined and differentiated. This insistence they consider the more necessary because the Russian Communist Party is the decisive voice in the Third International, the existence of which constitutes the chief reason for the conscious isolation of Russia, by so many states of the rest of the world. But the imposing mechanism of state authority is held upright only by the party. Litvinow is especially fond of explaining the relation of party

and state with the phrase "Rome has both the Vatican and the Quirinal." The phrase, of course, is misleading in the extreme. Were the Quirinal an instrument created by the Vatican, functioning only under the Vatican's supervision, and to carry out the Vatican's will, then the simile would be very apt. For in the exclusiveness and awesomeness of the Kremlin there is much of the atmosphere of the Vatican fortress of a world organization based on the consciousness of a mission above that of all other states and principalities.

This is the system which Russia calls "Dictatorship of the Proletariat." It is not this. It is the dictatorship of a party. This party is one which believes with fanatic faith that it is a sort of Moses, called to lead the proletarians of Russia—and the world—out of the wilderness of muddled thinking and cautious action into the Promised Land of collectivism. The words on its tables of stone are from Marx, but the spirit which inspires it is from Lenin. Without this spirit, this organization, minute and crafty though it is, would have broken down long ago. We shall therefore, in the next chapter, consider the Communist Party, not merely as an organization, but as the carrier of a doctrine which has been elevated into a Faith.

CHAPTER IV

LENINISM: A POWER FORMULA AND A FAITH

I

THE most influential person in Russia is the easiest to see. Every day, between five and seven, he can be visited in his house on the Red Square. It is a strange house; no architectural lines could be more severe; no effect could be more harmonious. Visitors wait in a queue before the low doorway, at either side of which two guards, in the long coats and peaked helmets of the Red Army, stand with fixed bayonets. The visitor entering that solemn doorway invariably bows his head. He descends into the earth down a narrow stairway, and walks around a narrow gallery. The man whom he has come to see lies in a glass case, under a ceiling canopied in scarlet. He is fairer than one has expected. And where is the biting energy, the diabolical smile, or the transcendental wisdom, which legend associates with this man? Only quietness pervades this form; a little shrunken; sparse of beard; prominent of forehead; wide of cheekbone. He does not look very important. Rather like a lawyer from a provincial city despite the scar-

let velvet of his bier, and the order of the Red Flag on his breast; despite the clustering banners—amongst them that of the Paris Commune—despite the moving stream of reverent visitors. He looks tired, and one flinches a little at the electric lights glaring so brilliantly upon his eyelids. The embalming process has been very successful. Experts say that he will last for eighty years.

Eighty years is three generations. Three generations are long enough. Four years have been long enough to make Lenin, dead, as powerful a force as Lenin living. In three generations this body may be dust—but no one who has spent some time in to-day's Russia can believe that Wladimir Iljitch will have ceased to exist as a Legend, a Faith, a Word. He has given his name to a messianic missionary movement. In Russia one speaks less and less of communism—more and more of Leninism.

The first figure which the visitor to Moscow sees—as he emerges from the central railroad station—is a squat little man, in bronze, addressing an imaginary audience, holding up a pedagogical finger. This is Lenin, the teacher; the Lenin whom Soviet Russian school masters quote to their children to encourage in them the desire to "Learn, Learn, Learn!" This representation of Lenin exists in thousands of copies, all over Russia. Moscow alone has many of them. The other is equally ubiquitous. It is a painting. A

man in baggy trousers and a cap, a quizzical expression in his eyes, an attitude keen and yet casual—hands carelessly thrust into pockets, but eyes concentrated, body at attention. The background is a modern factory wall. This is Lenin the comrade; Lenin the workman; Lenin the modernist. Teacher and workman—teacher and carpenter—one is constantly struck with the way in which consciously or unconsciously the figure of Lenin becomes idealized into a substitute for the Christ figure.

And if I can sift out from amongst the numerous and vivid impressions of my short stay in Russia the one which seems to me of the greatest importance it is this one: That communism, originally an arid theory of history and economics, very far—in my opinion—from the dynamics of life—has become a national Faith, made living and powerful by all the emotional force which masses of people put into a Faith; and that it must eventually be judged as such, for only thus can it be properly evaluated.

II

The historical truth or falsehood of any political formula can only be determined by a pragmatic method. However the dialectician may judge a political doctrine, the historian does not ask: Is this faith, this shibboleth, this political philosophy, inherently "true"; that is to say, can it be harmonized with the

sum of our knowledge about economic, political, and biological forces? He asks: How effectively does it work as a power formula; as a regenerative, integrating social force?

To illustrate: America was the most important heir of the French revolution. Unhampered by other than sporadic feudal, aristocratic traditions the United States realized the rationalism of this revolution, and its ideal of democracy, and uncritically adopted the belief that liberty for the individual would find its fullest expression in democracy. Early America, on the basis of this formula, became the refuge for the persecuted of the earth. We supported the attitude expressed by the seditious secretary in Bruno Frank's recent drama, "The Twelve Thousand," that America was the land where every man was his own master, and need bend the knee to no one. We drew to ourselves many fighters for national and individual "freedom"—the Garibaldis, the Carl Schurzes, the Louis Kossuths, of the stormy days of 1848.

It is not necessary to point out that our present political, economic, and biological knowledge and experience have not borne out the theory that individual liberty and democracy go hand in hand. On the contrary, there was, until the establishment of communism in Russia, no political credo in practice in the western world which so demanded the sacrifice of the fundamentals of personal liberty in the interest of

the national goal, as American democracy does; and this holds true in many indirect ways—in the standardization of moral and intellectual attitudes—and in direct ways; in our whole system of constitutional government. But it is simplest to cite the eighteenth amendment! The very phrase "hundred percentism" was coined in the United States, and inside and outside our boundaries has come to mean the subordination of the individual. Similarly the ideal of America as a refuge for liberty-seekers; for the seditious of the earth, discontented with the chains imposed upon their national or individual aspirations by the systems of government to which they legally owed obedience—survived only so long as the United States was forced to draw upon Europe, not only for labor but for creative energy. Once this demand was filled we became the most exclusive nation on earth, shutting out with a rigorous quota law both liberty and opportunity seekers; we became supporters of the rights of all other governments—except, perhaps the Russian—to persecute their own citizens in the interest of their own ideal of order. The centennial of Louis Kossuth was celebrated by President Coolidge receiving a delegation from the government which, with questionable legality, has expropriated the estates of Count Michael Karolyi and has imprisoned Baron Louis Hatvany, both of whom represent Kossuthism in Kossuth's own country to-day, while outside the

White House American police removed picketing Hungarian protesters.

But it is perfectly futile to try to set back the processes of history by intellectualizing about the truth or falsehood of the original democratic credo. As a faith this credo proved itself one of the most dynamic and regenerative of instruments, and a most successful power-formula. It called into existence the creative hope and heroism; it attracted at the right moment to the United States the fanatic spirits and constructive workers necessary for the exploitation of a terrific continent; it furnished the motive power for the process which has made the leading world power out of an unexploited territory in less than one hundred years. The faith therefore justifies itself in history, and it will eventually be judged historically by the answer to the question: How far did the original impulse carry the stream of new life?

Precisely the same perspective is needed for viewing what is happening in Russia. It is too early to make any definitive judgment. But it is not too early to observe that Socialism is more than a doctrine, more than a political system—*as it is practiced in Russia.*

Leninism, which is to Marxism what Americanism is to Democracy—a creed made living in the faith, imagination, emotions, mentality, and life-form of a specific people—is a new formula for power, a re-

leaser of hitherto frustrated energy, and a co-ordinating force, Marxism is Talmudic, doctrinaire. It has its modern Pharisees, the Russian intellectuals, whose leader is Leon Trotsky. Leninism is a power-impulse and a faith. Marxism is the conclusion of a brilliant, synthetic mind, drawing its knowledge of life and sweaty workmen from the British museum. Leninism is the working faith of a primitive people, in possession of a mighty and demonic land, of continental proportions—a land where the petty compromises, economies, and adjustments of Europe are utterly unimaginable; a land of such boldness and vastness of contour and horizon—the mighty Caucasus, the infinite Steppes—such brutality of landscape and climate, such wealth of resource, such biological soundness, that, like America, only a vast, brutal, heroic, and sacrificial faith can awaken and move it.

In Russia the soil of Marxism doctrine has been manured with blood, not from the pale veins of an effete people, but from the protesting wounds of healthy, death-fighting peasants and workers. Alexei Tolstoy, in his drama, "Rasputin," might be symbolically picturing Russia itself, when he shows the fanatic peasant whose life force resisted poison and beatings, and even a revolver shot—horrible in his suffering, and even more horrible in his refusal to let go of life. Russia seemed to me very like that—a primitive, stoic people, who have suffered horribly

and even more horribly refused to be killed, because they know that their time has come in the world's history.

III

But how do you know that Leninism has become a faith, more powerful in its emotional force, greater in impulse than the doctrine of Marxism seemed to promise? That is a reasonable question to put to any one who takes such a long leap from the sound basis of facts and observations.

In the organization of the directing instrument in Russia—the Communist Party, in the training which is given children in the public schools; in the spirit which is inculcated into the Red Army; in the life-philosophy which pervades the most modern Russian literature, there is evidence—as I hope to be able to show—of a power-impulse which cannot be measured by the truth or fallacy of the doctrine upon which it is founded, nor by its immediate efficiency in practice. The discipline of the Communist Party and its method of organization are remarkably more like the vows and methods of some holy order than like those of any other existing political party. Only the once devoted Samurai, and the Italian Fascists have clothed a party with comparable emotional vestments. The training which is given the children in the schools is from first to last an abnegation of the philosophy dominating education throughout the west the object

of which is the training of the individual for the greatest efficiency in his own interests—to quote Mr. Benjamin Kidd. With a goal-consciousness which has probably never been equalled anywhere—not even in the Prussian schools of the post-Bismarckian period—Russia is training the coming generation to the service of the state, the rise to power of which is associated in the child's mind with messianic visions of world-salvation. The soldiers of the Red Army swear allegiance to a world-embracing ideal; their oath has the nature of a religious vow.

As for the cult of this Faith it is manifest to the most superficial observer. In the queue standing before Lenin's tomb—that simple, and touching structure of wood, the form of which recalls the tomb of one of the Rameses—stands a girl. "Life is hard," she says to a friend, standing with her, "but somehow, when I come here, I feel that I get new strength." [1] This emotional nature of Russian communism I had a splendid opportunity to observe during the military review on the Red Square which I have elsewhere described. There soldiers in monotonous uniforms and masses of workers in monotonous blue suits parading in the snow saluted solemnly the wooden building where Lenin lies. I went afterwards, in the same day, to the great cathedral with its five golden domes. The vast interior was dark, but somewhere from out

[1] Related to me by Mr. Walter Duranty.

the blackness came golden music and soft chanting. I followed the music, and stumbling through the gloom came to a stairs, up which I passed, finding myself at length in a tiny chapel, in a gallery, far away at the top of the building, overlooking the great dark interior. It was lighted only by candles in whose flicker a priest robed in white and gold was going through the formalized ceremony of the church, opening and closing the golden doors into the Holy of Holies while an unseen choir chanted, and the uneven light picked out gleams of brocade and jewels, and danced on a tessellated floor. Only twelve people were in this chapel; there had been fifty thousand going through the rites in the Red Square. And I could not but feel that the emotional center had passed from all his magnificence to the Lenin cult, one of the ceremonies of which I had just seen in the streets.

Unquestionably orthodoxy has been undermined. It is true that one can see in the shrine of the Iberian virgin—opposite which hangs the famous sign "Religion is the Opiate of the People"—scores of worshippers every day. It is true that the churches, impoverished by the withdrawal of state funds, and divided into two camps by the Soviets' Machiavellian trick of starting a fight over the calendar, are still filled, in many places, and that local supporters still care, out of their small incomes, for the disinherited priests.

But amongst the children, who have spent their entire school life in Soviet institutions, the little girl discovered with a cross around her neck is laughed at by her companions, and often comes home weeping, and refuses to wear the cross any more. The assertion which was made to me by Soviet spokesmen that atheism is not taught in the schools was not borne out by the study which I made of school readers in use in the German-speaking Volga republic. But while the reason of the child is being set against formal religion, his most pious instincts and most noble emotions are directed toward Communism as a Cause. His instincts of charity are appealed to: In nearly every school posters showing comrades in other countries behind prison bars (political prisoners) appeal to the child to work for their freedom. He is encouraged to go into the institutions for homeless children, and help his little brothers and comrades; the woes of Chinese coolies and striking British miners are presented to him with rather more effectiveness than Christian Sunday schools summon for awakening religious interest in foreign missions. The oath which the nine-year-old "Pioneer"—an organization of young communists—takes has a distinctly religious flavor. While renouncing all authority which derives from the church, as the representative of supernatural powers, the "Pioneer" swears "to cherish the words of Lenin and follow them."

Russian leaders frankly admit that the cult of Lenin-worship has been consciously fostered. "We couldn't take religion away from the people and give them nothing in return," they say. Those who seek to justify it rationally, predict that it will die out "once its purpose is fulfilled." But considering how grandiose this purpose is—the conquest of world ideology and the development of all the resources of one of the mightiest countries in the world—its fulfillment hardly seems imminent.

The reverence in which Lenin is held, not only by communists, and by every school-child, is communicated to non-communist moujiks, to foreigners who have lived long enough in Russia to imbibe the atmosphere, even to those remnants of the old bourgeoisie who have so suffered from the system which bears Lenin's name. I have heard Russians who loathe the present régime, and have every reason for doing so, say, "Just the same, Lenin was a great man. Had he lived everything would have been different." I have seen in a low-ceiled peasant room, a burning lamp before an ikon, and next to it a picture of Lenin. "How can you harmonize the two?" I have asked the peasant, and he has replied, "Both are holy." I have heard one of the hardest minded of Britishers, who has lived long in Russia, and who belongs by association, instinct, taste, and interest to the bourgeoise class say, "Had Lenin lived another ten years he

would have made Russia the greatest country in the world."

His picture is ubiquitous. In bronze he stands illuminated above the shops and factories of Moscow. One encounters him on the stairways of factories—often in rough wooden images, carved by some factory hand. In every school, in every workers' club, in every factory, there is a "Lenin corner." Here there is a definite attempt at replacing the orthodox worship. The ikon was always in the corner in a glass case before which burned a constant fire. No fire burns in the Lenin corner. Yet, it never serves a utilitarian purpose. One does not for instance organize, in Lenin's name, a reading-room in the corner, with easy chairs. The walls are draped with red flags; there is always a picture of the great leader; usually there are statistical tables and reports on the progress of the state, or posters celebrating an anniversary, or recording communist gains. The corner is an exhortation to pious memory, and to renewed endeavour in the spirit which that memory represents and toward the goal which Lenin set.

Portraits are everywhere purchasable. The hawker on the street-corner sells ugly enlargements of photographs, or small decorated cards bearing Iljitch's picture. (To the masses he is not "Lenin"—the name makes him more abstract, but "Iljitch" or even—and especially to school children "Wladen"—the diminu-

tive for Wladimir.) Peasants in far-off villages work his portrait into monstrosities of technical perfection. I have seen portraits of Lenin in seeds, in cake, in chocolate. Siberian trappers make robes of reindeer and squirrel fur, cunningly cut into the Tartar features of the Leader; ikon painters who used to depict the virgin in exquisite lacquers now devote themselves to this familiar countenance. Weavers who once made prayer rugs for oriental worship knot their colored wools to reproduce his features, and his hair.

Most significant, too, is the already beginning idealization of Lenin. A new mythology has sprung up around him. There is, for instance, a resurrection legend. At present it is a fairy tale, the truth of which is consciously in its symbolism. Lenin returns to help a comrade in need . . . there are numerous versions of the same theme. The whole force of communist opinion is set against allowing the really useful emotional ideals associated with Lenin from becoming vitiated by supernaturalism, but among the primitive peasants the tendency is there. On the other hand, there is no objection to soviet kindergartens placing upon their walls a highly idealized picture of Wladimir as a tiny child, with fair hair suspiciously like an aureole, and great soft eyes, nor to the caption "Lenin—friend of little children." Here there is definitely an appeal to infantile emotions quite without reference to Lenin's qualities as

statesman, organizer, and leader. The appeal stands outside of reason.

IV

Reflections of the Leninist cult are to be found on the stage and cinema, everywhere in the press, and in contemporary literature. From these sources even an outsider can occasionally glimpse what Lenin is coming to mean—what associations and ideals spring up around his name. I think it important that the most conscious Leninists are in no sense Talmudists; Leninism means socialism made living and dynamic —Lenin stands quite clearly over against the Pharisees who quote the prophet Karl Marx as the judge of every act and tendency in developing Russia. There are, of course, plenty of Talmudists in Soviet Russia. They are the "orthodox"; and everybody claims to be orthodox. Trotsky, Sinoviev, and all the other outlawed and exiled opposition leaders consider themselves to be true "Leninists." But Russia as a whole does not think or, better said, feel so.

"What do you think of Trotsky?" I asked a thirteen-year-old school child. (Her father had been born in Brooklyn, and she spoke a splendid Brooklyn English.) "He ought to be read out of the party. He is against Comrade Lenin," she said. She reflected a general and not very clarified feeling on the part of most of the Russian proletariat that Trotsky is a carper; one who cares more for the doctrine than the

spirit of communism; that obedience, discipline, and co-operation are of vastly more importance than theory.

Leninism means a Faith which, being a Faith, must be optimistic. One must not argue about creed, but, supported by the Faith, one must work zealously and render to the chosen leaders absolute obedience and trust.

The school-boy, Kostja Rjabzew, in "The Diary of a Student," [2] one of the most illuminating books which has come out of contemporary Russia, in his naïve entries about his school life, his own problems, and the primitive social question with which he is confronted, reveals a great deal about this Faith of Leninism and its war with the Pharisees. Kostja himself has never seen Lenin in the life, but he writes of him with a passionate, almost a romantic, affection. "I want to change my name (Constantine) to 'Wladen,'" (Dimunitive for Wladimir Lenin) he writes. "There are too many Kostjas, and anyhow Constantine was only a rotten old Turkish Tsar. He conquered Constantinople, and I spat from the sixteenth story on him." (In a city which has no build-

[2] "The Diary of a Student, Kostja Rjabzew," is a book by Nikolai Ognjew based, he claims, on authentic material furnished him by a fifteen-year-old school boy, compiled during the school year 1923-24. My own observations support the judgment that the conditions therein depicted are characteristic for the state of things still obtaining in Russian schools. The book recently appeared in German.

ing of sixteen stories Kostja's expression is at once contemptuous and optimistic. Be it noted that a generation which wants to spit from sixteen stories will no doubt build them.) On the day of Lenin's death he writes in his diary, "22 January 1924. I feel as though everything had stopped. A blackness has descended over the earth. It's three o'clock in the morning, and I am sitting here still, and I still can't grasp what has happened, or pull my thoughts together. Everything I thought was important seems so small to me now, and we ourselves like microbes, which one can only see through a microscope."

In the diary there are then several lines which appear to have been improvised verses but which are scratched out.

What "Wladen" means to his self-christened namesake, who allows only his most intimate friends to call him by the dear name, is revealed time and again in the pages of this book, where he philosophizes about the sense and meaning of life, about what is desirable and non-desirable (his equivalent for good and evil), about what is "bourjui" (always an expression of contempt) and what is "proletarian." We find that this little Leninist hasn't any use for the school goody-goody, the theorist, Serjoshka Blinow, who, in the interest of hundred percent Marxism is always stirring up a row in the school, organizing against the teachers, and calling in higher forces

to investigate whether the school is being run in the true communist fashion. Kostja thinks, somehow, that it's more important to get on with the game; he is enormously excited about his work in the factories, about the encounters of his school class with the peasants, whom they visit to learn about peasant ways of life, about the May-day and Revolution anniversary celebrations. He is a communist and a Comsomol (the Communist Party's youth organization which is a recruiting ground for new members); he is proud of his proletarian origin, contemptuous of the silly "bourjui" children, but scornful of persecuting them—it seems beneath his dignity. What distinguishes him as a true Leninist is the ardor of his Faith, the fact that he is constantly measuring theory with reality, and that his Faith imposes a considerable discipline upon his naturally ebullient temperament. That "Wladen's" groping after light, his growth to manhood, occurs under conditions of incredible chaos, mental, psychic, and physical, accompanied by such temptations as might wreck a grown man and are bound to warp permanently innumerable Russian school-boys, is another story. Elsewhere I shall deal more exhaustively with Russian schools. The point to be made here is, that all that which in communist Russia is vital and realistic, as opposed to what is arid and intellectual, arises from the Lenin Faith.

What keeps Leninism warm and living is, of course, the omnipresence of the figure of Lenin himself. Leninism is a personal religion. He is even represented as the vicarious sufferer; the man who takes upon himself the sins and shortcomings of his weaker comrades. In Moscow I saw a play, presented by Stanislawsky. In it a small, unimportant-looking school teacher is represented as the soul of a revolutionary uprising. He himself keeps in the background, but his is the master-brain directing the movement. In the end the revolution shows prospects of success, and three of the lesser leaders come to him, and present a list of offices in the new government. When he asks who are to be the chief executives—their names are not on the list—these leaders reply, "We thought of these offices for ourselves." The little man looks at them queerly, satirically. But he shrugs his shoulders. He directs the revolution so that it is certain of victory, but, fearing a slip at the last moment, he leaves the house, although he knows that his appearance in the streets will mean his death. He is shot, and his dead body carried to revolutionary headquarters, where one old peasant has turned defeatist, and is haranguing the crowd to give up the fight. When he sees the slight, ascetic body of the leader the defeatist bursts into tears and seizes a gun. The vicarious death thus turns the tide and saves the revolution. "He saved others—himself he

could not save." "He was wounded for our transgressions . . . and with his stripes we are healed." "The stone which was rejected (the traitorous peasant) shall become the corner stone of the temple." "He died that we might obtain life"—all these ideas, which form the strongest emotional content of the Christian religion, clustered as they are around the central theme of sacrifice, occur again and again in Russian drama and fiction. And it is significant that the leader who sacrifices often wears, as he did in this play, the mask of Lenin.

Incidentally, a Russian who looks very like Lenin is in great demand for moving pictures and plays. He has an important rôle in Eisenstein's "October," the picture commemorating the Revolution and issued in connection with the tenth anniversary.

The emotional content of Leninism appears to be a combination of this sacrifice motif, humility—the idea that the least amongst you shall be the greatest, obedience—the renunciation of individual ambitions, desires, and even convictions for the will and progress of the whole—with grandiose dreams of thus being the instruments for the achievement of world-salvation, an order of things in which there shall be neither exploited nor exploiter, white nor colored, nation nor principality, but where all shall be one in the spirit of Lenin. Practically it means the application of these virtues—sacrifice, humility, obedience—

to the building up of the Soviet state which is the cradle of the world movement.

V

It is entirely impossible to understand the Russian Communist Party apart from this emotional content, which is so passionate as to give the party, as I have said, the power and atmosphere of a monastic order. In the first place, the Russian communist party, like such an order, is exclusive. There is no trace of democracy in it; it is the party of the "called," and of the many called, few are chosen. Before one can become a member one must go through a period of probation of from six months to two or more years, and in this time one's conduct is as carefully watched as is that of a candidate for a cloister. The period of candidacy is shortest for workers and Red Army members who come from the proletarian class, not only because the Soviet government is administered in the interest of this class, but because the emotional tendency ascribes to this class the qualities of sacrifice, humility, and devotion required by the order. If such proletarian candidates do quickly and with self-effacement the tasks that are set them to do, and demonstrate their enthusiasm and their fidelity, they may become full party members at the end of six months. Independent workers and artisans who do not employ (exploit) other labor than the members

of their own households, may, if demonstrating in the same way their devotion, become members at the end of a year. For all other candidates the minimum period of probation is two years. And for lapses in discipline, or enthusiasm, or for a manner of living not in conformity with the ideals of the party, any member may be dropped, no matter what his record of service may have been. The fact that Leon Trotsky was a prime mover in the revolution and the founder of the Red Army could not save him.

The similarity of the Communist Party to a religious order is shown by the fact that the party requires absolute obedience. In theory any member or group of members can fight for a reform of ideas or practice, in the debates preceding each party congress, when the program is fixed for a definite period. In practice—as became obvious during the period of discussion preceding the last party congress—those who differ from the ruling hierarchy are effectually muzzled. No one who was in Russia in November and early December last year could maintain for a moment that Trotsky and his associates were given free opportunity to make their ideas and criticisms known. I heard the last public speech which Leon Trotsky made in Moscow. It was over the coffin of his friend, Adolphe Joffe, who a few days before had committed suicide, in distress and disillusionment. Trotsky's speech was guarded in the extreme. Only by in-

ference could the few hundred men and women who stood in a blowing snowstorm to listen to him, read into it a criticism of the ruling régime. Yet even this harmless speech was reported next day in a Moscow newspaper with the words, "The head of the concessions committee then spoke briefly." The head of the Concessions Committee! Trotsky was not even mentioned by name!

Should a breach of discipline be so severe as to warrant—in the opinion of the hierarchy—expulsion from the party, this very procedure has the air and nature of excommunication. Excommunication can follow not only for lapses in personal discipline, or for unsuitable conduct, but for heresy. No one has ever questioned Leon Trotsky's conduct, his sincerity, or his devotion. But he has committed the unpardonable sin of taking issue with the theory and practice of the church. Furthermore the Order is world-embracing; excommunicated from the Russian Communist Party, Trotsky is excommunicated from the world party. No true communist anywhere may give him shelter.

Added to the vow of obedience is the vow of poverty. No communist party official may receive a salary of more than 250 roubles a month ($125). Many officials in Russia, especially heads of big industrial trusts and experts in factory administration receive much larger salaries; often they are comparable with

salaries paid for the same services elsewhere. But the party member may not be so paid, or, what he receives over and above the fixed maximum, must be turned back into the party funds. The maximum represents the minimum for a decent standard of living and nothing more. To be sure the prominent official may be granted living quarters—in the Kremlin, or in the expropriated palace of some feudal or industrial pre-revolution baron—but the idea prevalent abroad that these officials live in Byzantine luxury is completely false. Litvinow has a dwelling in the Haripenko palace—a sort of reception house for the staging of official diplomatic entertainments and a *dependence* of the Foreign Office. But in this sumptuous palace he has for his own personal use, with his wife and two children, two rooms! If a valuable communist official becomes ill the party will send him abroad, to a foreign spa, if necessary, and pay his expenses. But he must always know that he is dependent upon the party; such favors are the measure of his value to the order. And if he is in disgrace, he is made to feel it! Thus although the Kremlin doctors decided that the prolongation of Adolph Joffe's life demanded that he spend some time abroad in a foreign sanatarium, the party withheld the necessary thousand dollars. It was the clear implication that his life was no longer worth a thousand dollars to the party which led Joffe, soviet ambassador in

Berlin, Vienna, and Tokio, to kill himself, if the farewell letter to Trotsky, which was smuggled out of Russia and published abroad, was authentic. A Russian ambassador to a foreign country is expected to maintain the same appearance which other ambassadors of great powers do. He is given adequate funds for proper and representative clothing; he can entertain on a reasonable scale. But he is spied upon by the members of his own embassy; if he shows a tendency to get a big head or false ambitions, he is very quickly recalled. And once he returns to Russia, to live, he must resume the meager existence of his colleagues. Litvinow or Tchicherin in Russia live on a much smaller scale than any of their subordinates, the ambassadors to European capitals. How nearly this system conforms to that of the Catholic Church is clear. A cardinal is pledged to poverty and may yet, as the representative of the church, wear scarlet and gold and live palatially. But his vestments are those of the church and the order and not his own. Never, for an instant, is he independent of the heirarchy, and at any moment he may be sent to the most meager parish.

Moreover, if a communist official becomes personally popular in the embassy or the district to which he is sent; if the suspicion arises that his personal influence is stronger than the communist idea—then he is immediately removed to another place. The

Communist Party has no intention of rearing Frankenstein monsters for itself. This again is typical Jesuit practice.

It is of course true, that within this order there is a considerable maneuvering for positions which carry with them greater freedom, wealth—however temporary—and comfort. The passion for sacrifice, the devotion to the cause, is not equally distributed amongst all members of the party. There are those who pull wires for jobs abroad, or in another district, where their expenses will be paid. The Communist Party is made up of human material. But the opportunities for bettering oneself, for acquiring any considerable personal prestige or power are extraordinarily limited.

Stalin, of course, has made himself unquestionable head of the hierarchy—by political manipulations and organization such as are not unknown even in Holy Orders. One needs only to read the history of the elections of popes. But his position of vast power does not enable him to live better than his fellows, nor to enjoy public acclaim. He is practically invisible. Tchicherin—whose position as foreign minister is really that of a directed and very subordinate tool—travels abroad, receives foreign diplomats, gets his picture in the illustrated papers, and enjoys a certain international fame. But even in Russia Stalin is vastly less famous than, say, Kalinin, the President

of the Russian Soviet Republic, or Rykow, President of the Council of the Peoples Commissars. Yet Stalin is incomparably more powerful than either of these men whose pictures hang in thousands of peasant parlors. That such an organization will always offer temptation and opportunity for men who love power for itself, is clear. The church had its power-lovers and ultimately suffered corruption through them.

It is true, as I shall show in another chapter, that the Soviet system of organization is a magnificent hierarchial structure tending to concentrate ultimate power in the hands of a very few people; it is true that the Communist Party has gathered to itself all the instruments of force in the country, and keeps them by all means, resorting to terror of the most ultimate sort, if necessary. But these facts are insufficient explanation for the power which the Communist Party has. It is as impossible to understand Leninism as a power formula apart from its *morale* as it is to understand Fascism, apart from its emotional content. If one thinks of the practical tasks of the Soviet organization; the economic re-organization of a country covering one-sixth of the land portion of the globe; the political administration of a nation embracing some hundred and thirty nationalities; the re-casting of the mentality of a mystic and religious people into one in harmony with the doctrine of his-

toric materialism; and all this to be done in a country of 150,000,000 with an organization of less than a million members, and drawn from amongst a class which has hitherto been oppressed and confined, and has had no experience in administration; from people who have had to go to school as adults to obtain even the rudiments of book education—when one considers that this organization has kept the power in Russia for a decade, against assaults, military expeditions, and boycotts from outside, and for better or worse has gathered and is gathering unto itself such passion, devotion, and energy as exists in this emaciated land, one is forced to seek an explanation more satisfactory than that the Russians are docile, the bolsheviks ruthless, and in possession of the instruments of force. The moral power in bolshevism is the source of its incredible strength. Its adherents are trained in the sternest and most stoic ethics, public and private. Its leaders, the old revolutionaries, are men and women who have already suffered such material hardship, through long exile, imprisonment, hunger, and persecution, that a stoic life seems natural to them. The bolshevists are forced, by the party, to educate themselves. They are trained to be leaders. The party has its own disciplinary body—the Central Control Commission, a sort of party-inquisition. Only communists who have been party members for at least ten years may sit on this commission. It is terribly stern

Punishment for corruption in office is prompt and terrific, and includes the death sentence. It is the practice of the communists to punish party members more sternly than non-party members. Even in such personal things as the sexual life, the communists demand from their members, if not chastity, then moderation, and the attitude that neither wife nor sweetheart can take precedence over the party. Libertinism amongst party members puts them in a very bad light.

Leninism is more than a politic-economic program. For no such program, based purely upon reason, would it be possible to build up such an order of priests who, pledged to atheism, bring to Communism the passion, discipline, sacrifice, and renunciation of every individual human right which only great religious movements have ever been able to command.

VI

It is interesting and curious how Leninism, as Marxian doctrine made manifest, gathers to itself much of the emotional content of old Russia. Despite the Byzantinism of the Orthodox church, religious life in Russia—insofar as it remained vital—always had an ultra-democratic trend. Orthodoxy—from its foundation, down to Rasputin—preached the very human doctrine that a man was saved by his sins. This conception pervades all the novels of Dostoiev-

sky. To the religious Russian, all men are sinners, humility is the greatest virtue and pride the unpardonable offense. While the established church boasted of its treasures, of its tons of gold, and bushels of pearls, Russia was nevertheless full of Holy Men, destitute, dirty, and exalted saints, who glorified lowliness. Even in feudal Russia the breach between the classes was one of power and wealth, rather than of psychic content. One cannot imagine a dirty, libidinous, half-mad English peasant obtaining the power over the English Court which Rasputin had over the Romanoffs and part of their entourage. The long years of the practice of *leibeigenschaft* in feudal Russia built up a curious family feeling, the overlord was an oppressive father—but he was a father. Leninism, as the gospel of collectivism, has found rich ground in this deep-rooted psychic feeling that all men are brothers.

Like the spiritual leaders of both the Roman and Orthodox churches the Communist Party members are tolerant of the laity. Outside of the discipline of the Soviet organization itself—outside the fixed rules of economic organization—the lay public is tolerantly allowed to go its own way. A good girl-communist does not waste time on such frivolous things as clothes—there are, of course, exceptions—but if the unenlightened sinner does so, he will be forgiven. A communist does not go to the Casino and dance, but

non-communists are forgiven, for they know no better. A communist will be put out of the party if he is seen in a church, he must be as passionately atheistic as a Catholic monk is passionately Roman Catholic—but those who are not chosen, may, if they cannot see the error of their ways, worship as they please.

And in an unexpected way the natural humility of the Russian, which is given a chance to feel at home under the hierarchial, collectivist Soviet government, works in the interest of the new machine age. Outwardly, Russia is becoming, under the soviets, Americanized. But the emotional accompaniment to mechanization, in Russia, is completely opposite to that in the United States. In the United States the machine is a means to competition, to a large-scale warfare, in which—we seem to feel, vaguely—selective processes will work, so that the group which emerges victorious will, by its emergence, advance the nation farthest. We see at present in the United States the war between Mr. Henry Ford and General Motors Co. which, were its fighters equipped with rifles and machine guns instead of with more subtle economic and financial weapons, would by comparison make a Balkan conflict seem a snowball fight. In Russia the machine is to open the way for an ant-like civilization in which each individual, be he director or unskilled worker, is nothing but a unit in the Great Plan! The ideal is a factory as wide as the state

itself; a mechanization process, which in the grandiosoness of its *conception* makes our own industrial civilization seem free and careless. Leninism teaches the humble Russian to believe that will he but give himself unsparingly to this plan; will he but work and strive, a mere unit in the great machine, in which Stalin, and Rykow, and each leader is an equally humble unit—though placed, perhaps, in a more important position in the works—then hunger, misery, and despair will be effaced from Russia, and eventually from the whole world. The dialectics of Marx are insufficient to prove the rationalism of this dream.

From an international standpoint the most important thing which Leninism does to communism is that it gives it a more distinctly Russian character. It is not the cult of reason enthroned by the French! As Leninism grows as a cult it limits the extension of communism more and more to peoples who have the same emotional content.

CHAPTER V

THE STATE AS SUPER-TRUST

I

Soviet Russia after ten years has abandoned one by one many of its original collectivist tenets. Although the land is "nationalized," efforts to have it collectively worked have not thus far been very successful. The system of tenancy *in perpetuum,* as long as the land is worked, with the possibility of the tenant passing it on to his heirs, amounts in practice to private ownership, with the difference that tenancy does not extend to natural resources such as minerals or oil which may be found on the property. Soviet Russia has learned that people will not live collectively. Its present housing ideal—unfortunately *not* its practice—is not particularly different from that of the *Ladies' Home Journal.* If the government could afford it every worker would have three rooms, a bath, standardised built-in furniture, and a kitchen outfitted with the latest electrical devices. The right to personal property has been restored. The Soviet government has learned that one cannot exchange goods for goods without the medium of currency, and

has, in stabilizing the *Chervonetz* (the ten-rouble note), adopted not some new-fangled and—from a socialist viewpoint—more rational system like that proposed by John Maynard Keynes, but Wall Street's own basis: gold. The Soviet government has revived the system of money credits; despite all its theories about unearned increment it encourages saving to the extent of taking both enforced and voluntary loans from the population. It has "freed" a great many of the distributing processes and opened them to private initiative. As fast as it can it is putting state industries on straight business basis. It has abandoned in these industries the Marxist principle of "To Every One According to His Needs" and in most of the factories work is done on a piece-work basis, whereby the worker is paid not according to his needs but according to his production. It does not return to the worker in the form of wages "the full product of his work" or anything approaching the full product. According to Soviet figures,[1] it returns to him between seventeen and twenty-two percent. Soviet Russia is indeed not a simon-pure socialist state. It is a system of state capitalism.

This is an observation which has been made often enough, but which has often led to a fundamentally false conclusion. A great many people in the western

[1] From a report of the Trade Delegation of the Soviet Embassy in Berlin.

world have shrugged their shoulders, and said: "Russia is going back as fast as it can to capitalism." But there is very little evidence that Russia is going back to any form of capitalism as capitalism is understood in the western world.

The Soviet State is a single super-trust, controlling the entire income and resources of the largest geographical unit, and at the same time one of the potentially richest units on the globe. It is a super-trust, vertical and horizontal, embracing every form of exploitation, production, and manufacture, letting out this or that resource occasionally to private corporations or individuals, delegating this or that distribution medium to private persons or co-operatives, but exclusively controlling credits and foreign trade. Its final ledgers are the national budget. And these ledgers are not subject to the checking of the people who live in this state and therefore, in theory, it would seem, would be the state. They are not subject to any control whatever except the control of the members of the corporation. And the members of the corporation are not even in theory the citizens of the state. In theory they are the proletariat. In practice, all the votes on this superboard are dummy votes, except those cast by the communist party, which determines policy, in a pyramidal indirect system which gets the ultimate power into the hands of a very few and leaves it there with little control. This immense

super-trust is administered by a party for a class and for promoting the rule of an idea.

This super-trust which, as far as actual administration goes, is run by the Supreme Economic Council, employs a great many people who are not communists, just as any capitalistic trust employs many people who are not members of the Board of Directors. There are less than a million communists in the whole of Russia with its 137,000,000 population, and there are two millions and a half government employees, using the word in its most restricted sense. Because in its larger sense, of course, every one who works in Russia—the peasants, and the negligible number of people employed by private businesses and foreign concessions excepted—is a government employee. But it employs them just as a capitalist employs labor. If they show any disloyalty to the firm they lose their jobs. The difference between this trust and any other is, that they not only lose their jobs but they may go to jail or even be executed. And the employer is at the same time judge, jury, and executioner.

The state, this super-trust, *is not* the people. The theory is that it will become synonymous with the people, when the Revolution is over. Because Russia considers herself still in a state of revolution. The bourgeoisie as a ruling class have been conquered, to be sure. They have been more than conquered, they

have been exterminated. But the bourgeoisie ideas, bourgeoisie tendencies, are hardier than their carriers. And until bourgeoisiedom has been exterminated, the communist party says, the revolution must go on, and Russia must maintain the Dictatorship of the Proletariat (i.e., the dictatorship of the self-appointed but tolerated *leaders* of the proletariat, the Communist Party).

II

Of this dictatorship, and how it works, I have written in another chapter.[2] Here it is sufficient to say that without doubt it lends an efficiency to the state as a trust, which it could not possibly have under a democratic system. And although, measured by western standards, the state super-trust is woefully inefficient, it must always be borne in mind that it does not need to measure itself by these standards. It has a complete monopoly. It can allow itself measures and mistakes which would ruin any free capitalistic organization. It is not subject to the economic laws which operate in western capitalistic society. A state in control of everything cannot become insolvent as long as its citizens can stand the brunt of its administration and it does not have to mortgage itself to a foreign power. It can be categorically stated that there is no sign of any weakening of the Soviet's

[2] *Vide* The State as a Political Machine.

political power, and its debts abroad are still negligible.

To illustrate: The government states that last year its profits from industrial production were 500,000,000 roubles. How did it make these profits? Inside Russia, it charged prices for industrial products from two to six hundred percent above the prices for the same articles abroad. Russian machine works are now turning out a motor truck, the Amo. It is copied from a stolen Fiat model, and the cost of making it is ten thousand roubles. One can buy it from Italy for 2500 roubles. That is to say, one could buy it from Italy at this price, if there were not a monopoly of foreign trade. A German motor which sells for $14.00 is manufactured in Russia—the model is almost precisely the same—for $130.00. And who buys these trucks and motors manufactured by the government? The government itself! One hand feeds the other. Two years ago, I am told, an Italian co-operative organization obtained a license to import certain fruits into Russia. Among the products were lemons, which at that time in Russia cost one rouble apiece (fifty cents). This co-operative offered to sell lemons for 15 kopeks apiece. The Soviet government refused to allow this price, saying that the Ukrainian co-operative organization (supposedly a "free" institution), the "Larjok" must make a profit of 85 kopeks per lemon or fail.

The system of governmental protection for the governmental trusts is not comparable to any protection system elsewhere in the world. The Soviet government can allow itself, for instance, to sell its agricultural products abroad at a loss. It has sold oil at a loss, when occasion demanded, it has sold grain at a loss, and it has certainly sold lumber at a loss. With the money obtained, it purchases such industrial products as it cannot manufacture at home, and sells them inside the country at prices sufficient to make up the loss. The discrepancy between the prices of agricultural and home workshop products, and manufactured goods is amazing. Black bread costs 1½ cents per pound; butter 54 cents, eggs 2 cents apiece, soup meat 23 cents a pound; kerosene 5 cents a quart; an inferior quality of cheese 40 cents a pound; milk 5 cents a quart; ham 66 cents a pound.[3] These prices, in comparison with those of surrounding states, are about normal. Some of them are lower than prices in Germany. All agricultural products, however, which could be interpreted as luxuries are exorbitantly high. But contrast the prices of industrial products! A pair of felt boots costs from 15 to 25 dollars; a set of inferior woolen underwear 12 dollars; wool stockings of an inferior grade 4 dollars; wool gloves the same. The discrepancy is the more glaring when measured with the cost of home-

[3] Prices prevailing in December, 1927.

made goods. Hand-woven linen can be bought cheaper than machine-made calico in Moscow to-day.

It is an accepted belief amongst foreigners working in Russia that Soviet *heavy* industry is operating at a loss and is kept up by revenue from other sources (taxes, for instance). This cannot be proved. Reliable inner statistics are lacking. This discrepancy in government statistics must always be borne in mind. A recent government grain report issued by the *"Mosktorg"* (Moscow Trading Organization) gave the annual crop as 535,000,000 poods (a pood is 36 lbs.). When asked how this was estimated the reply was that it was based on the addition of the amount of grain carried by cart, trains, river transport, etc. Obviously this is inaccurate because much of the crop must have been transported by all three mediums. A later figure gave the crop as 480,000,000.

There is the same inaccuracy in industrial statistics. In one set of figures a factory will be evaluated at 10,000,000 roubles; in another set of government figures—issued by another department—the same factory will be counted as worth 15,000,000 roubles. Recognized investigators are permitted to see factory books, but not over a sufficient period of time to be able to make analysis. They can, for instance, see that this factory or that has received a loan from the government, but not being able to follow this loan in its course from year to year it is difficult to determine

whether it is really a loan or a subvention. The inaccuracies are hardly to be attributed to a wish to deceive. The machine is merely too cumbersome.

Although the state declares itself in favor of putting industry on a business basis, and operating it for profit, it has not yet divorced the industries from political life and it is hard to see how it can do so as long as the state recognizes that despite the revolution there are still social classes, in the interest of one of which the state is run. A candy factory, for instance, is compelled to manufacture the cheaper grades of sweets—such as those hard candies which the Russians suck with tea, and which form a part of the normal Russian diet—at a loss. The factory must be class-conscious about the consumer. It is allowed, on the other hand, to charge exorbitantly for chocolates, which are counted as luxuries. Whether the factory can sell enough of these expensive chocolates, which thus cost about six times what they would cost abroad, determines whether the factory remains, from a western economic point of view, solvent.

In such an instance one sees a central problem of the Soviet state. It oppresses the richer who can afford to buy these chocolates, but if it should oppress them out of existence the factory would have to close—or raise prices for the proletariat.

Many causes contribute to the insolvency—*always*

qualified as from a capitalist viewpoint—of certain soviet businesses. In justice to the soviets it must be said that they inherited a completely disorganized industrial system, and were forced, by the logic of their own political theory, to eliminate their most skilled industrial leaders. That they have built up their industrial system to the point they have, in what is not ten years, but nearer five of actual constructive work, is, in the opinion of most observers with whom I talked, more remarkable than are the inefficiencies, considering, always, the system. Russia is without foreign credit in any appreciable amount —as compared, for instance, with Germany, which since the war has borrowed nearly four billions of American dollars. But the soviets themselves do not deny that the overhead of their industries is exorbitant. State ownership and administration have led to a control system which burdens every industry. Over every official is another to watch him. Everything is smothered in paper. Last year's report on the sugar industry filled a box car. Realization of mistakes has led the government to appoint the RKI—the Workers' and Peasants' Inspection—whose business it is to ferret out errors in the system and not only recommend but autocratically put through reforms. But it remains to be seen whether this is not just another control organ; just an addition to the bureaucracy.

On one railroad the report of the Director shows that a control commission which saved 7000 roubles in 1926 cost 60,000 roubles. Yet the RKI expects to save 300,000,000 this year by administrative reforms.

III

On certain industries, the super-trust is making a vast amount of money. Most lucrative of all—and how ironically—is the vodka industry. Revolutionary Russia, in the days when theory and not hard practice governed its actions, established prohibition. This was logical. Soviet Russia is devoted to the task of uplifting the poorer peasants and the proletariat; of educating them to the point where they can take over full power. It extends education, sponsors physical culture, spends millions in hygiene propaganda, to this end. And drunkenness is the greatest Russian vice. Drunkenness, probably more than anything else, is responsible for the backwardness of the Russian village. And yet the government has reestablished vodka, with the trifling difference that it contains forty percent alcohol, as against the prerevolution forty-five percent. The soviets themselves feel this irony. There is a story current in Russia that Lenin met the Tsar in the next world. Both of them looked down sadly upon a people reeling in the streets and sleeping stupidly on top of stoves. And

the Tsar said to Lenin: "Was all that revolution worth a mere matter of five percent?"

Leon Trotsky maintained in a statement made in the course of the debate with the government preceding his exile that the whole Russian bureaucracy is supported by vodka, an industry which is no part of the productive industrial system. Travellers through Russia have told me that one finds supplies of vodka in village co-operatives when the rest of the stock consists entirely of a few rolls of calico. The government states that its income from vodka is a half billion roubles—a sum which covers the cost of the army and navy.

There is no side-stepping the serious break between theory and practice of a government which is interested in selling vodka and at the same time carries on a nation-wide campaign against alcoholism. Stalin, in a recent statement explaining this breach between theory and practice, said: "We had to decide whether to enslave ourselves to the capitalists by giving them a lot of important factories and plants, and receive in return the means necessary to turn around, or to make a vodka monopoly in order to get the necessary working capital for the revival of our industry by our own means . . . Certainly without vodka it would be better, because vodka is an evil. But to enslave ourselves to the capitalists seemed a worse evil." (It may be taken as a general statement of

policy in Russia that any evil is less than this one.) "At present vodka gives us an income of more than $250,000,000 (500,000,000 roubles). . . . We promulgated this monopoly as a temporary measure. It must be repealed as soon as new sources of new income can be found. Our policy is to reduce gradually the production of vodka." This last statement by Stalin is in flat contradiction to the *Gosplan* (the state planning commission) which sets as goal for next year an 80 percent increase of general manufactures, a 108 percent increase of glass, a 150 percent increase in chemical production and a 340 percent increase in vodka.

With characteristic logic M. Stalin in the same statement, which I quote only in part, blamed the western nations for Russia's vodka monopoly in the words: "I believe we would need to have nothing to do with vodka and a great many other unpleasant things, if the western European proletariat would only seize power and give us the necessary assistance. But our western European brothers do not wish to take control and we are obliged to turn to our own means. It is not our fault. It is fate."

IV

That the state super-trust operates inefficiently is also evident from the success which many foreign concessions have in competing against it. Of the

concession policy of the Soviet government, and its results for the concessionnaires, I shall write in a separate chapter. It is sufficient to say here, that although in the making of contracts with labor, covering wages and social conditions, in the obtaining of credits, of import and export licenses, and in the matter of selling his goods in the inner market, the concessionnaire is almost invariably subject to less favorable conditions than the government enjoys, those concessionnaires who by carefully devised contracts have been able to avoid the worst difficulties, and so can compete on a ground somewhat approaching equality with the government, usually are making enormous profits: profits which they could not possibly expect to draw in any European country or in America, and which are invariably explained by them as due to the ineffectuality of the government competition. A German concessionnaire engaged in manufacturing felt hats stated that he had earned back his entire investment in one year!

The super-trust is undoubtedly building up the demand of the inner market for manufactured goods faster than it can supply it. It must always be remembered that the ideal of the Soviet state is a highly developed materialist civilization. By a system of advertising incomparably more efficient than anything of the kind in the world, it has awakened in the people of Russia faith in its ability as a government

to supply this civilization—within reasonable time. The Russian peasant believes to-day, that he ought to have boots and shoes, plates, knives and forks, tractors, and modern implements. The Soviet government has taught him that he ought to have them. And, in the long run, the communist administration will have to supply them or diminish greatly in political power.

V

The super-trust is not supplying the need it has created. It has sold what it cannot deliver. The German expert on Russia, Professor Kaufmann, states that the peasants to-day can buy less industrial products for the market value of their goods than they could before the war. According to his figures they could then buy for one pood (36 pounds) of:

RYE

	Before the War	In 1925/6
Cotton goods.....	4.06 meters	2.04 meters
Salt	80.00 pounds	43.8 pounds
Oil	17. "	23. "
Soap	7.1 "	6.4 "
Nails	10.7 "	7.1 "

WHEAT

	Before the War	In 1925/6
Cotton goods.....	5.03 meters	2.39 meters
Salt	99. pounds	51.4 pounds
Oil	21. "	27. "
Soap	8.8 "	7.08 "
Nails	13.2 "	8.33 "

It is noteworthy that the only product which has become cheaper for the peasant, figured in real values, is oil.

The relation remains the same as before the war between calico and butter and calico and eggs. This may be due to the shortage of both, and the consequent operation of the law of supply and demand. Butter and eggs are foods of which the peasant has increased his own consumption rather than place them on an unfavorable market; obviously a peasant family cannot greatly increase its consumption of wheat and rye.

Another German expert, Gromann, calculates the balance still more unfavorably. He summarizes his investigations into the relation between practically all classes of industrial and agricultural products and concludes that agricultural products have a purchasing power only 33 percent of what they had before the war.

The reason for this discrepancy undoubtedly lies in the monopolistic structure of Russian economy and in the fact that the state still draws its political support chiefly from the towns. The state has the monopoly, first, for producing and selling industrial goods, second, for buying, exporting, and retailing agricultural products.

Although industrial production and commerce are organized on "social" lines, the general law of mo-

nopolies nevertheless asserts itself. The buying monopoly—which functions with the peasants—has an interest in reducing prices. The selling and production monopoly has an interest in raising them. The state, wishing to be altruistic, functions, when it comes to a show-down, very much as private monopolies do. The only way out for the peasant seems to be in an increase in the power of his co-operative selling organizations, by which they can bargain more effectually with the state. Just at present—since the great party fight ending in the expulsion and exile of the antipeasant opposition leaders—the tendency of the government is antipeasant; having banned the critics, the government is forced to adopt—in measure—their proposed "reforms." But this tendency can be regarded, I think, as temporary.

The government, acting as buyer, has succeeded in reducing the wholesale prices of agricultural products by between 23 and 38 percent. But industrial products, with the exception of oil, in the production of which the state is far more efficient than in manufacturing, have shown practically no tendency to drop down in price, and have been, ever since the state-trust began operating, tremendously above the world market. There is no competition in industry, and, the state having a monopoly also of foreign trade, imports are strictly limited. Moreover prices are fixed, *not according to the producing efficiency of the*

most progressive factories, but according to that of the most backward. The best economists of Russia want a drastic reform of this policy; they are in favor of ruthlessly letting the weaker bodies go to the wall. But if they do—and the result is, however temporary, a vast increase in unemployment—what political results will this policy have? The Soviet State is not enviable. Its huge power carries with it tremendous cares, appalling responsibilities!

Moreover the state monopoly does not eliminate the evil which is known to capitalistic countries—see Stuart Chase: "Your Money's Worth"—of the great breach between wholesale and retail prices.

The elimination of the middleman is one of the great advantages which socialist theorists claim for the socialist system. The Russian government has eliminated the middleman, in theory; but in Russia some strange monster adds a great burden to prices, precisely at the point where the conventional middleman operates in capitalistic countries. The wholesale prices of cereals have been reduced to approximately the pre-war level. But the retail prices are much higher than they were! The operating costs of the selling organization are from 93 to 95 percent! It is officially admitted that they are 158 percent higher than before the war.

The nominal price of wheat is not higher than before the war; actually, as we have seen from the tables

showing its buying power, this price represents a considerable *reduction.* But the process of turning wheat into flour adds 52 percent to its price!

In industrial goods there is the same abnormal discrepancy between wholesale and retail prices. This difference is often as high as 64 percent, and is three times as high as it was before the war. A pood of superphosphate produced for 60 kopeks costs the peasant 1.80 roubles. Remember that there is no competition; this trebling of the price cannot be ascribed to national advertising of one product against another; one phosphate does not make claims against another in the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* since all are produced by the government, acting "altruistically." This 300 percent increase on the pood is inefficient organization expenses, nothing else.

The President of the Supreme Economic Council, Kujbyshew, himself pointed out that the variation between the production costs of the different factories is abnormally high, often 200 or 250 percent. Nor are the best-equipped factories always the ones which are producing most economically. This fact proves that the Soviet's claim that the chief trouble is financial, due to lack of credits for the securing of machinery, is only partly true. The decisive factor seems to be organization.

The government repeatedly "decides" on a new

policy. Some time ago, for instance, it "ordered" that wholesale prices should be cut by 5 percent, and retail prices accordingly. It was officially stated that the operation was successful, and the official index showed a decrease of 4 plus 4—i.e., 8 percent. But the consumers' co-operatives issued a memorandum denying the effectiveness of the measure. They claimed that the goods in strong demand were no cheaper, and that only goods which few people called for had been lowered in price; that where the price was reduced the quality suffered, and that, furthermore, inferior goods were dressed as high-class products and sold at the higher prices!

It is interesting that exactly the same thing happened in Italy when the Duce "ordered" a general reduction of prices by 10 percent, owing to the rise of the lira. He delivered, it will be recalled, an indignant speech in which he complained that although prices had jumped upward with kangaroo-like bounds when the lira was going down, they had decreased, with the stabilization of the lira, with only locust-like hops. But the ordered reduction of prices resulted in inferior quality and inferior goods were dressed up to command higher prices. The inferior goods were refused; only the higher prices were taken, and the "reduction" was a myth.

The legal prosecution necessary to carry out these state orders would cost the state—and therefore the

public which the state is there to serve—more than the reduction would be worth. Thus the economy undermines the purpose of the state, and by excluding all competition creates conditions, which up until now, are contrary to rational business.

Yet, something can be said in favor of the super-trust. Production has increased. State industry (in millions of roubles) increased from 2400 in 1923-24, to 3761 in 1924-25, and to 5333 in 1925-26. The graph this year continues to show an upward curve. In the exploitation of certain natural resources the gains are even more creditable. Particularly is this true of oil. This year Russia will probably outdistance Mexico and come up to the United States in oil production. Production at this moment is 108 per-cent of pre-war and the export this year of two million tons represents a 218 percent increase over 1913. Russia is actually selling more oil to England to-day than before the Arco break which, according to the Russians, was largely occasioned by British oil interests. Russia's best customer is Italy, where Russia supplies fifty percent of the total market and where she has pushed out a lot of Anglo-Persian and Royal Dutch business. And the Bolsheviks only took over the oil fields in 1920. Until then this territory was still in a state of civil war; it was the scene of successive foreign interventions—Germans, Turks, British, Denikin—all fought over it. Most of Grozni,

which furnishes more than thirty percent of the total production, was on fire when the Bolsheviks entered. There had been no renewal of machinery in Baku since 1913; no new drilling. Terrific massacres of Armenian and Tartars had occurred in the vicinity and demoralized the entire district.

Since all the oil in Europe is either Galician or Roumanian and there is a tremendous oil shortage, the oil industry has always been a pet one in Russia. When they took over the fields the Bolsheviks had very little money to invest, but since 1924 they have put in half a billion roubles. Eighty-five percent of Baku has been electrified since then, almost entirely with American machinery. New and modern refineries have been built. The work is being done exclusively by Russians with the exception of one American engineer, and a few Germans. By October 1928 a pipeline from Grozni to Tuapse on the Black Sea, now in construction, will be finished, and Grozni's crude oil will be sent to the seacoasts where refineries are being built. Work has also started on a second pipeline from Baku to Batum. An immense order for pipes has been placed with Otto Wolff in Germany.

There will be two large refineries at Batum. Standard Oil of New York built one of them completing it only last year—and gets oil by railroad from Baku. A British company was bidding for the

other when I was in Russia and offering a six-year credit. The Russians, however, preferred America, and were then conducting negotiations with an American company, in Berlin. In 1913, 98 percent of all oil produced in Baku was pumped by the so-called spoon method (an iron cylinder let down into an open well, a method which wastes all the gas and considerable oil as well.) To-day only fifty percent of the wells use such old-fashioned methods. Rationalizing methods are cheapening production. It is claimed that investments have already paid for themselves in increased oil. The attempt of the Royal Dutch Company to drive Russian oil out of the world market has failed utterly, and must have cost the Company a pretty penny, because a wholesale price-cutting campaign was initiated, in the belief that the Russians could not compete. As a matter of fact Russia can cut her prices abroad more easily than the next person can, and did so. The Russian sources are especially important to Standard Oil, which cannot hold the Near Eastern market with oil from Texas. And the Near Eastern markets are on the International Trade routes.

Plainly the super-trust works better in some fields than in others. It may claim with some basis in reason that its method of exploiting oil is more rational and conservative than the speculative methods of the United States.

In industry as a whole, however, it is a question whether industrial expansion has not been more rapid than capital shortage would counsel. During the same period for which production increased basic capital remained almost static, except in the electrical industries.

The rapid expansion of the last few years has been by the utilization of the old inventory, inherited from the past régime. It will certainly decrease sharply when this stage of reconstruction is over, as it soon must be. The fixed investment capital taken over from the bourgeoisie is now being exploited practically one hundred percent. Russia is undoubtedly approaching a great crisis in her expansion. Her avarice for foreign capital is a sign of it.

One thing has *not* happened, which the proclamation of the NEP (New Economic Policy) seemed to presage. Private industry is *not* on the increase in Russia. When the NEP policy began there was an overnight growth of private business. Economic life, long hemmed into narrow channels, burst its banks and fairly bubbled. In the midst of this Lenin died. And the new controllers of Russia's destiny became frightened, fearing that the NEP would overwhelm them. Since that high point the wave has been receding in favor of state industry and co-operative or state business as opposed to private. To-day roughly forty percent of trade is private as com-

pared with sixty percent which is in the hands of the state; eighty percent of industry and ninety-nine percent of heavy, basic industry, are state-owned and controlled. The super-trust is gaining.

The Russian government is thoroughly aware of its difficulties and of its inadequacies as trust-manager when measured by western standards. Its own reports are the frankest of admissions. The Russian super-trust knows that it cannot depend forever on a monopoly of foreign trade as a substitute for efficient and cheap production. It makes no pretenses whatsoever of an efficiency comparable, for the present, to that of capitalistic countries. It asserts its intention of reaching that efficiency in the future. Almost all foreign observers are skeptical of this future but those who take the Soviet experiment most seriously are among the keenest and best-informed observers whom I met in Russia. One thing must be said: The super-trust has, until now, sold itself pretty completely to the proletarian population. This is an undeniable fact: it needs but a round of factories in the most diverse industries to prove it. It has sold itself, to an extent, on faith. It must deliver the goods and deliver them in appreciable time or this faith will begin to cool. Trotsky and his followers claim that it is cooling already. But there are few outward signs of it. And the situation of the workers seems to be improving, somewhat.

Any number of things—a single bad agricultural year, for instance—might produce a setback which would have serious consequences. The super-trust has demonstrated its power to produce, under excessively adverse conditions. It must now prove that it can cheapen production. If it cannot do that, it will be forced to make far greater concessions in the theory and practice of its system of economy than it has made yet.

VI

Can foreigners make money in Russia, how far are their investments protected, and what co-operation can they expect from the Soviet Government? This question has been asked continuously ever since the institution of the New Economic Policy. Experience has answered it.

The answer, as I have gotten it from American, British, German and Norwegian business men holding trade, manufacturing and mining concessions in Russia is: Yes—provided.

Provided that the foreign business man desiring to make money in Russia understands a great many things, and not least amongst them the psychology of the government with which he is dealing.

"Concession" in Russia retains its literal meaning. For the Russian government a grant to capitalists of land for agricultural exploitation, of the right to mine gold, or manganese, or iron, or phosphates, of

the right to import or export certain goods, is a *concession* of *political policy*. Such grant is only made in the realization of Russia's needs for foreign capital and foreign help in stimulating her economic progress. It has got to be worth while for the Russian government to grant it. If it proves to be not worth while, it will be sabotaged to the point where it must liquidate.

There is a fundamental division in the Russian mentality. Russia is at war, in her ideology, with the capitalist world. Yet Russia cannot possibly exploit her natural resources and build up with sufficient speed the industrialist state which is a necessity for the perfection of her system of proletarian state capitalism, unless she can win the increasing co-operation of foreign capital.

As I have pointed out Russia has now reached the stage where she cannot expand any further on the basis of the capital inherited from the old régime. She must augment it. And taxes, loans and the earnings from the state industry are insufficient. Since Russia is the most theoretical country in the world, and must find a theory to fit every practice, even if the latter is enforced by uncontrollable necessity, she has worked out a rather Machiavellian attitude toward co-operation with both foreign and native private capital, which has been expressed with admirable clearness by Leon Trotsky, who was almost

until his exile chairman of the concessions committee, and who, in this connection, would hardly be challenged by the government. Trotsky says:

"The ordinary capitalistic trust is at pains to protect itself against acute fluctuation in supply and demand. Even a trust which practically has a monopoly doesn't aim to fill the market completely with its products. In a period of emphatic prosperity trusts frequently tolerate the existence of non-trustified enterprises permitting the latter to cover surplus demand, thus freeing themselves from risky investments of new capital. These non-trustified enterprises then fall victims to ensuing crises, after which they are bought up for a song by big trusts. The next boom is then faced by the trusts with larger productive forces . . . In other words, the trusts aim to cover only absolutely assured demands and expand only with assured expansion of demands, assigning all risks . . . to weaker organizations. Socialist industry in Russia is a Trust of Trusts. It can afford even less than specific capitalist trusts to undertake to follow all the curves of the market. (*It must make use of private capital as a reserve army. Loans and concessions involve dangers but the delay of economic progress in Russia is even a greater danger.*) And he adds, speaking of the danger of an economic blockade against Russia "The more varied become our interna-

tional relations, the more difficult will our enemies find it to disrupt those relations." [4]

In other words: Let foreign and other private capital in: let it help take the edge off crises; and let it keep up good relations for us with the outside world. The problem which remains for Russia is: How prevent private, domestic and foreign capital, which indubitably functions more efficiently, from competing too effectively against the state industries and interests? That private industry *is* more efficient is indicated by the Soviet government's own figures which show that 89 percent of socialized industry furnishes 79 percent of gross production, while 11 percent of private industry furnishes 20 percent.

One way of preventing the concessionnaire from competing too effectively is not to grant him equality with state industries. The whole tendency in Russia is to give state and co-operative ventures advantages over private interests. This shows itself in relations with labor, in matters of credit and in contracts for supplying the inner market.

The foreigner who goes to Russia and takes out a concession makes a contract with the concessions committee. His labor conditions however are not arranged in this contract, but with the Trade Unions. Like all industrialists in Russia, including the di-

[4] Leon Trotsky: "Whither Russia"?

rectors of the State enterprises, he makes a collective labor contract, good for from three to six months, and covering every phase of relationship between employer and employee, fixing wages, determining what part of the social insurances shall be paid by each party to the contract, deciding whether work shall be paid for by the piece or by weekly wages, or both, defining the conditions under which a worker may be discharged, and what the duties of the employer are in furnishing rest and club rooms, suitable working conditions, etc. Such a contract may cover a hundred or more pages. Strikes are precluded as long as the contract is adhered to by the employer. *The greatest disadvantage to the employer is that he cannot conclude it for a sufficient period of time.* On the whole the demands of labor in Russia are higher than in any European country, measured by their production efficiency. Wages are not particularly high, but a fortnight's vacation on pay annually for every worker is the rule, and workers engaged in unhealthy industries often demand and get a month or six weeks' holiday on pay, each year. Every industry must furnish the workers with club rooms, and often the additional social demands of the workers—for day nurseries, lunch rooms, etc., amount to a great deal. *There seems to be no question that secret directions have been issued by the Government to the trade unions, tipping them off that whereas they must be*

somewhat modest in their demands upon the government, which is, after all, an organization working exclusively in their own interests, they are free to get as much as they can from foreign concessionnaires. It thus comes about that whereas the state assumes responsibilities for the social welfare of the workers employed in its factories to the extent of paying from 10 to 12 percent extra on wages, private industries, whether domestic or foreign concessions, often have to pay up to 40 percent. *The trade unions almost invariably demand higher wages from the concessionnaire.* He rarely gets off with a contract in which wages are not from fifteen to twenty percent higher than those paid by the state industries. This it seems would lure the best workers away from the state industries, but, again, the Trade Unions operating on a tip from the government have an unpleasant way of shutting out of their ranks all foremen and higher groups of workers employed by concessionnaires. This makes it extremely difficult for the concessionnaire to get qualified workers, because Trade Union membership is proof that one belongs to the proletariat, and it carries with it numerous privileges in Russia, and so is not willingly sacrified even for higher pay. Many foreign concessions choose, therefore, to employ foreigners exclusively in the more important positions in their factories or works. In order to do so, they must see that there is a special

provision in their contract permitting the importation of foreign labor, and they can never be sure that the government will not suddenly withdraw visas or even imprison the employees. Such a procedure has led recently to a serious diplomatic incident between Germany and Russia.

But these difficulties with labor are not the only problems confronting the concessionnaire, which make it difficult for him to place his business on a basis of equality with state enterprises. He often finds it difficult to get credits from Russian banks, at all, and if he succeeds, he usually pays a higher rate of interest than the state enterprises must pay. The latter get money for 4 to 6 percent interest; the concessionnaire pays 15 or 16 percent. He may have neglected to provide, specifically, in his contract, for the export of money, and may therefore find it impossible to purchase foreign valuta, to send abroad. One reason why the Nepman (the Russian private business man) does not become more powerful is that he is forced to spend all his profits in Russia, where the opportunities either for the amassing of large capital resources or investment in luxuries and real values, are very limited. When he comes to market his goods he faces another dilemma. If he sends them abroad he must get an export license. If he sells them inside the country he may find that directions have been given out to the state trusts and co-operatives that

they should only purchase from government firms.

All of these difficulties can be overcome, and to a degree have been overcome by numerous concessionnaires doing excellent business in Russia, who have cannily foreseen these problems before making their contracts. The soviets only sabotage when they can do it legally. They are Talmudists of business. They have never been known actually to break a contract.

Not all of the difficulties and disappointments arise out of objective conditions. Many are subjective. The foreign concessionnaire may have too little capital. Unless he has plenty of money he should certainly not try to do business in Russia. He will not be welcomed by the soviets who, if they must have foreign capital, favor the great trusts, and he will certainly seriously risk what little he has. In the second place, he may have made insufficient preparations. In the third place, there may be insufficient experience—on both sides. The Krupp concern (German) failed, for instance, because it took a concession on thirty thousand square kilometers of land, for the purpose of growing grain, and found out afterwards that the salty content of the soil made it impossible to grow cereals there. There was no charge of bad will on the part of the government, but a lot of time and money were wasted before the concession contract was changed, and the Krupp firm started raising sheep. The Russians are charged by most foreign

firms doing business there with not permitting prospective concessionnaires to make sufficient personal investigation on the spot. Harriman's first contract for a manganese concession had to be revised, because it was demonstrated that he could not, under its terms, make a profit on his investment. He was required to make a greater capital investment than the returns at the time warranted, and to pay a fixed price to the government on every ton produced. After some months he was able to revise the contract, and fix a sliding scale related to the shifting world price, for what he should pay the government. The new contract is much better than the old but I am reliably informed that Harriman would pull out of Russia tomorrow if he could do so without heavy sacrifice of his investment. To change a contract, is a wearisome business. *For the concessionnaire, it is therefore of the greatest importance that he be able to foresee all possible difficulties at the outset and have them set aside in the terms of the original contract.* He must be aware that in his negotiations with the Soviet Government, he is working with an immense and very impersonal machine, where there is little chance for an exchange of opinions orally and none whatever for making a "gentleman's agreement." He cannot count on having little changes made and little adjustments regulated as he goes along. There are too many control organizations in the way.

Given a favorable contract, however, and given experience in the industry, the foreign concessionnaire has opportunities in Russia, especially if he does not have to import any raw materials, produces goods which can be at least partly sold inside the country and is allowed to export his profits in foreign currencies.

The demand for goods is enormous; the quality and price of the state-produced goods makes competition easy. An ideal concession is that of a Danish company which makes buttons from pressed blood obtained from Russian slaughter houses, and has acquired a fortune in a very short time. Very successful are numerous concessions worked by firms who had experience in Russia before the war. The British Gold Mining concession, the Lena gold fields, is the largest concession in Russia, and the richest fields of placer gold in the world. It works as a concession the same properties which it owned before the revolution. It cannot export without limit; there is no unrestricted export from Russia, but it is allowed to send gold to England every month, and under the terms of its contract exports directly to its consumers, and not through the foreign trade departments of the Soviet government. In two years it has exported twenty tons of fine gold, and has considerably extended its investments in Russia. Its most recent acquisition is an American dredge, which is the larg-

est in the world. In the Urals this same British company is producing iron, steel, and copper, chiefly for Russian consumption. Its Degtiarka copper mine is very rich, with reserves of ore amounting to ten million tons with an average content of 2.7 percent. The manager of this concession told me that the firm was satisfied in its relations with the Soviet government, and that the break in diplomatic relations between his own country and Russia had not in any way affected this relationship.

Among all countries working in Russia, Germany holds the first place. Out of 2015 applications for concessions in four years, Germany put in 709, and of the 144 concessions granted, Germany obtained 39. The Russian government, feeling that it has Germany more or less "nailed," has been offering its best titbits to America, hoping thereby to achieve recognition. The wisdom of this course is questionable. Americans are likely to ask whether there is not more to be had from Russia by withholding than by granting favors and Russia's policy has awakened such discontent in Germany that there is a marked cooling off in relations.

There is evidence, however, of some increase of confidence in the stability of the Russian Government and its intention to meet its obligations, in the fact that whereas the first concessions to be asked for were almost exclusively trading concessions involv-

ing no investment of capital, industrial concessions now preponderate. America is, up until now, more active and more successful in trading concessions than in any others. In these, American firms, through the Russian Trade Delegation in the United States, complete contracts with the various government trusts. The Germans are especially active in participating in a third kind of concession involving technical advice. In such concessions the Soviet state furnishes most of the capital. The foreign firm furnishes technicians, models, experts. A great deal of criticism was awakened in Europe by the activity of the Junkers airplane works, and the I. G. Farben-Industrie, co-operating with the soviets in the manufacture of airplanes and the production of chemicals. It was charged that these industries and others, including some gas and grenade factories, had the indirect support of the German government and represented more than mere industrial collaboration. At any rate most of these have failed.

At present Russia is offering oil—in Transcaucasia and Transcaucasian districts where the sources are right but the transportation difficult—iron, phosphates, silk, sugar and cotton, fishing and timber. One of the most spectacular failures of a concessionnaire in the last months was the collapse of a large German timber grant, the Mologoless. Wood seems to be a very unsatisfactory concession. The cost of

working timber in Russia is too high to make it profitable to export.

The peaceful penetration of Russia continues, but with very careful watching on the part of the soviets. There is one thing which capitalists entering Russia will always do well to bear in mind: Russia needs capital, but even for capital, she will not change her fundamental political policy. The capitalist who thinks he will tell the Russians where they should get off—and a number of such have come to Russia—usually, in the end, gets off himself. Communism still, for better or worse, controls Russia's destiny.

CHAPTER VI

AMERICANIZATION AS A SOCIALIST IDEAL

I

ISOLATED from the whole world, convinced that she has instituted the social, political, and economic system which must, by historical necessity become universal, Russia has respect for only one other country and believes she can learn from only one other nation: the United States. For Europe Russia has only contempt. Europe she regards as a continent in decadence, which must in the course of time fall completely under the domination of the United States, if the European proletariat do not seize power—and so come under the influence of Russia. Europe she regards as already beaten in the struggle for world power. This applies also to England, because even though England pushes Russia uncomfortably at this time, Russia awaits with superb confidence the ultimate, inevitable fall of the British empire. The people who lead the Russian state to-day believe themselves to be political scientists who have made an infallible analysis of historical processes. Their attitude is the most arrogant in the world, because,

like the followers of any dynamic religion they are so certain that their original thesis is right that no setback can be regarded except as temporary and growing out of temporary conditions. When they look ahead to the ultimate Armageddon—and Russian communists are accustomed to looking ahead many decades, being, in this respect, superior to the leaders of most countries—they foresee that the final struggle is to be not between England and Russia, but between the United States and Russia.

And Russia respects America as a worthy foeman. This attitude came out in frank conversations which I had with communists, and in the writings of their leaders.

And although the two social and political systems —Russia and the United States—are diametrically opposed to each other, there are many ways in which the Soviet civilization copies America and rejects Europe. In Europe there is a deep-rooted feudal and aristocratic tradition, with many very articulate intellectual exponents, which distrusts modern industrialism. There is a fear of machines, and overmechanizing life. There is a hatred of standardization, whether of products, processes, or ideas. All movements toward rationalization of industry meet a certain passive resistance in Europe. The Americanizing process goes on, to be sure, as a necessary measure for effective competition, but it meets conscious

opposition from large groups of people and classes of leaders, and there are certain attempts to organize this opposition and build a united European front against Americanization: the Pan-Europa movement of Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, and the intellectual movement led by Prince Rohan are examples.

Now, as I have pointed out in another chapter, the Bolsheviks have completely wiped out the conscious, sentimental ideological ties which bound Russia to her past, by destroying the carriers of old ideas, and by the most aim-conscious system of education existing anywhere in the world,[1] the Russian leaders are preventing the growing generation from any contact with old ways of looking at, and evaluating, things.

The new Russian civilization has, as a result, many aims in common with the American.

Like ours it is a civilization based on the affirmation that work is not an evil, but the greatest possible good; that a man who does not do some kind of work is contemptible, that the loafer is, however well educated, and charming, and whatever his gifts may be as the vehicle of an elegant civilization—an enemy of society and that the increase of production should be the chief goal of a country.

Russians were not, under the old régime, people who loved work. They have always greatly preferred talk. The habits of a folk cannot be changed in one

[1] *Vide* "Making a New Mentality."

generation, even with a monopoly of political and economic power and of education. Besides, Russia's leaders are themselves Russians, and share the love of theory and discussion which appears to be almost a racial characteristic. But despite this, it is undeniable that the whole force of communist influence and power is concentrated on making the Russian a more efficient and harder worker. The Russian factory worker gets an eight-hour day, and there is talk of reducing it to seven; he gets annual vacations; he has a thousand special privileges enjoyed by no other citizen of the state, but in return for this he is expected to increase production with great acceleration, and social welfare measures are justified on the ground that by raising the physical standard of the worker they enable him to work better. The *ca-canny* policy practised by radical workers in the United States and Europe is regarded in Russia as an offense against the state. The adoption by the factories of the piece-work system—the same system against which American trades unions have so often protested—is a sign of this attempt of the Russian state to urge the worker to maximum production. By a system of propaganda and education, by posters, and newspaper articles, and by constant lectures, the worker is made to feel that the success or failure of the social system instituted in his interests depends upon the increase of his production-efficiency. That

this goal has not been attained—that the worker remains woefully inefficient—is due to the system not to the aim.

An acquaintance of mine, a theater régisseur, brought to Russia while I was there a play satirizing Henry Ford. It attempted to show that despite hygienic measures, high wages, etc., the standard of mechanical efficiency demanded by Ford tended to reduce his employees to mere machines, well-oiled, and well-fueled, but deprived of their souls: robots, in other words. The American took his play to three Russian theaters—all of which are on the look-out for American plays handling problems interesting to Russia. The last Russian director to whom he submitted it, said: "We could not possibly present this play. The censors wouldn't let us. It is in flat contradiction to everything which the Bolshevist régime stands for. We do not disapprove of the production methods of Henry Ford. On the contrary we emulate them. They are our ideal. We don't believe in capitalism; we are opposed to the private exploitation of workers; but we want to see the socialist state organize its workers the way Ford does—and put the profits into the common till."

The Soviet belief in accelerated work and mass production extends to the peasants and the farms. The distribution of the land in small holds to the peasants was frankly an opportunistic measure. Lenin hoped

by electrification of the farms to work toward agricultural industrialization, and this is still the aim of the Soviet state, although very little progress has been made toward its accomplishment. The Soviet ideal of agricultural development is not the ideal of the self-supporting peasant, independent of the town, who can feed himself and his family on his small patch of earth. Such a condition means in the long run a return to individualism and the end of any real contact between the peasants and the town proletariat. The soviets are already confronted by this danger, and the accusation that the present government has allowed it to develop is the chief charge which Leon Trotsky and the other members of the opposition bring against the majority in the Russian communist party. But failure to make more progress in the direction of industrializing the countryside, with a view to increased production and increased class solidarity between peasants and workers, is not due to any breach in theory between the governing group and the opposition. Both groups recognize the same end to be desirable. So in its agricultural policy, there is a certain similarity between the aim of the soviet state and the aim of American civilization, which has also abolished the peasant, as he is found in Europe. The tractor is hailed as the liberator of the farmer. As good propaganda is made for McCormick reapers and Fordson tractors in Russia

as in the United States. In posters the peasant with the tractor is represented as the happy and contented farmer. Of course there is a point where the Soviet ideal diverges definitely from the American. The soviet wishes the individual farmer only to progress with the mass of agricultural workers, and repeatedly pushes back those who rise above mediocrity.

Russia's adoration of the machine exceeds America's because the machine is still very new in Russia and there is a romantic glamor about it. Russia, indeed, has somewhat the same attitude toward the machine which existed in England thirty or forty years ago and which is reflected as late as the earlier novels of H. G. Wells, who foresaw a new heaven and a new earth coming about as a result of the machine combined with modern science. The machine, in Russia, is regarded as the greatest friend of man. The highest ideal that mankind can set itself is to emulate the machine in building a commonwealth—in which each individual unit functions smoothly and without friction in the super-machine, the state. If America goes further than Europe does in idealizing a mechanical civilization, Russia goes even further than America. Russian writers, seeing the machine age better realized, as yet, in America than in Russia, celebrate it in essays and songs. The Russian expressionist poet Mayakowsky waxes more lyrical over Chicago than Carl Sandburg does. The machine ap-

pears of the Russian stage not only as decoration but as a factor in drama. The figures in Russian contemporary dramas are simplified to imitate machines. The rhythm of their motion is tuned to reproduce the effect of a perfectly functioning mechanism. The girder is regarded as more beautiful than the column. And the argument which is oftenest brought in defence of Bolshevism as I have read it in the works of Bolshevist leaders, and heard it in conversations with conscious and intelligent Bolshevists in Russia—is not a humane argument, but it is the thesis that the fullest efficiency, the perfect bee-hive civilization, can only be obtained in a worker's state administered as a super-trust. "In the end," a very intelligent young Russian said to me, "Bolshevist Russia will be more efficient as a producing mechanism than America, because there is not so much waste in our system. Here everything is controlled; everything is planned. We will not overproduce here, underproduce there, but everything will be regulated. That is why, in the end, we will *beat you at your own game.*" (The italics are mine.)

Russia is also keen to follow America in the matter of standardization. "A lever of industrial progress is the standardization of products. It is applicable not only to matches, bricks, and textiles, but also to the most intricate machines," says Trotsky. "We

must put a stop to the arbitrary demands of the purchaser."

Russia is watching America and constantly remeasuring herself by America. Coming into Moscow, by train, from the country, I got into conversation with the peasants travelling with me, by means of the few Russian words which I understood, and the few German words which one of them could speak. The train was lighted by a candle in a glass lamp. One of the peasants pointed to it. "Not like in America?" he questioned.

I replied that it was not.

"Go faster in America?" he asked, hitting the wall of the car contemptuously.

I replied that American trains were much faster.

"Better in America," he concluded. But he added, "Some day soon it will be like America here in Russia."

It is still not remotely like America in Russia. Russia is not like any country except Russia. Indeed, the Russians themselves make fun of the attempts to make their country efficient and increase production. Sostschenko tells a fantastic story[2] of the adventures of a gas-meter reader, who tried to get a bonus by reading 150 meters per day and who in his race across apartment-houses, roofs and up

2 "Increased Production," by Michael Sostschenko.

tenement stairs, broke glass, ruined furniture and was mistaken for a burglar, shot at and arrested.

But Russia's ideal was thus expressed by Stalin—Stalin, Secretary General of the Communist party and the most powerful man in the Soviet Union: "The Union of Russian revolutionary inspiration with the American practical spirit—this is the essence of practical Leninism."

CHAPTER VII

THE WAR PSYCHOSIS

I

A SHADOW lies over Russia. Wherever one goes, with whomever one speaks, one becomes conscious of it. It is a fear. Like most fears, private or national, it often expresses itself in braggadocio and belligerency—the over-compensation of weakness. It is the fear of war. Russia is convinced that sooner or later she is going to be attacked. She is convinced on both theoretical and practical grounds. Theoretically her leaders believe, and have often said, that world capitalism would not, in the long run, permit the growth and extension of a system of government threatening them in their most vulnerable spot; practically, they see in the politics of England, in the support which they believe that England's policy gets in the United States, and in the campaign of England in the League of Nations, the forerunner of a new military intervention.

Whether the responsible leaders of Russia really believe that Great Britain is so recklessly adventurous to-day as to dream of a military campaign against the soviets, or whether there is a large degree of con-

scious demagogism in their constant harping upon the danger, is a question about which one can merely have an opinion. I asked Litvinov—on the eve of his departure for the disarmament conference in Geneva—whether he really believed, as the newspapers heralded, as the school-children are taught, as the Society for Aviation and Chemical Defense agitates, that Soviet Russia is in danger of invasion. He replied: "We firmly believe that the capitalistic world would like to destroy the soviets, by any means possible." And this conviction has been transmitted, through all the vast apparatus of propaganda at the command of the state, to every individual who can read and write, or understand a radio, or get the burden of a lecture. The result is a national psychosis, and a feverish military preparation. The result is, also, a continuation of the terror beyond the measures which the internal situation would justify as a defense against counter-revolution. Counter-revolution from the inside is an extremely remote probability in to-day's Russia, after ten years of Soviet government. Counter-revolution brought about by foreign intervention is the justification which the soviets give for maintaining the immense apparatus of the O. G. P. U.—the Secret Military Police, with its Courts Martial, its agents provocators, its star chamber cross examinations, its midnight raids and arrests, its occasional dramatic and terrifying execu-

tions, its sentences of exile, and all the extra-legal revolutionary activities which as long as they continue make it impossible for the communism to claim that the citizens of Russia live in a stabilized state.

Russia to-day is one of the most militaristic countries in the world, and this despite the undoubtedly sincere desire of her leaders to see international disarmament come about. Nowhere in Europe, not even in Hungary, where a belligerent spirit has never accepted the peace treaties; not even amongst the nationalist "Vaterländische Verbände" of Germany nor amongst the Fascists of Italy have I remarked the ever-present consciousness of war, and preparation for it, which is everywhere observable in Russia: in public demonstrations, first of all; in schools, trade union organizations, in the universities, especially the communist ones, and even in orphan asylums and homes for the "Besprizorny," the homeless waifs and strays, who are one of Russia's chief social problems. In a model orphan asylum, where there was no child over sixteen years old, I saw posters covering half of one wall, explaining by pictures and diagram the right and wrong ways to place a machine gun, handle a rifle, organize a squad; how to hide a machine gun in bushes, what position it should occupy on a hill. And a bright young thirteen-year-old, formerly from New York, who was living in the orphan asylum because her father was working as a Soviet official

in a village and wanted her to attend a Moscow school and who was proud to act as interpreter for the other children, saw that I was studying the poster and said: "In a few weeks now we're all going to have military training. We're going to get real rifles, and practice how to shoot, and the girls will have just the same chance as the boys. Girls and boys are equal in Soviet Russia." In a Besprizorny home when I asked the boys what they were going to do when they get big, more than one of them said: "Join the Red Army and fight the British."

I believe it is just to emphasize that Soviet Russia does not desire a war. This statement is true on the face of it. The progress toward stabilization which has gone on in Russia, under the most distressing circumstances, and with the expenditure of enormous effort, is by no means so far advanced that Russia could face with equanimity even a very little war. The great masses of the peasantry are terribly weary of the Great War, the successive interventions, the revolutionary uprisings, the sporadic attempts at white counter-revolution. War was over much later in Russia than in the rest of the world, although Russia left the Great War earlier. A foreign war would doubtless reduce the country to complete chaos. But the psychosis which fear is engendering bodes ill for the future. Russia suffers from the same complex which Germany had in the

Wilhelmian period, and if a war comes, her people will be urged into it with the same argument which rallied the Germans around their flag: the conviction that they were surrounded by enemies and were fighting for life itself. And this conviction is fed by propaganda every day.

In the so-called Chinese University, where young Chinese are trained in revolutionary methods, I found the following manifesto, in the English language, appearing as an editorial in the "Wall Newspaper" which is the feature of all schools. I quote it, because it is thoroughly typical of what is officially being served out to young Russians to-day:

"The building of socialism in our country, which is calling forth sympathy and enthusiasm on the part of the working classes of the whole world and of the oppressed nations of the East is also the cause of growing enmity towards us on the part of the capitalistic governments of western Europe and America.

"Recent events have given clear indication of the fact that together with the growth of revolutionary activities abroad, imperialist governments are preparing a new war against the workers and peasants of the Soviet régime.

"It is only due to the peaceful policy of the Soviet government and the concessions which it has made that despite the provocative acts of capitalist bands, war has been avoided.

"The workers of the world, of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and of the East, must not forget that war is unavoidable between growing communism and decaying capitalism. The workers must learn in time of peace to use the technique of war, for to have to learn it during war means much labor and blood. The capitalist world will send against us its huge technique. Our answer must be the building of an air fleet, the construction of tanks and automobiles! Capitalism will send poison gases against us, the workers must learn chemical methods of warfare, *to meet gas with gas.* Capitalism will use thousands of machine guns, and rifles. The workers must learn how to defeat the enemy in its very heart.

"The Capitalist government will forcibly mobilize millions of workers, using for their political education churches, schools, and Social Democrats. (The right-wing European socialists who disavow revolution as a method of achieving socialism.) It is therefore the task of every conscious worker to help the soldiers of the imperialistic armies turn their weapons against their real class enemies.

"On the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the October revolution we propose this motto, 'Every worker and peasant enrolled in the *Osoaviachim.*' (The Society for the advancement of aviation and chemical warfare.) Only thus can the achievements of ten years of proletarian revolution be maintained."

II

The *Osoaviachim* [1] is an organization growing very quickly, with units in factories, schools and villages. If it has its way every worker and peasant will have his little gas-mask at home. It is this society which, during the ten days' celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Bolshevist revolution, presented thirty military airplanes to the Soviet commissariat for war, each of them painted flamboyantly on the side: "Our answer to Chamberlain." Nor did this society in any way suspend its operations while Litvinov was announcing in Geneva Soviet Russia's willingness to sign an international agreement for the absolute prohibition of chemical warfare. The proposal, like the proposal for complete disarmament, had a degree of cynicism in it, because it was made by a man who believes, with his party, that international capitalism *must* rest on armaments, and that international communism *must* arm for the eventual inevitable conflict. He was proposing something the acceptance of which by the other power would have nullified the whole communist theory of historical processes. In Russia the failure of his proposal will of course be used to augment popular faith in the communist historical theory. Propaganda for a more efficient army, for volunteer assistance in the organization for defense,

[1] *Vide* chapter on The Red Army.

is effectively made. Large posters which I saw plastered over peasant villages showed peasants bringing sheafs of grain into a mill, with a fleet of airplanes flying out of the other end.

The almost complete mental isolation of Russia, the fact that every newspaper and publication is controlled, and that only those facts percolate through to the people from the outside world which the Communist Party desires to have come through makes it possible for the authorities to present just that picture of outside conditions which they wish to show. The authorities have fostered this war psychosis, probably in the desire to complete as rapidly as possible preparations for defense, and at the same time they seek to build up public morale by minimizing the chances of success of foreign intervention.

On the day of the great parade of the Red Army on the Red Square in celebration of the tenth anniversary, I was trying to find my way to the place assigned to me on the grandstand. A man in the crowd came to my assistance with German and offered to act as my interpreter for the speeches which were being made by members of the government and communist guests from other countries. In the course of our conversation he found out that I was not a communist, not a *Tovaristch,* and he set out in true missionary spirit to convert me. Pointing to the reviewing troops, he said, "We know the capitalistic world

wants to attack us, but we are prepared." My efforts to point out that the capitalist world would be glad to let Russia pursue any form of government she desired if she would but let other countries alone caused him to shake his head at my ignorance. "We will only be safe when the world is communist," he said. He believed that the possibility of the world going communist was great. "In your country, America," he said, "workers are enslaved. They must be dreadfully discontented, despite their high wages. There is no enthusiasm in America for anything. If it came to war your workers would not fight to defend your civilization. They have nothing to defend. But here we would shed out last drop of blood for the revolution."

This is certainly not the opinion of Russia's leaders who regard a revolution in America as a very distant possibility. But it is more or less typical of the more popular attitude: The hope is advanced that should a war come between Soviet Russia and other countries the workers of the other countries would turn against their governments. And actually, as I stood there on the grandstand with the friendly interpreter, an English voice was being broadcast from above Lenin's tomb, to the twenty-five or thirty thousand soldiers of the Red Army who stood there, in the vast Red Square. And the voice was saying: "Comrades, we are with you in the fight against the common

enemy . . . British cabinet of blackguards are fighting your workers' government but we British workers are solidly with you. . . . If the British empire starts a war against Russia we promise to change it into civil war and overthrow world imperialism."

And at those words from a British visiting communist whose party is as negligible in England as the communist workers' party is in America, the soldiers of the Red Army broke into the weird cheer which they use in their public celebrations. It starts as a moan, growing in volume until it is like the rush of a terrific wind, drowning the loudspeaker, and the rumble of traffic; and as he heard it, the eyes of my companion burned as with fire. "That is the army of the world's workers, not just the Russian army," he whispered to me.

III

The war psychosis is largely responsible for the continuation of the terror in Russia.

It is easy, and cheap, to be melodramatic about Russia. The terror is certainly exaggerated in the popular mind, outside of Russia; that is to say, there is a misconception of the form which it takes. One reads tales, most of them faked, but some of them true, about the terror-orgies of the earlier Bolshevist régime, about tortures, about executions in strange and terrible ways, out of sheer lust for murder, about burials alive, about pathological sadists in the service

of the revolution. The person who has not been in Soviet Russia is likely to regard the people in power as hate-motivated brutes who take a genuine pleasure in torturing their opponents.

This, of course, is not true. Whatever may have happened during the period of active revolution, the Bolshevist régime since its stabilization has made every effort to liquidate any futile terrorism or any arising out of personal motives, and has succeeded in doing so. Indeed, personal motives have less chance for expression under communism than in any system of government I can think of. Bela Kun, the former Hungarian Bolshevist dictator, sent to the Crimea on a mission of pacification was recalled by Lenin, who was furious at the way he was "killing my people," and has never enjoyed a position of prestige since. The death sentence was introduced for judges who, it could be proved, issued false judgments out of reasons of personal profit or revenge. And one judge, a gentleman from Odessa, was actually shot. To-day the Bolshevist spy who gives false information once too often is likely to incur the punishment he has planned for his victim.

In its ordinary police practice, the Soviet government is anything but brutal. The police are not allowed to strike any one in making an arrest, and it is a common enough sight to see a policeman trying to arrest an offender who indulges in a heated argument

with every one inside a range of two blocks participating in the quarrel. The tendency is to be humane with criminals. For everything except political crimes—which category officially includes acceptance of bribes, conspiracy, counter-revolution, banditry, abuse of power, and graft and may, for reasons of state, be stretched to include anything—the death sentence has been abolished. It has been recently abolished for smaller offenses of the nature listed above, but it still holds for espionage, conspiracy, and counter-revolution.

It is not my desire for a moment to present an apologia for the system of secret policing and star-chamber judgment embodied in the O. G. P. U.—the successor of the notorious *Tcheka,* but I believe it contributes to understanding the present system in Russia to bear in mind that it is in many respects a continuation of an old Tsarist habit. The spy is a Russian tradition. In the old days a house-owner could not appoint a porter or concierge except from the list in the hands of the government, and every concierge was a secret agent. A private citizen could not invite to his house more than seven guests without getting a permit from the authorities.

But this unpleasant tradition is continued in the present in a most thorough manner. The O. G. P. U. has a very considerable army of uniformed men. They are picked for their reliability, and I have been told

by people living in Russia that they are perhaps the most efficient and incorruptible of all government agencies. In addition to their duties as the eyes and ears of the communist revolution, they are in charge of the customs and are the border police. My only encounter with them was when I lost my trunk, somewhere between the last station in Poland and Moscow. My complaints to all other agencies having failed for days to produce the trunk, I took the matter to the O. G. P. U.—and the trunk appeared within twenty-four hours. But I do not mean to infer from that that one of the chief activities of the O. G. P. U. is being helpful to foreign visitors! The uniformed officials are not one-tenth of the O. G. P.U. Service. The great mass of the organization is invisible. It works through civilian agents in the most extensive and thorough secret service system existing anywhere in the world. It trains men for foreign work and sends them abroad on false passports. It exercises a control over the post, and opens many of the letters which enter the country, especially if they are addressed to foreigners. It is rather amusing in Russia to cut open the envelopes of the letters one receives, and from studying the inside see how cleverly they have been opened and pasted together again.

Most of the time the secret service is not only invisible, but unobtrusive. Its activities vary in direct proportion as the communist revolution feels secure,

and as it feels itself threatened. It is probable that during the last few years, in the length and breadth of Russia, in the villages and on the farms, the peasants have been practically unaware of the existence of the O. G. P. U. The foreigner coming into Russia feels himself to be watched with uncomfortable closeness. I noticed that wherever I spoke with any one, whether in a school, factory, or office, some one else always managed to enter the room, and sit near by, ostensibly engaged in other work. In the country, where I went with two or three friends to study conditions amongst the peasants, and where we got lodgings in an old monastery, now a museum administered by the government, we seldom opened the door of our apartments without finding some one sitting outside it. But, of course, it is impossible to say how much of this flattering interest is espionage and how much is mere curiosity. But if for a moment the communist revolution feels itself threatened, then suddenly, the arm of the O. G. P. U. becomes visible, the hand becomes a fist, and the fist smites ruthlessly. Nor does the communist revolution, in time of danger, quibble about legality. Mere suspicion is enough to bring down upon the victim the sentence of "Minus Six" which closes to him residence in any of the six leading cities of the union, or banishment to Siberia or Turkestan, or imprisonment.

Previous to the break with England and the

assassination of the Soviet Minister in Warsaw there was a period of relative quiet and freedom in Russia. Russian intellectuals, artists, and Nepmen—private traders, many of whom have become rich—began visiting the foreign embassies. There was dancing every night in the Casino—the government-owned and controlled gambling place of Moscow—and in the Grand Hotel, where an excellent jazz orchestra plays tunes from Vienna and New York. Then came the rupture with England, and immediately every one who had ever associated with an Englishman, or with any one suspected of being friendly to Great Britain, was under a cloud. The dossiers of the O. G. P. U. came out. It was sufficient that one of its agents should report that this man or that had expressed an Anglophilism, and been often at the embassy, and he was arrested. If the evidence was slight he might be held two or three weeks and released; on mere suspicion he could be sent out of Moscow; and there is even a degree of reason for believing that some of the twenty death sentences executed at that time were for the purpose of "making an example" of the victim, and based on inadequate evidence of conspiracy. A dentist—the best in Moscow—who had members of several foreign embassies as patients, was summarily exiled, with his wife. A foreign ambassador in Moscow whose country has

always been on neutral terms with Soviet Russia said to me:

"We live in complete isolation. We cannot come into contact with any Russians. We should like to know more about the country in which we live: to invite to our homes young artists and people from the theater, but the events of a few months ago have been a lesson to us. We have seen how, suddenly, in an emergency, friendship with us can cost a man everything he has. We encounter difficulties in getting servants, and recently, when our electric lights short-circuited, we found it hard to get electricians to come to the house. When we ourselves laughed at their apprehensions, they said of course they didn't expect to be arrested or exiled, but that they might be called up to the O. G. P. U. to give testimony, and might thereby lose several working days."

The Terror employs terrifying means. It makes arrests late at night, it enters houses and turns them upside down in the search for incriminating evidence. It frightens people half out of their wits by arresting them and holding them for days in prison, only to release them, at the end. It takes its cases before its own courts, where the judges are armed, where the atmosphere is not that of a court but of an inquisition. Among the twenty executed, following the break with England, was a bank director in the State Bank, formerly a diplomat of the old régime, who was married

to an English wife. He telephoned his wife in the afternoon that he had been called up to the O. G. P. U. to do some work. She thought nothing of it, inasmuch as he had several times been employed there to do translations. A few hours later, on the radio, his wife heard the names of the executed read, and her husband's was amongst them. The Bolshevist claim made abroad that all twenty people executed at that time were persons who had been under arrest for some time and had had fair trials was, on the evidence of this one case, not true.[2]

Consciousness of the Terror creeps into contemporary literature—Sostschenko in his "Humoresques" tells the story of a youth who takes a girl for a ride on the street-car, a high-falutin gesture, because he usually went on foot. In the street-car his watch is stolen. The street-car inmates literally take him to the police to announce his loss. And from there he never returns. Alas for the coincidents of life! In announcing the loss of his watch he is forced to make out a formula—his name, and where he was in 1919. And in 1919 he was, it seems, on the wrong side of the fight. And Sostschenko asks ruefully if it is really well to depend on the police for protection!

The worst things about this system are the use it makes of agents provocateurs, the very liberal inter-

[2] Related to me by a well-informed and objective journalist in Moscow.

pretation which it gives to what is considered a crime against the state, and its administration of justice from a class standpoint.

Skeptical observers in Russia are inclined to doubt the origin of the series of counter-revolutionary acts which followed the break in diplomatic relations between England and Russia and which furnished the excuse for the reign of terror which still depresses the Russian atmosphere. It is certainly a sign of extraordinary luck for the communists that none of the bombs which it was claimed were laid in party meetings at Leningrad, and the O. G. P. U. Headquarters in Moscow exploded, that no one was ever injured as a result of the numerous nihilistic counter-revolutionary efforts widely advertised by the soviets. And most curious of all is the fact that of the three bombers who were officially reported to have been killed while trying to escape across the frontier into Poland, carrying bombs on their persons —a most fantastic detail very difficult to believe, since an escaping mob-thrower who carries bombs with him, must be a complete moron—one is still living, and had been seen, I was reliably informed, in Moscow. The only explanation can be that this little bomb plot was arranged by the communists themselves.

Class justice showed itself flagrantly in the "Prove" case, which was tried in the autumn of 1927. The Prove brothers were sons of a pre-war millionaire.

One of them was a clerk in the commissariat for war, on the side he played jazz, and through this talent was invited to the British embassy to play for dances. He and his brother were accused of having stolen military documents and of having sold them to the British embassy. Their brother-in-law, one Korepanoff, an aviation officer named Podrakoff, and another clerk in the War Department, named Nanoff, were implicated. Nanoff was supposed to have gotten the documents for the younger Prove. The Prove brothers confessed and turned state's evidence, probably on the assumption and under the promise that they would be given lighter sentences. Their testimony was the only conclusive evidence in the trial. The brother-in-law pleaded not guilty. He confessed that he had met the councillor of the British embassy but that he had had no part in the transaction. The evidence against him was inconclusive from the viewpoint of objective observers who attended the trial. To the astonishment of every one not only the Prove brothers but Korepanoff were sentenced to death. Most amazing, however, was the ruling of the court in the case of the other accused against whom the evidence was as conclusive as against Korepanoff. They were given short prison sentences, clemency being recommended in Nanoff's case in *consideration of his proletarian origin;* in Podrazkoff's in consideration of his services to the Red Army.

IV

It must, on the other hand, be repeatedly pointed out that the terror which this régime exercises over the population extends to its own servants and is most swift and brutal of all when dealing with Communist Party members. It recalls the Inquisition of the Middle Ages. In every commissariat, and in every Soviet Embassy, there is a system of control of each employee over all the others. Each makes his report about his fellows and this report goes in annually. In addition to this every embassy has a member of the O. G. P. U. in it; the ambassador himself does not know which of his colleagues is the agent. The whole administration is one vast system of espionage. The result, especially when combined with the fanatic devotion which a Communist Party member has for the cause, is a high degree of incorruptibility—considering that Russia is a half-oriental country. But combined with incorruptibility is the inefficiency arising out of fear. Every one fears for his job, fears to make a blunder, and the result is that the average official, particularly if he is a smaller one, prefers to do nothing rather than to do the wrong thing. It is the hardest thing in the world to get an official to take responsibility in Russia. He is a slave, a slave to a collective ubiquitous, inhuman system. This as much as hard work is responsible for the amount of nervous

illness and the high mortality amongst soviet officials. Tchicherin is a physical wreck; Joffe, the brilliant ambassador to Japan and Vienna, committed suicide at 44; Frunze, the former war minister, died from an illness complicated by nervous disorders. Soviet officials are themselves victims of a system which their fanaticism supports. When I remarked jestingly, to a soviet official, that the best and safest job in the country must be the chief of the O. G. P. U. he said seriously, "Heavens, no! that man might lose his head any time."

There is no sign whatsoever that the Soviet government intends to demobilize in foreseeable time this extra-legal body for the defense of the revolution. Stalin, in one of his rare interviews, given while I was in Moscow, to foreign "friends of Russia," said:

"The O. G. P. U. is the penal organ of the Soviet power . . . it is a menace to the bourgeoisie, the stubborn defender of the revolution, the unsheathed sword of the proletariat . . . of course the enemies of the revolution curse it—a proof that it acts correctly.

"I refuse to understand some workmen's delegations which repeatedly enquire if it is not time to stop the O. G. P. U. They preach maximum gentleness. But is it possible to guarantee that if we abolish the O. G. P. U. the capitalists of all countries will not organize and finance a counter-revolution? We shall not disarm the revolution until its enemies

(throughout the world) are disarmed. We shall not repeat the mistakes of the Paris commune.

"I do not wish to say that the internal situation requires us to have the O. G. P. U. From an internal point of view we could do without it. But . . . we are a country surrounded by capitalistic governments. The internal enemies are agents of these governments. The O. G. P. U. will continue therefore to live as a terror to the enemies of the proletariat."

Although Stalin claims that the O. G. P. U. is needed because of foreign intervention against the revolution, its victims are nearly always Russians. For the same conduct which a foreigner can make in perfect safety in Russia, a Russian may go to jail—"sit," as the popular phrase has it. And the logic in Stalin's statement is that Russia must suffer this system of espionage and provocation until the whole world goes communist.

© *Continental Photo, Berlin*

HARDENING SOVIET FIGHTING MEN

A unit of the Red Army undergoing rigid training

CHAPTER VIII

THE TROOPS OF ARMAGEDDON

I

THE vast Red Square—largest open place in any European capital—is filled with soldiers. They wear peaked caps, Kalmuck helmets covering ears and throats, above their brows the Red Soviet star. Heavy coats, khaki brown, reach, as protection against the bitter Russian cold, to the ground, and barely reveal the thickest and warmest of boots. On spirited horses, in cloaks of thick black wool and tall hats of lambskin, are Cossacks. Many of them are old men. Their beards fall on their breasts. Once the terror of the peasantry, last of Russian troops to remain loyal to the Whites, they are to-day the pride of the Red Army. Above, the air is darkened by airplanes. Lined up along the sides of the square are tanks and machine guns. Before the troops parades a man, looking like an English colonel, in the trimmest of uniforms: Woroschilow, Peoples Commissar for War. He salutes them: "Comrades." They return the salute.

The mass begins to move. Their ranks are unbroken; their step firm. They parade in silence past a

small building, a low truncated and terraced wooden pyramid. Arrayed atop it are honor guests, officials of the communist party, and Commissars. Tanks rattle by, making a hideous clatter on the cobblestones; horses rush after them, dragging machine guns. From the two entrances at the left, from under the shrine of the Iberian Virgin of the old Greek Church, masses begin to pour into the Square. They are not, like the soldiers, in khaki, but wear blue coats and trousers—the robot uniform of the factory worker. Red bands shine on their arms, on each shoulder a new rifle. They fall in silently behind the khaki-cloaked, marching soldiers. And as they come to the low wooden building the sabers of the officers flash from their scabbards; Cossacks on whipped-up horses bend low over their saddles, unsheathing scimitar-shaped swords; the airplanes swoop lower in a roar of whirring motors; the machine-guns and tanks are speeded up in an ear-splitting clamor; a dozen brass bands play: "Arise, ye prisoners of starvation; arise, ye wretched of the earth!" The soldiers pause in their march with hands lifted. The silent civilians lift red-banded arms. They salute a man who lies within these wooden walls in a glass case, with the order of the Red Flag on his breast. They salute Lenin, founder of a new world crusade.

I do not think that any one who has seen a Red Army demonstration will ever again treat communism

as a joke. It is impossible not to be impressed by this sight. Ten years ago the kernel of this army was a war-tired, bootless, half-starved mob of disheartened bandits, without officers, enlisted now in the service of the Reds, deserting now to the service of the Whites, led by a Jewish journalist who used to live in the Bronx. The creation of this army, in a time of civil war, is one of the most romantic stories in the world. In the immense chaos of the demobilization of the Great War, and in the civil war and interventions which followed, almost all of the officers went over to the Whites. The story of the conflicts of these times is being represented on the stage in Moscow to-day, in the drama of "The Turbin Family." There were then divisions of Whites, where ninety percent of the soldiers were officers, and there were brigades of Red soldiers with spontaneously selected leaders. The original Red Guards were formed from factory councils. To the soldiers recruited by Trotsky were added bands of "Partisan" peasant mobs, among them the famous Siberian units, whose exploits are also recorded on the Moscow stage to-day in "Armored Train 1469." Out of this incredible mass, which, at the end of 1920 included 5,000,000 men, the Soviet state has kneaded a compact army of 562,000. No longer are officers selected from the ranks. They are schooled in politics and war and appointed from above. They wear their orders on their sleeves instead of on their

shoulders; the names of their rank are changed, but the discipline is as rigorous as that of any army. Their uniforms are not flashing in scarlet and gold —neither are those of American and British officers. Their bearing and deportment is traditional and military. If they address the soldier "Comrade," they expect no less rigid obedience from him.

In the world press, as a whole, the Red Army is not taken very seriously. There is a tendency to doubt its efficiency. But it is a question whether a great deal of this is not wish-fulfillment fantasy and reminiscent of the same tendencies which brought certain European countries to grief before the war. It may be recalled that the Germans were accustomed to refer to the French with scorn. It is claimed that the Red Army has inadequate officers, since it cannot draw upon a traditional officer class; that it is technically backward; that the country is deficient in transport. To these arguments the answer may be given: Transport difficulties work both ways, for and against the enemy; technical deficiencies are being repaired with as much speed as possible, and the experience of America and other countries in the World War proved that officers can be trained from all social classes.

There is not the slightest advantage for the rest of the world in underestimating the military forces of the communist revolution.

The Soviet government continually asserts that its military expenditures and the number of troops have been reduced. The size of the Red Army has, it is true, been reduced from year to year. Military expenditures have not, however, decreased. While the number of troops was being decreased, the military budget in 1924-25 increased by 10 percent, and in 1926-27 by 17 percent. It is true that the rest of the budget increased proportionally at a much more rapid rate. It is, however, also true, that under the Soviet system, which puts no parliamentary check or control upon the budget, there is nothing to prevent military expenditure being listed elsewhere than under the Commissariat for War or Navy. The O. G. P. U., which is an armed, highly trained military and civil intelligence service, does not come under this budget nor under Woroschilow's commissariat.

But the important thing about the Red Army in considering its cost is the evolution in its system of organization. Comparison with expenditures for the forces of the Tsar is specious as a measure for testing the size and efficiency of the Red Army. The Tsar's army was overloaded with heavy salaries for officers; it was rotten with corruption. Neither is true of the Red Army. And the Red Army, more than any in the world, is aiming toward the goal of a volunteer militia, in which the entire population will participate. It is taking, only more thoroughly, the

measures urged by Jaures, and later by Paul Boncour in France, and lately adopted there: of reducing the standing army, and, by a system of universal military training, preparing for the quick mobilization, in a moment of necessity, of the whole population, women and children included.

When France announced this policy of a nation prepared for defence, a howl went up from the world's pacifists. They may howl in the same key over Russia, because this is precisely what the Soviet government is trying to do—put the whole nation, physically, morally, and industrially, in a position where it can be transformed in a flash to a war basis. In studying the military system in Russia it is therefore important to consider not only the size and strength of the standing army, its morale, and its equipment, but the measures for training volunteers; for mobilizing industry, what the French call: "the moral armament."

The Red Army itself has been reduced to about one-ninth of the size it had in 1920, by a process of selecting the most fit, physically and morally. In a country which is still in the depths of poverty the army is, relative to the rest of the population, well fed, well clothed, and well housed. It is absolutely proletarian in its sympathies. The mass are so in the nature of things, and although a few of the old Tsarist officers who went over to the Bolshevists at the time of the civil wars and foreign interventions are still in com

mand, only men of proletarian origin are permitted now to enter the officers' training schools. The volunteer system has been replaced by universal recruiting. All youths between 19 and 21 are called up for training, after the fashion of the French "preparation militaire." It is true that this system, according to foreign military experts whom I consulted, does not yet extend to the periphery of this vast country, but with the immense man-power at her disposal the Soviet Union now selects only one fourth of the yearly recruits. And regular short-term training of "substitute reserves," which in other countries are not trained at all once the compulsory period is over, makes a reserve army which could quickly replace the present one.

Back of this army stands a most imposing system of volunteer organization. There are, first of all, the factory workers. These are the men and women whom I have described as marching with the regular soldiers in Red Army demonstrations. In every factory in Russia the workers are organized in units—the famous Russian cell system—and already they are outfitted with the most modern 6.5 millimeter repeaters, model "Federov." Only in Switzerland is there anything similar to this. Switzerland, the little mountain federation, and vast Russia are the only countries to-day which allow their citizens to keep arms in civil life. These guns are in the factories

and other military units, ready for instant use. Eighteen thousand men in a textile factory can be turned in three minutes into eighteen thousand trained and armed fighting troops.[1]

The most vital part of the popular defence movement is concentrated in the three organizations, now merged into one: Defence Aid; Friends of Aviation; and Society for Chemical Warfare. The entire group is popularly called *Osoaviachim*. This is something like the former Fleet Verein in Germany, which in the Wilhelmian epoch built up a public opinion and raised funds for the Tirpitz marine program. It, too, is organized, like almost everything in Russia, on the cell-system. It already has millions of members. They hear and arrange lectures on chemical defence, collect money—in the form of practically enforced loans, as Liberty bonds were solicited in America—to buy tanks, aeroplanes, and to make gas experiments. It conducts courses for training riflemen and Red Cross workers amongst women.

The Red Army is, of course, weakest in equipment, especially in heavy artillery. This can only advance with the industrial development of the country. But the will to progress is great, and the army is given

[1] The Soviet State of course exercises the greatest caution in placing these reserve arms. There is no danger of their being used for counter-revolutionary purposes. Peasants were disarmed of even guns used for ordinary hunting purposes and have complained that they were defenceless against wolves.

precedence over many economic needs. Volunteer organizations have presented the government in three years with 180 aeroplanes; they have trained aviators; thirty airfields have been constructed; five aeroplane factories have been started, and six repair shops; two special motor works have been opened. *Given the necessary raw materials and engineers,* Russia could build 300 airplanes a year with her present equipment.

II

Beyond and above all this is the uninterrupted campaign of the government to strengthen the morale of the army and the people, to make the army militantly communistic, and to prepare the nation for an eventual war by engendering the fear of attack, and by fanning the flame of missionary zeal, through systematic hate campaigns against imperialism—as typified by the British—and against world capitalism.

The Soviet Government reiterates over and over again that it does not want war; that all measures which it takes are for the protection of the revolution, and in anticipation of hostile intervention from the outside. Of the sincerity of this peace desire I think that there can be no doubt. But meanwhile it paints the war bogey large upon the wall, educates its people for the "inevitable" Armageddon, tries to inspire every soldier and every potential soldier with the missionary, crusading zeal of the true communist,

and spreads the doctrine that the revolution will only be really "safe" when all the world is communist.

The hate campaign which Russia carries on against all the outside which is not communist is comparable with nothing ever seen in a country in time of peace. This hate campaign is directed, for the time being, specifically against England. For the purpose of popularizing it, Austen Chamberlain, rather than the more militaristic anti-Russian Winston Churchill is the scapegoat. I suppose the faces best known in Russia to-day are Lenin, the Saint; Stalin, the Iron Hand; Kalinin, the Little Father; Rykoff, and Chamberlain. Chamberlain is the national bogey-man. I have no doubt that peasants scare little children by telling them that Chamberlain will get them if they don't behave. Chamberlain represents, for Russia, oppression; Chamberlain represents the snobbish superiority of the bourgeoisie; Chamberlain is ridiculous; Chamberlain is capitalism, imperialism, and anti-Soviet militarism. The long, lantern-jawed Nordic physiognomy, the monocle, and usually the top-hat, are caricatured on posters—plastered throughout the country; are satirized in effigies, carried in parades; are imitated in cabarets. In peasant cottages wood carvers who since generations have made dancing bears and performing acrobats—enchanting wooden toys for children which move on strings or wires—now occasionally turn their atten

tion to producing Chamberlain, engaged—if you pull a string—in beating Chinese coolies. I have seen such toys for sale.

The little children who are brought up in schools where posters on the wall call for volunteers in the *Osoaviachim* and give pictorial instruction in handling a gun are taught songs in which they lyrically declare their willingness to fight for the soviets, in which military aviation is exalted, in which the world-mission of communism is declared. I found some of these songs in the first primers; I heard some of them sung in the kindergartens, where the oldest children were about eight years old. Here, for instance, is a little pastoral called "The Shepherd's Song," taken from a kindergarten song book. The translation is rather free, but the sense and spirit of the song rigidly preserved.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG[2]

He heard the noise of the tractors
New on the ancient farm
And he heard the burr of the airplanes
That guard our state from harm.
The glittering squadron swoops and flies,
A blood-red host, in the blood-red skies,
And his comrades drive the swarm.
And the shepherd boy, his shoulders straight,
He cries: "I too shall guard the state—
When its enemies alarm.

[2] Most of the following songs were literally translated for me by Communist Russians, who could speak English.

Comrades," he thunders, "far aloft,
You guard our cattle, our peasant's croft,
And the day shall come, when in highest blue,
I shall guard the state, with you."

The same children who are brought up with the necessity for defending the worker's state impressed upon them in every way, are also inspired with messianic ideas of their duty to save the rest of the world. In the same song book, I found these lines:

March straight, red children,
Hold straight, and higher,
To the winds of October
The Red Flag's Fire.
This blazing beacon
Shall darkness scorch,
The whole world's beacon
The workers torch!
In the air these banners
Are like red waves,
And the Soviet star
The whole world saves.
Proletarian children!
Seek power, or graves!

That the present generation of old revolutionaries, the present army which fought the revolution, will pass away, and that new recruits must be found, is impressed upon the children of kindergarten age in the following song:

Some of our comrades are old
And some of our comrades are tired;

We'll take their places. We'll fight, we'll work,
Octobrists,[3] by them inspired.
We march undaunted, we pioneers,
To take their places, in grim new years.

Hatred against the capitalist régime of other countries, expressed in the revolutionary spirit, which, since it has triumphed inside Russia must, of necessity, seek other fields to conquer if it is to remain revolutionary, is embodied in this poem—only a part of which I quote—taken from a reader in use in the third and fourth grades of the constituent Soviet Volga Republic.

A SONG OF HATE

Up and away, to meet the dawn
O'er mountain and o'er ford,
A last kiss give to your true love
Before you seize the sword;
And let your hand dissolve in dust
E'er it be satiate;
Soft love has moved us long enough;
The time has come to hate.
. . . . . .
Love cannot help us any more,
Love cannot heal our pains:
Hold thou, O hate, thy judgment day;
Break thou, O hate, our chains!
Let tyrants find at last in us,
Their scourge and their just fate;
Soft love has moved us long enough,
The time has come to hate.

[3] The Octobrists and Pioneers are communist organizations of small and older children; a sort of probation school for the communist party. The schools make every effort to enroll each child in these organizations.

III

Lest the Red Army itself, the front line for defense, should become nationalist, instead of internationalist; lest it should fail in a critical moment to regard itself as the organ of the revolutionary power, the defender of the proletariat, and the vanguard of the proletarians of the world, the Red Army is organized even as the whole state is organized, with communist "cells" in key positions, reporting to higher communist organs, carrying out the will of such organs in army ranks, and spreading propaganda constantly. The Red Army has its "political" chief as well as its military. Each troop division has an organization of all communist members; the company is the smallest unit for the party organization in the army; the leadership in these units is taken by the so-called "commissars." The whole organization is welded into "Political Direction Workers' and Peasants' Army," shortened to "PUR." The position of the communists in the Red Army is one of maximum responsibility. They are expected to set an example of supreme courage and decision. For breaches of discipline, for cowardice or self-aggrandizement, they are punished more severely than non-communists. On the other hand, the same qualities and responsibilities assure them more rapid advance.

The same system of communist organization ac

companies the structure of the army, as it is built up parallel to the structure of the state, and in the same way this minority group controls.

This party organization uses every means for political education; organizes lectures, and study circles; sees to it that a "Lenin corner," devoted to the hero-worship of the revolutionary leader is arranged for in every barracks; arranges for political examinations; sees that life in the barracks is made amusing, by the introduction of moving pictures—each carrying its message—and music.

And the army is kept closely in touch with the workers through a system of "patronage"; a factory will "adopt" a regiment; a regiment, on the other hand, will "adopt" a village, and part of the work of the recruits will be to see that the village is equipped with a reading room, radio, etc. This is also a part of the political education program of the communists, who wish above all to keep the army proletarian and wish it to keep the sympathy of the proletarian population. The Red Army is also a school for its members. The campaign against illiteracy is nowhere more effective than in army ranks. The soviets claim that every year about 40,000 recruits learn to read and write.

The aim and spirit of the Red Army is succinctly expressed in the oath which every young recruit takes. It is interesting to compare this oath with that taken

before the revolution, by the soldiers of the Tsar, which was as follows:—

"I promise and swear by Almighty God and His Holy Gospel that I will and must serve to the last drop of my blood and without regard for the safety of my body, his Imperial Majesty, my real and only and most gracious sovereign, Tsar Nicholai Alexandrovitch, Lord of all the Russians, and his lawful heir and follower, and that I will guard to the limit of my fortune, power and possibilities, all his rights and privileges and that I will resist his enemies, with body and blood, in field and fortress, on land and sea, in battles and on the march, in siege and storm, and in all warlike undertakings, and I will support everything which can be a true service for his Majesty and for the empire, . . . I will guard every secret reposed in me, and I will be obedient towards my superiors, in every order which concerns the safety and welfare of the state, . . . and I will never out of enmity or friendship or desire for self-aggrandisement fail the service or my oath . . . In all may Almighty God help me. To strengthen my oath I kiss the sword and the cross of my savior; Amen."

The Red Army takes the following oath:

"1. I, son of working people, citizen of the Union of the Socialist Soviet Republics, take upon myself the profession of fighter in the Workers' and Peasants' Army.

"2. In behalf of the working class of the Soviet Union *and of the entire world,* I pledge myself to carry this title with honor, to study conscientiously the business of war, and to guard, as the

Courtesy of The New York Evening Post

SINGING THE "INTERNATIONALE"

Young Russian sailors enjoying patriotic harmonization

apple of my eye, the welfare of the people against theft and destruction.

"3. I pledge myself to accept the revolutionary discipline, to carry out without contradiction the orders of the commanders, whom the government of workers and peasants has appointed.

"4. I pledge myself to renounce all activities, and to hold back my comrades from all activities unworthy of a citizen of the Union of the Socialistic Republics, and to concentrate all my actions and thought *upon the great goal of the liberation of all workers.*

"5. I pledge myself, at the first call of the Workers' and Peasants' Government, to spring to the protection of the U. S. S. R. against all dangers or attacks from enemies, and in the fight for the U. S. S. R., for the cause of socialism, and the fraternisation of all people, to spare neither my strength nor my life.

"6. If I violate this solemn oath, may public contempt be my lot, and may the hard hand of the revolutionary law punish me as I deserve." [4]

Such is the Red Army, and such the public opinion and the organization behind it. An instrument now for defence, but pledged to a revolutionary program embracing the whole world.

One problem remains for the Red Army; that of allies. And here Russia has a different system from that of any country in the world. The allies of the Red Army are not the German Reichswehr—whatever agreement or arrangement may have existed be-

[4] Italics are mine—D. T.

tween this body and the Russians once upon a time. The Allies of the Red Army are in radical trades unions in bourgeoise countries; are in the ranks of bourgeoise armies; are recruited constantly by communist propaganda. Rakowsky, Soviet ambassador to Paris, sought allies when he signed the manifesto calling upon soldiers in the armies of the world to turn against their commanders in case of a war against Russia. Communist organizers seek such allies when they form cells of potential saboteurs in German, French and British factories. Allies of Russia in the fight against England are the discontented nationalists of India, the revolutionary workers of China. Russia seeks her allies in countries with which she has no diplomatic relations; Russia prejudices such diplomatic relations as she has, searching for such allies. Russia accuses England and other capitalistic countries of supporting the counter-revolution in Russia, and so seeking on Russian soil allies for an eventual conflict, even as Russia seeks them on British soil. And how these allies will align themselves; whether in an eventual conflict the soviets will actually have friends in the ranks of the workers and soldiers of the world working to turn aside any action against the Russian revolutionary state is a question which the future may have to decide.

It is the pursuit of this negative militarism which

makes a farce out of such "pacifist" proposals as Litvinow and other Soviet representatives made to the World Disarmament Conference in Geneva. Russia is genuinely willing to disarm if disarmament throughout the capitalistic world assures her that she no longer needs an army for defence purposes against the aggression of other nations. She would welcome such a move, because it would release for her a vast amount of money and man-power, which is acutely needed for the reconstruction of the National Economy. In disarming she would merely have to liquidate part of the forces for defense of the Soviet State.

But she would retain intact and even have additional resources to put at the disposal of both the defensive and the offensive forces which she, as chief director, inspirer, and financer of the Third International [5] is constantly organizing on territory other than her own. The Russian proposal for disarma-

[5] The repeated denials of the Soviet Government that it is not the prime mover in the Third International is based on the assumption (1) that the Soviet Government is not the tool of the Communist Party of Russia, and (2) that the Russian Communist Party is only one of numerous more or less equal bodies federated in the Third International. The answer to No. 1 has been covered in the chapter: "The State as a Political Machine." The slavish way in which the communist parties of Europe follow the Russian policy in respect to the treatment of the opposition, to the Far East, etc., and the mere fact that whereas the Communist Parties in the rest of the world are composed of bands recruited from the ranks of the worst paid, and thus most desperate, class of workers, while the Russian Communist Party has in its hands the complete resources of a huge state is sufficient answer to the second argument.

ment cannot be regarded as other than a Machiavellian maneuver, as long as, through the Third International, the Communist Party of Russia, which is the real government of that country, pursues this method of negative militarism.

CHAPTER IX

MAKING A NEW MENTAL TYPE

I

"It is already mid-September, but school hasn't begun yet. No one knows when it will begin. People say that the building is being renovated, but when I went past there this morning there wasn't a sign of renovation work. On the contrary not a soul was about, and no one could give any information. The building stood open and empty."

With this sentence the Russian school-boy, Kostja Rjabzew, begins his diary,[1] which develops into a vivid account of school life, a splendid source for any one seeking to understand the new-generation in Russia. This school-life is chaotic, disorganized, tentative, experimental, a life in which teachers struggle with students to determine who shall rule; in which no formal discipline prevails, in which fully as much time is spent in social organization, in school soviets, "comsomol," committees, conferences with factory workers; and pupil-teacher rows, as in work; in which "The Dalton" [2] is introduced with the active

[1] "The Diary of the School-boy, Kostja Rjabzew," by Nikolai Ogniew, from authentic material.

[2] The Dalton Plan has been generally adopted in Russian schools.

antipathy of the students and administered with the active ignorance of the teachers, and in which, as in a tiny pool, the life of the Soviet state is reflected.

"It's a nice mess with the Dalton plan," writes our student, Kostja. "Not a human soul knows what it's all about—neither the Skrabs (the students' contraction of the word 'Skolny-Rabotnik,' i.e., school workers, or teachers)—nor we. The Skrabs have a conference every evening; otherwise there's nothing new except that we sit on ordinary benches instead of at school desks and that therefore we haven't any place to put our books. Nikpetosh (one of the teachers—his name has also been abbreviated, or rather contracted from two or more syllables, a fashion which is a mania in Russia) says we don't need them any more. All books on a certain subject are to be found in a certain bookcase in the 'laboratory' from where every one takes the book he wants. But," comments Kostja, revealing at once that gap between theory and practice so characteristic for every Russian institution, "for the time being there aren't any bookcases."

Kostja's opinion of the Dalton is expressed thus: "It's a system where the teachers don't do anything, us students everything. We have to work out everything for ourselves. There isn't any more home work or regular tasks. In each subject everybody gets an assignment which he has to finish in a month, and he

can go to school or stay home as he pleases. When it's finished one goes to a 'laboratory' and has an examination. In each laboratory there's a Skrab; for instance in the math lab, old Almakfish squats, and Nikpetosh squats in the politics lab and they're the spiders, we the flies."

But the spiders have a harder time with the flies than we are taught to believe happens in natural history. Kostja reports a scene with a new teacher, Helena Nikitishna Kaurowa, who is promptly christened "Helnikita." In addressing the class to which she is issuing a monthly assignment, she calls them, "children"! Immediately a boy jumps up: "We aren't children." Teacher: "Of course you are, I shan't call you anything else." Student: "Kindly be more polite or we will send you to the devil!" Teacher (very red in the face and flustered): "Please leave the class." Student: "In the first place this isn't a class but a laboratory, and in the second place you haven't the right to send any one out of the room." Teacher: "Your insolence is intolerable." Student: "You are like the old teachers (before the revolution), they used to have the right to act like you."

This is not an exaggerated scene. And "Helnikita" has no recourse except to go to the Skrabs who take the matter before the school soviet of teachers and students combined, who decide that the student's manners *are* bad, but that Helnikita really ought to

realize that times have changed, and that junior high school students mustn't be called children. The whole school is in a furor. At last there is compromise, and the school moves forward. But with what halts! In what a state of bedlam! Kostja complains in his diary again and again, "I can't work in the school at all—there's always so much noise!"

My own observation of Russian school life are in harmony with the revelations of this book. Despite the fact that the teachers belong to the most devoted, ill-paid,[3] self-abnegating, and faithful servants of the soviet state, they have to fight against great material difficulties, are often the administrators of half-baked ideas, and above all suffer from the problems which arise in dealing with a generation whose lack of psychic balance is inevitable in a state which has not itself found any psychic balance; where children are taught at home ideas diametrically contradictory to those which they learn at school, and suffer from poverty and the weariness of spirit which poverty provokes and overcrowding, with its concomitant evil effects upon adolescents.

And yet the schools are the most powerful instruments of the Soviet state. The continuance of Russian communism depends more upon them than it

[3] The average salary of a Russian school-teacher according to a statement by former commissioner for education Lunacharsky is between twenty-eight and fifty-seven roubles a month or $14 to $28 which is less than the wage of the average workman.

does upon the Red Army or the efficient functioning of the state trusts. Russia counts on rearing, if not in this generation then in the next, a new type of citizen. More impressive than the attempt to organize the entire economy of its united nations along the lines of state capitalism is Russia's campaign completely to overthrow, through the influencing and training of children, all bourgeoise ideas and to substitute for them a new mentality, a new ethics, and a new psyche. In order to do this the state has kept in its hands, or under its direct and constant supervision, not only the schools but every instrument of publicity—newspapers, books, theaters, the radio and moving pictures. The generation which has been growing up in Russia during the past ten years has been living in complete isolation from the world—from the world of events, facts and ideas—except as this world is revealed through the colored and adjusted lenses which the state fits to every schoolchild's eyes. Nowhere in modern history, not even in the post-Bismarckian period in Germany, has there been such a concentrated attempt on the part of the state to change through education not only the mind but the emotions of the people.

Here as in many other instances, the state takes its cue from religious rather than secular history. The importance of the Roman Catholic credo, "Give me a child until he is seven and I care not who has him

afterwards," is fully recognized by the communists. The child is gotten out of his home and into a kindergarten as early as possible, and as rapidly as material prosperity makes it possible, the schools are extended into homes where children not only study, but play, eat and sleep.

Those optimists of western capitalistic countries who live in the belief that Russia is gradually going over to old ways of looking at things would do well to consider what the result of communist education will be. For there is already growing up in Russia, now, a generation who take the communist order absolutely for granted, whose minds have been consciously bent in the direction desired by that order, and who have been influenced not only by the careful selection of the *facts* which they are taught, so that they inherit a store of actual knowledge different from that of their parents, but whose emotions are awakened in the service of this new knowledge so that the ideals which moved their parents no longer move them, although they are inflamed by other emotional influences which would leave their parents cold. This experiment in education is the most exciting and the most revolutionary of all Russian experiments, because the world cannot be fundamentally affected by a change in the ownership of Russia's coal mines, but it can be profoundly shaken by a change in the mental and emotional content of an entire people particularly

if part of the new psychic content is a messianic belief in a world mission.

Most civilizations grow up organically and even profound changes do not plow under all the ideas and emotions of the past. Revolutions come and establish a new order but on the basis of a great residue of old ideas. The bourgeoise revolution in France did not try to eradicate completely from the French mentality the ethics and the life-form resulting from an aristocratic society. The political changes and the industrial revolution which radically altered the organization of the European continent did not throw upon the waste heap the entire contents of the mentality inherited from feudal days. The result is that modern Europe constantly has emotional throw-backs; fascism, and the credos and gestures of the German "Völkische" movements, which emotionally are throw-backs to the middle ages, are examples. The United States took over such a vast amount of the mental and emotional content of Europe that the history of our mind is one of stormy adjustments, which are still going on. The great movements which have revolutionized mentalities have not usually been political movements, they have been religious. But the Russian revolution dares to lay its hands on the psychic content of the Russian mind. It says, "Not only must you act differently; you must think and feel differently; not an idea or an emotion but shall

be tested and selected; and until you do think and feel differently, the revolution will be considered as continuing." To accomplish this end they apply a sort of Russian version of behaviorism.

One of the most false cliches is the phrase, "You can't change human nature." Wherever a state has made a concentrated, conscious, organized attempt to change human nature, and has held the power for long enough, it has succeeded in doing so. Among modern states Germany alone, in a super-human struggle to catch up with other, earlier integrated national states, bent the entire culture of the country to produce a new German and succeeded in a generation in fundamentally changing the German type, with consequences for the whole western world. But the German process was fitful as compared with the Russian. There never was in Germany a complete censorship of ideas, extending to every medium of education and publicity. Hegelianism, the philosophy which made Prussia into a world-power, never had, in Germany, the exclusive platform which historic materialism has in to-day's Russia. There was never in Germany a dictatorship so complete, so profound, as that of the hydra-headed dictator who rules Russia.

II

What fundamentally distinguishes Russian education, in aim, theory, and practice from the education

of the west is that it is not interested in developing in children those qualities which make it possible for them to "stand on their own feet," and be most efficient in their own interests, but only in bringing out, and directing, those qualities which will make the child most efficient as a member of the "collective"—ultimately of the state. Nor does it hold with the theory which lies behind the practice of education in the United States, that the individual most efficient in his own interests, will as a result be most efficient as a member of society. Russian education rejects the theory that the social sense is but enlightened self-interest. It regards the "collective" as something more and other than the sum of individuals; it is something which exists in itself, has its own life, something which demands not the expression of the individual, but sacrifice of him; and it teaches the child to believe and more than that to *feel* that in yielding up his individuality, his person, his life and his will to the collective life and will, he but merges himself in something so much grander and loftier than he can ever be himself, that his personality is enriched and heightened by the sacrifice. The Collective in this atheistic state is God.

To teach this new religion it is not necessary for communist educators to destroy the entire psychic content of the Russian mind. Russia is very near the orient from which have come all the religions of self-

abnegation including Christianity. Atheistic collectivism is not, emotionally, so far removed from Christian self-abnegation as its phraseology indicates. Even American Christians sing, "Make me a captive, Lord, that then I may be free." Only very few Americans mean it.

The child is made conscious of the "collective," from earliest kindergarten. As a mere baby he joins the "Octobrists"; later in the middle and upper grades he joins the "Pioneers"; still later—and as a reward for a useful probationary period spent in these two organizations—he becomes a "Comsomol," a member of the youth organization which includes boys and girls up to maturity when they may become "candidates" for membership in the communist party.

These organizations are all designed to prepare children for becoming active communists. In them the child and youth assembles the ideas and emotions which properly assimilated will prepare him for a lifetime of the devotion and service which the communist party exacts from all of its members. It is the duty of these young communists to defend the "collective" interests in the school. These collective interests are in the first place the keeping up of the right tone, not allowing "bourjui" ideas to get a hold.

The associations which the word "bourjui" have for the average Russian school-child reveal what progress has already been made in changing the Russian

mentality. "Bourjui" originally meant popularly what it meant technically, an economic class. It meant a class of people who lived from other means than the direct labor of their hands or brains—what the communists call "exploitation." Gradually it came to be associated with the habits of this class; with fine clothing, polite manners, with such trivial things as the use of face powder. This conception still prevails in Russia, even amongst school children. I have heard Russian "Pioneers" and "Comsomol" speak contemptuously of other school-children who were vain, were always powdering their noses, cared about clothes, flirted or wanted to act in the movies, and always they called them "bourjuis."

But the way in which the word is now used by school-children also indicates how intrenched communism is in the child mind, as the inevitable state-form. My fourteen-year-old friend Katja, who has spent all her school life in a soviet school, and who was an invaluable guide, used the word "bourjui" about as loosely as and in much the same sense that a patriotic young American might use the word "bolshevik." She used it to indicate generally children who don't play the game, who aren't like the others. If a youngster doesn't like sport, which is strongly supported by the soviet state, to the end of rearing a healthy proletariat and as a supplement to military training, he is "bourjui." If he refuses to join

Pioneers or Comsomol, he is again, "bourjui." The word means disturbing element, unpatriotic, grumbler, nut, highbrow, and above all it means the person who wants to assert his own will instead of that of the collective. Thus Kostja, the school-boy, spoke contemptuously of a youth who tried to commit suicude as being a " 'bourjui' intellectual; only that sort kill themselves." Suicide is an offense, not on theological grounds, but because it is the wilful destruction of a human being who might be used in the servive of the collective.

In Kostja Rjabzew's diary there is an account of a questionnaire conducted through the columns of the school wall-newspaper. The question was posed: Why do we live? Many children contributed answers. They revealed the philosophy of modern Russian youth or perhaps, rather, the groping for a philosophy, because they ranged all the way from the answer, "We live to satisfy our needs and desires" to "We live in order to create a mighty, cultivated land, and to help our neighbors." Other answers were:

1. "We live to fight the damned 'bourjuis.'
2. "We live in order to satisfy ourselves.
3. "I live in order to learn and later to be educated. I must be educated, otherwise every one will suppress me.
4. "In my opinion one lives only because one must.
5. "The purpose of life is to make a secure future for the next generation.

6. "In order to fight and conquer."

Kostja's own comment on the sum of the answers is, "I never thought there were so many bourjuis in our class." In the communist psychology number two would be counted as pure bourjui and number four as bourjui intellectual. Number three is especially interesting as showing the emergence of a new class. It is recognized in Russia to-day that the way up the social ladder lies only through education. One can still sell one's brains in Russia at a good price, if one is not so devoted a communist that one feels that one must contribute them to the common weal. The people who are best off in Russia are technical experts. In number one and six we have the remnants of primitive revolutionism. But this spirit is passing in the schools. The children trained in Pioneers and Comsomol do not approach communism as the old revolutionists did, smarting under the bitterness of injustice, filled with hatred of their oppressors. The child who swears to support the world revolution is not like Lenin, whose brother was executed for revolutionary activity. Most Russian children do not talk about fighting the damned bourjuis. Their revolutionary zeal is rather sacrificial and sympathetic and becomes more abstract as it is directed to other countries than Russia. But the child who wrote that his purpose in life was to create a mighty cultivated land, and help his neighbors, and the one who felt

himself to be an instrument working for the future, had glimmerings of the true collective spirit.

The conception of the collective extends into the administration of justice and in the schools the child first becomes familiar with the principles which are the basis of the soviet courts. There is no attempt at individual justice as it is understood in the west. The question raised is seldom: Who is to blame and what was the temptation? but: How great is the offense to the interests of the state, and what sentence will best serve state interests? Thus members of the proletarian class invariably receive lighter sentences than bourjuis, unless these proletarians are active communists in which case they get heavier sentences, for if a communist commits a crime he is twice a criminal for having betrayed the class which he rules. Crimes are considered wholly in the light of their importance to the collective. Murder is not very highly punished; the Soviet state regards the murderer as a sporadic and usually pathological phenomenon. But bribery in office is punishable by death—a sentence wholly out of proportion to the crime committed, judged by any standard of individual justice and especially when one considers how acute the temptations are in poverty-stricken Russia. But the maintenance of an incorruptible official class is of first importance to the proletarian dictatorship; in view of this importance the merciless sentences are, in the

communist mind, justified. If a woman has a child born out of wedlock, and one of several men may be the father, and therefore responsible for the child's support under the law, the Soviet peoples' courts may make no very thorough investigation to determine which is really the father, on the ground that as far as the collective is concerned it is a matter of no great importance. The main thing is to have the child supported by some one who can feed and clothe it decently and so rear a new Soviet citizen. So the court may put the burden of support on the whole group, or may, quite arbitrarily, select the richest and strongest man and put the burden on him!

This system of justice which seems so fantastic to people trained in other conceptions, does not seem strange to the young Russian who has gone through the Soviet schools, because this new ethics has already been inculcated in him during his school life. Questions of school discipline are handled in precisely the same way and from the same ethical viewpoint as the state justice is administered. Only here the interests of the collective are the interests of the school, which is a sort of smaller state. Justice is itself collectively administered. If a child commits an offense he is brought before the school soviet, where representatives of "Skrabs" and children sit together. This body may be faced with the question whether or not to expel a child. The decision is determined by the

answer to two questions: What effect does his presence have on the school? Will his expulsion only tend to make him a burden on the larger collective, the state? If the children decide that the interests of the larger collective demand that he be retained in the school, then they may bend their collective will to his reform. Many incidents of this sort were reported to me.

In the same way all questions of personal conduct are judged only from the standpoint of the welfare of the proletarian class. But here the decision is much more difficult to make. The unsatisfactoriness of this standard as the measure for much personal conduct is one reason for the complete chaos which exists in sexual ideals amongst the youth of Russia. Not long ago a communist writer published in one of the Moscow newspapers a scathing denunciation of the sexual morals of the members of the Comsomol. The writer accused that in this communist youth organization matters had reached a dreadful state. The most indiscriminating sexual promiscuity ruled. In the days following this attack fully a thousand youngsters wrote letters to the newspapers in which the question was asked, "Yes, but what *is* the right thing to do? We don't know! You don't tell us. You say we should consider the interest of the collective. That's all right when it comes to a matter of school discipline or choosing our profession or trade

—but what does it mean when it comes to following the urge of our instincts?"

The questions were indescribably touching. These school boys are taught that marriage is a bourgeoise institution. In other countries it is the basis of that love for a cosy and secure existence, that individual sense of family solidarity which is in contradiction to the larger collective sense, in which class and not family demands one's deepest loyalties. The school-boy in the Comsomol knows that he must place no loyalty before his loyalty to communism. And often in his own home he sees the bitter quarrels which arise from divided political viewpoints; where mother, who may be religious and anti-communist, is constantly fighting with father, who, as a good workman, has joined the party and feels proud of it. Thus he is prejudiced against marriage. The school-boy learns, of course, of the danger of diseases; he is taught that as a good communist he must avoid anything which tends to undermine the health and vitality of the working class. But are not prophylactic measures as effective as continence? If his girl becomes pregnant, can he not take her to a hospital and let her have an abortion? Do abortions really undermine the health more than prolific child-bearing? There is no one to tell the communist youth of the effect of various ways of love upon the personality. There is no one who will speak to him of satisfactions

of the soul. The school-boy Kostja is terribly tortured by these questions. He goes to a "cabbage evening" where there is drinking and carousing and where there are girls. He feels guilty about this, although it takes him a long time to see that such waste of energy and health is, indirectly, at least, a crime against the collective. And nothing in the world can account for his sense of the wrongness of his relationship with the concupiscent sister of one of his friends, except his own self-disgust.

The school-boy may suddenly find that the very girls who attract him in the school are the "bourjuis" who powder their noses and are perfectly silly, while his earnest young communist comrades leave him completely cold. How can the exercise of the ethics of the collective remove his sense of confusion and frustration? This disturbance of Russian youth, when it comes to a settlement of such personal problems as that of sex, supports those sociologists who maintain that mentality is not simply a superstructure of economic conditions, and that an understanding of the Divine Comedy may offer a deeper revelation than the understanding of Karl Marx.

And yet out of the psychic chaos in which most of Russian youth lives a certain standard of sexual morality is beginning to emerge. I was aware of it when I talked with young Russians; I am aware of it when I read their books. The young communists

seem to be trying to work out a solution not very unlike Judge Lindsey's "companionate marriage." The self-conscious young communists, who, though still few in number, are the representative persons of Russian youth—are searching for a sort of erotic comradeship in which collective and sexual loyalties will not conflict. But such a comradeship is as yet only rarely achieved. The whole sexual life of Russia is searching and frustration.

One thing stands out in the school discipline as especially noteworthy. Work is never a punishment. No Soviet school-child is censured for an offense by being kept after hours to learn some special exercise. That the opportunity to learn is a privilege is reiterated constantly. Kostja tells in his diary, how, after one of the recurrent school rows had been settled, the hard-faced but just Sinaida cries to the students: "And now we can get back to work again. We must learn, learn, learn! Do you know who said that, students?" and the children cry: "Lenin! Lenin!"

III

All of Russian education is class-conscious. Even the selection of pupils is on a class basis. Russia has not yet nearly enough schools to permit every child to attend. The education program does not foresee universal compulsory education before 1930. Therefore only part of those children who have become of

school age since 1917 are being educated, and this part is largely composed of children of proletarian origin. Russian leaders say quite frankly: "In old Russia the children of the bourgeoisie were educated at the expense of the children of the workers. New Russia is a proletarian state; its future depends upon the education of new, loyal proletarian leaders. Therefore we shall educate proletarian children first; if the bourgeoise children go uneducated it is only turn and turn about."

If, in spite of this discrimination, the child of bourgeoise parents gets into a school, he is at a disadvantage. It is harder for him to join the youth organizations, especially the Comsomol. If his parents are Nepmen, or traders, though they be acting legally, the child is made aware that they belong to a merely tolerated class. He cannot, with the same aplomb as his proletarian comrades, repeat the oath of the Pioneers:

"I, a young Pioneer of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, swear before all my child comrades that I will always stand for the working class and for the freedom of all workers and peasants of the world. I will always follow everything in harmony with this aim and cherish all that Lenin taught us." [4]

[4] "Bourgeoise" indicates, of course, origins. Materially most of the Bourgeoisie in present Russia, excepting Nepmen-post-revolution profiteers, are worse off than the proletariat. The class differentiation is therefore not one of money, but one of ideas. Bourgeoise

There is therefore a tendency in schools which have children of both proletarian and bourgeoise origins for the students to separate into two classes. I asked Katja whether all the children in her school were members of the Pioneers. She replied, "Most of them —only the Nep kids don't always join. Sometimes they just laugh at us." One can be pretty sure that this laughter, however, is the well known defense mechanism. The situation was acutely expressed by another little girl whom I talked with in Moscow, whose father was a Russian-American. Anna had gone to school in Brooklyn. I asked her: "Do you like it as well here as in America?" She answered: "Better. In America the kids laughed at me because my papa was a communist but here I can laugh at the kids whose papas aren't communists." Communism in Russia is respectability. The little girl wears her red neckerchief with the same feeling of superiority and pride of virtue with which a young American wears a boy- or girl-scout uniform. And the child of bourgeoise parents, who wears the insignia and repeats the oath, takes what amounts to a pledge not to follow in the ways of his father but to become a member or a servant of the working class.

children who cannot get into the public schools and whose families are destitute are therefore not educated. They tend to become less efficient than the proletariat. As repeated to me by a Russian schoolchild.

The influence upon the child's mind is further increased by revolutionary celebrations and revolutionary songs. I was in Russia at the height of the celebration for the tenth anniversary of the October (old calendar November) revolution, and every schoolhouse was green with fir boughs and bright with scarlet bunting and soviet stars. May-day is a great holiday, and has its own songs and ceremonies, glorifying the workers of the world. The life of the workers is idealized in school books and school stories. The processes of work—mining, ploughing, running machinery, become the basis of a new sort of romance for the child. He never, from babyhood upwards, reads of princes or kings, except as they are targets of ridicule. Not a picture book put into his hands in the kindergarten has little princesses in golden crowns and golden braids of hair. No story tells how the poor little boy amassed an immense fortune. The be-good-and-you'll-be-successful motive is entirely lacking in all literature which comes into the soviet child's hands. The moral is always: See what fun there is in working together; see what these comrades all pulling together have accomplished. Illustrations in primers show healthy, round-faced, smiling peasants working together in fields, piling up sheaves of golden grain, trooping together into idealized spotless villages. I saw one whole primer devoted to the romance of the postman. It showed pictorially the

course a letter takes from Moscow to New York over many of the great countries of the world. The romance for the postman was in being part of the amazing and fascinating system. Fairy stories, when they are told at all, are rewritten in the revolutionary spirit. Russian children, for instance, are familiar with the story of Cinderella but in the Russian version Cinderella steals her sister's clothing and goes to the ball at the bidding of an agitator who takes in this story the place of the fairy godmother. Cinderella loses her shoe, the prince comes after her and wants to marry her, but in this moment the agitator returns, announces that a revolution has broken out, the prince has fallen, and the Cinderellas of the world —those who have been naught—shall now be all.

But on the whole fairy stories are frowned upon, even thus retold. "They are merely a way of substituting fantasy for reality," the director of one of the largest Moscow kindergartens explained to me. "In our pioneer socialist state we do not want the energies of this coming generation dissipated by fantastic dreams about things which have no relation whatever to our life and its problems. We want our children to see the fascination and romance of machinery, we want them to thrill to the idea of building a new state, the first workers' state in the world. Why should we waste time and energy on unimportant things? For romance there is the future of Rus-

sia. For hero-worship, there is Lenin, who is the real spiritual leader of our country."

Every school has its Lenin-corner, which the children help to decorate. He is the constant example. No picture of him ever shows him otherwise than in workman's clothes, a cap, a slouchy jacket, and baggy trousers. In the stories told about him in the schools, he is always made very human, and full of common sense. The children speak of him as "Comrade Lenin" and in the phrase feel themselves exalted. He represents in the child's mind two things: The will to progress to great national development, and the fighting revolutionary spirit. It is impossible to believe that a generation brought up in the hero-worship of Lenin will not defend the revolution—however it may evolve—against outside intervention, and will not work—against whatever difficulties—for the material progress and expansion of the state. For Lenin means more to the Russian school child than George Washington means to the American. In Lenin, as in Washington, a history begins. The history books of Russia present all the past as but a dark and tortured pregnancy before the birth of the glorious though still young and weak revolutionary state. But in Lenin the child's religious ideals are also consummated. And the ubiquitous presence of Lenin, the awe-inspiring body in the Red Square tomb, the sight of which is often the child's first contact with the fascinating

mystery of death; the portraits, pictorial and plastic, everywhere; the wealth of anecdote, humane, intimate, even humorous, about Lenin, and the consciousness transmitted to the proletarian child that he was also a worker, *one of us*—these are the emotional elements which go into the Russian school-child's hero-worship. They are powerful.

IV

Education has, practically speaking, two ends in Russia; to make the child an efficient and devoted member of the collective, imbued with the spirit of communism, and to awaken and foster world-revolutionary fervor. As the actual events of the revolution retreat into the historical background, and the problems of the Soviet state become increasingly complex, the world revolution tends to engage less attention than it once did. But inasmuch as the whole of Russian foreign policy is still bound together with the progress or retrogression of world revolution, and education for collective efficiency demands that the new citizen be acutely aware of the international position of his country, the world revolution still occupies an astonishingly large place in Russian education.

The school-child is trained from the beginning in both the theory and practice of political life. He becomes familiar with the Soviet system in the organization of the school; all of the major problems of

the state are introduced into his studies; his organizations and extra school work are designed to imbue him with the proper political spirit. And from the beginning he is taught to think of the world as a unit and the working class of the whole world as the ultimate collective, the object of his ultimate loyalties. Thus in nearly every school which I visited "Mopra," the society which collects money for political prisoners throughout the world, was represented with exhibits, and the children were encouraged to assist its work. Russian school-boys could tell me about the treatment of communists in Hungary, about prisoners in United States jails, and under sentence in Berlin. Children are required to read the newspapers every day. In the earlier classes, the teachers select items to read to their pupils but after about the fifth grade the children read the newspapers at home, and are cross-examined on them for several hours a week as part of their regular school-work.

My friend Katja, aged fourteen, had five hours a week of politics. She was a little weak on algebra and French but very keen on current history in China and Great Britain. She explained to me that during the coal strike in England all her class had collected money on the streets and sent it to "our English comrades." She was also engaged with her school friends

in encouraging the children of the Chinese workers.[5] She explained to me: Lately we've been having lots about China. The pupils from Sun Yat Sen University (a propaganda school for training Chinese revolutionary agitators) came to us and explained about events in China and then we wrote letters to Chinese children, which the Chinese students sent away for us. Mine was considered especially good."

She brought it forth and read it with pride. It said:

"Dear Children:

"We have found out that now in China there is a very difficult situation. We know you are going through a hard time. We want to tell you that you should have courage and energy. We too had a hard time at first. You must know that we'll always stand by you. You ought to use our experience and not make our mistakes. Perhaps you feel that you have lost the fight. But don't worry—you'll win because the revolution is a historical necessity. If victory is postponed now it will come later. Long live the revolution in China! We Russian children are with you forever."

Do not think that Katja is a special prig. She is a very nice, jolly little girl indeed. She thinks of the revolution in China with all its horrors with exactly the same idealism as touched the minds and hearts of

[5] The use of the schools for furthering the aims of the Third International is another refutation of communist claims that the Soviet state does not meddle in the internal affairs of other countries.

our own school children when they thought of the purposes of the great war. The class war is full of tragedy and suffering, but it must be carried on, because it is the War to end War. And when it is over then peace will reign on earth forever. The imprisoned communists in Hungary or France, the defeated peasants and workers in China are the allies of this little Russian school-girl who knows nothing whatsoever of the world except what she has learned in Russia, where all the information which has come to her has been selected with a view to making her feel and think exactly as she does. When one recalls that it was possible to convince even adult English and Americans during the great war that it was the usual practice of German soldiers to cut off babies' hands, let us not be surprised if Russian school children have a somewhat fantastic picture of British soldiers in China, of American capitalists and German industrialists. Cross-examined as to what she learned about Great Britain and America, Katja said: "I've studied the history of the working-class movement in England. In England the workers earn more than we do here, and for years all the children have gone to school, so the culture is higher." I interrupted to ask, "Why then do you think the English workers' movement is retarded?" "That's a hard question," she admitted. "But you see, the British workers are

too egotistical, like the Americans. They think only of themselves or perhaps of their trade union. They don't think of the whole working class. And in America, there's lots of cotton and raw materials of all sorts, and the technique is far advanced. The United States is beating England, which used to be the first industrial country of the world. The workers in both countries get quite a lot of money, and especially so in America. But they don't get nearly as much as they should with production as high as it is. Here, in Russia, we are just beginning. We haven't produced much yet; that is why we are poor. We need to perfect our technique, make more machinery and we need to learn to work harder and more efficiently. But when we do we will be much better off than English and American workers because here the country belongs to us and not to the capitalists."

Of what the rest of the world is really like no Russian school-child has an idea. A friend living in Russia told me that a young boy once won a prize in a soviet lottery and got a trip around Europe. He came back with his entire ideology upset. "I never knew it was like that, outside," he said. "Why, Germany is like a garden, the peasants live much better than we do and have nicer houses. And lots of the workers are satisfied!" The information which comes to Katja is carefully purged of anything which might create the suspicion that there could be another solu-

tion for the social problem besides that of communism and class war.

In her arithmetic lesson she learns that many working-class children in capitalistic countries die from undernourishment every year, and what the proportion is as compared with the children of the rich. She reads in her history lessons of all the great revolutionary leaders who sacrificed their lives for the workers. *She is appealed to not through her worst but through her best and noblest instincts.* Much personal bitterness animated the old revolutionists. In all countries a revolutionary movement gathers to itself not only sincere fanatics for an idealistic cause, but the embittered, the rebellious, the failures, the ignorant who interpret their personal frustration to society. The world revolutionists who are being trained in Russia have no such motives. The unassimilated and frustrated, if they are ever revolutionists in Russia, will be counter-revolutionaries! The little world revolutionaries whom one finds in Russian schools are those who have seen the light, and who, wanting nothing for themselves whatsoever, feel called to spread the message, tell the glad tidings. They are not the unadaptable and frustrated, but are precisely those who have the most sensitive imaginations and the most delicate emotional susceptibilities, and are most efficient in adapting themselves to the new order of the state.

All education has the need of the soviet state for a trained and state-conscious proletarian class constantly and practically in mind. Every lesson, whether in arithmetic, geography or history, a simple reading lesson, or one in elementary science, tries to teach a political lesson or bring the child closer to the practical problems of the state administration. In Katja's elementary French reader an exercise describes Pierre and Lucien playing soldiers in the Jardin du Luxembourg. The conversation which Katja laboriously translates into Russian and back again into French serves to convey to her that Pierre is a "bourjui" who recklessly plays with soldiers while Lucien is a child of the people who reproves his playmate with the words that he is "un ouvrier comme Papa," and will never grasp the sword except to defend the workers. A simple sum in addition teaches the child at the same time about the state of Russian crops during the last ten years. The figures which he multiplies, divides, adds, and subtracts are never abstractions but represent statistics of the Soviet state. He learns "social" geography; the position of mountains, rivers, and boundaries is accompanied not only with anthropological information, but with facts, often fascinatingly presented, about the working conditions under which the inhabitants live, now, and before the revolution. And whereas the Soviet state is presented to the child's mind as the consum-

mation of history, he is constantly reminded that his co-operation is necessary for the full fruition of the dream.

The child is also given much social work to do; partly as a supplement of his school work; partly as an actual part of it. It is a principle of Soviet education that the school must not tend to divorce proletarian children from their own class. Every child in addition to his studies learns a trade. Once a week for at least half a day he goes to the workshop, which usually serves several schools, and there studies the technique of carpentry, tailoring, blacksmithing, or other manual occupations. This training is not the same as the manual training which is given in western schools for the purpose of developing certain intellectual functions. Its aim is to equip the child as an actual worker, and to intensify his political sympathies for the proletarian class. Regular visits to factories and conferences with workers are part of the school routine. In summer whole schools are transplanted to the country, teachers, students, and equipment. There the more advanced city children sometimes teach their country comrades, the school, set up in any available empty building, perhaps in the village school-house, otherwise closed for the summer, or in a church, or empty cottage, acts as a social center for the village. The city children work in the fields and come into contact with the life of the peas-

ants. This is part of the state's campaign to remove the hostility between town and country. Sometimes, of course, the results are precisely opposite. City children get into a feud with local peasants!

The extra-school social and political work has, however, become so burdensome that many teachers are protesting against it, saying that there is a limit to what a child can do, and that general education is suffering from the demands made upon the school-child's time by meetings of cells and soviets and pioneers and comsomol, and special committees of all organizations; by conferences on political subjects; by political debates, by factory-visits, and social work amongst the homeless children; by campaigns to help British strikers and Chinese revolutionaries. Kostja, in his diary, complains that he never gets his assignments in on time, because he gets home from committee meetings too late to do any more work; one of the Moscow newspapers reported that a mass meeting of children had held a heated discussion on the subject of modern marriage, and come to no results. The paper remarked ironically, "This failure is perhaps less important when we realize that the average age of the participants in this meeting was nine years!" Sostschenko tells a droll story of a man who, sitting on a park bench next to a ten-year-old youngster, swinging his feet, envies the child and thinks, "Happy youngster—he is not overburdened with

cares." But when he congratulates the little one on his happy and carefree childhood the small boy chides him severely, and says, "Can't a fellow have a minute to himself! I've just run out here to have a moment of breathing space! I'm up to my ears—all sorts of commissions, conferences, meetings. To-day there's a conference on Poland! And school on top of that—and physical culture. And if I'm late to a meal—scolded by mother, who seems to have no idea of the life of a modern child." And he pulls out a cigarette, and lighting it, strides off, while the overburdened adult thinks to himself: "Mercifully, I, at least, don't have to go to school." There is a deal of truth in this burlesque.

V

There is a class of young Russians who have not yet been absorbed into this new mentality, and who form a group so separated as to be almost a class; the "gavroche" of this revolutionary period; the outcasts. All of Soviet Russia's attempts to re-absorb the "Besprizorny," children whom the civil wars, the revolution, and, at last, the famine, made homeless, have been only partially successful. The "Besprizorny" have been herded into institutions, but the Soviet state has not made good citizens out of them. Their loyalty is not to the collective of the proletarian class but only to the collective of their own group. They are one of Russia's most remarkable apparitions,

and most serious social problems. Most of them are now in homes—converted monasteries, and barracks—but every now and then they break loose and begin again their nomad life as tramps and thieves. In age from five to twenty, uprooted, homeless, uneducated, wild as young wolves except for their own jungle law, a class and a law unto themselves they are the underdogs of the underdog's republic; the submerged tenth in a land where yesterday's submerged are to-day's rulers.

How many such homeless orphans there are in Russia is a matter for speculation. People living in Russia guess a million; authorities say half a million at most. "Besprizorny" the terms—roofless—might be applied to any orphan child, but in the popular mind it means distinctly one type of orphan: the young apache. Until the great round-up these children lived in the streets. Day saw them huddled in groups at street corners, underfed, their bodies covered with rags of sheepskin or cloth, their feet swathed in rags and stuffed into broken boots, stolen or filched from ash-cans. They were the terror of the keepers of small booths where apples and chestnuts, meat-filled *piroszhkis,* and cheap clothing were sold. Upon such tiny, open-faced shops, and upon the street-vendors, with their baskets set upon the pavement, they would descend in droves; with lightning-like organization one would attack the vendor, one

spill over the wares, a third collect the booty, and all would disappear before the astonished shop-keeper or street-vendor had time to collect his wits and call the police. Women on the way to market would be set upon and robbed. Sometimes, in more deserted streets, there were killings. The police did nothing. Sometimes culprits were brought into the children's courts and put into institutions, but there were not enough asylums for them all, and they ran away. Punish them the Soviet state would not. They were regarded as the products of the social upheaval, a charge of the state, and individuals who protected themselves by attacking "Besprizorny" were themselves arrested by the Moscow police. At night they crept into the kiosks, where newspapers are sold, and often set these flimsy constructions on fire trying to keep themselves warm; or they huddled around the great iron kettles of the street workers, who repair the asphalt. Time and again they had been rounded up and taken to colonies, but when the weather became warm many of them ran away again.

These children are the victims of the social disorders of the last fifteen years. The great war, the revolution, the civil wars between Reds and Whites, and the interventions, the terrible famine of 1921—each of these distressing periods added to the number of children who lost homes and parents. In the social chaos of the times there were no institutions

ready to take care of them, no apparatus for doing so. And in the struggle for survival they worked out their own organization, code, and class-consciousness.

To-day, even in institutions, they cannot be treated as orphan children are normally treated. They cannot, indeed, be treated as children, because, regardless of their years, they are in experience wise in all the ways of the world.

They have their own codes. Even amongst these waifs there is a certain collective spirit. They do not live off each other or attack each other; a child who has made a good killing is not robbed by his comrades, although he usually shares with them and the "Besprizorny" have the stoic, almost brutal heroism which these brutal years have bred everywhere in Russia. I shall never forget a child whom I saw in the streets; he had been injured by some falling bricks; his arm was crushed and bleeding; he was hurrying along the street with the terribly injured member wrapped in dirty rags. He could hardly walk, the pain was so great and some comrades were helping him. From time to time they would stop and wind the rag tighter to try to stop the bleeding. Their expressions showed no sympathy, no concern, yet they stuck to him. The child did not cry nor whimper although his face was contorted with pain. A passer-by who offered sympathy got a look of hate and scorn and the children started to run, half-carrying their comrade

with them. In the scene was all the hardness, the hate, the anti-social attitude toward the outside world, the courage, and the esprit de corps which characterize this amazing group.

Almost all of them are ill. Of the quarter million who were in institutions previous to the last great round-up nearly 100 percent were suffering from acute nervous disorders. Amongst those whom I saw in institutions one remarked almost universally the twitching eyelids, the darting gesture, the constantly moving fingers of the person who has jumpy nerves. Three percent of those rounded up have been declared insane; some five percent mentally deficient; about five percent of them have active tuberculosis; popular theory has it that they are all syphilitics, but this the authorities strenuously deny, claiming that less than three-tenths of one percent showed positive Wassermann reactions. But I could not find out exactly how thorough the medical examinations were.

All of them, of all ages, smoke incessantly. Many of them are drug fiends. Many of them have been engaged in illicit trade in cocaine. The men and women in charge of the asylums where they are kept make no attempt to stop their smoking; they admit it is a bad habit for children of ten and twelve years, but say, "The problem of keeping them at all is too great; we cannot break all of their bad habits. If we tried they would run away." I visited one institution

where 120 boys were kept; all of them had some nervous affection if nothing worse, and all of them were criminal. That is to say, all of them were guilty of offenses which would bring them before a court and into a reform school in another country. Here the "home" was in no sense a penal institution. The children were free to go out when they chose. "Don't they run away?" I asked, and the answer was, "Sometimes, but they would run away quicker if we tried to hold them by force." They were taught only the most primitive book learning, but had good courses in hand work, at which some of them were proficient and happy. They learned carpentry and cobbling. They received a tobacco ration every week—the cheap, evil-smelling *machorka* and begged "good" tobacco from us. They complained that they weren't allowed sufficient "movies," and I found that the asylum really kept the children by having its own moving picture house with free shows. Not food and clothes, safe shelter and beds kept them in the home, but the chance to see, free, Doug Fairbanks and Harold Lloyd.

"What is your name?" I asked one boy, who was rather better looking than the rest, although his skin had the pallor, his eyes the swift wariness, his mouth the hard grin which is common to most of them.

"I don't know," was his answer. "Where were you born?" got the same reply. He "thought" he was

fourteen; he came from "somewhere in the south." He believed he had been roofless for nine years. He did not remember his parents at all. He could read —had learned from other "Besprizorny," out of the newspapers, which, from time to time, he had sold. He played the piano by ear, and with a considerable talent. He had learned in railroad station inns and workers' clubs, where he had sometimes been given shelter. He wanted to join the Red Army and fight the English. All he knew about America was that it was a "bourjui" country. He was extremely scornful of the "bourjui." His idol was Lenin, and he had come to Moscow to see Lenin's tomb and the tenth anniversary celebration. He had been in another home, but had escaped. He had never heard of Mussolini. He declared the home was not so bad. There were, he thought, certain advantages in beds to sleep in, a fire to warm oneself by, and the certainty of food; on the other hand the other life, he said, had its charms. It was fun to play cards for what one had stolen, sitting around a street fire; it was exciting to live by adventure. He said, quite openly, that he doubted whether he'd stay in the home in the spring.

The "Besprizorny," "sans roofs," as the sans culottes of the French revolution were sans breeches—are not beggars. They scorn begging. It is against their code—stealing is more manly. They know all the

ropes of travelling. Sometimes, I am told, one sees groups of them at a Railroad Station, waiting for Piotr or Ivan—but they look for him under the train. "Funny he hasn't come . . . he wrote he'd be on this train . . . must have missed it," one of them says, and they go away, to wait for the next train. They have their own hang-outs and their own passwords. If a home has a good reputation, it becomes known; a whole group will drift in and "give itself up"—for the winter. But if a home has a bad reputation they wage war on it and usually this war is successful. The Director of one institution in Moscow testified that 475 keepers for a thousand boys could not keep them in order: they had run away and taken his own son with them!

Their organization is so strong and so disciplined that authorities have been known to make contracts with them, in preference to fighting them. Thus a ship which carried goods in and out of a Black Sea port contracted with the local "Besprizorny" leader—chief of the gang—to pay a certain amount to the band on every visit, if the chief would see that his ship was not robbed. And the gang kept the contract! The O. G. P. U. has been known to have recovered lost properties by friendly negotiation with "Besprizorny" leaders.

There are far more boys than girls amongst these bands, but of the twenty thousand in Moscow institu-

tions 40 percent are girls. Sometimes girls and boys in early adolescence refuse to be separated. They claim to be husbands and wives. On the whole the girls are easier to keep than the boys. The Red Army has taken some of them under its wings and it perhaps has had the greatest success in making them into useful citizens. I saw hundreds of "Besprizorny" in little uniforms marching with the Red Army.

Only 4000 of them have ever qualified for high schools or colleges, although many of them are finally absorbed into industrial life. Ten percent, the authorities estimate, are hopeless. They have begun life as hoboes and will end it the same way.

VI

And yet the words of Lenin are true: "From the mass rises a mighty upheaval toward light and knowledge."

It is impossible to be in Russia without realizing that whatever the revolution has or has not done, there is movement here; an eagerness, and a searching. Perhaps a certain stagnation has begun. Opposition leaders say so. And there is complaint of it in the books of many of the younger writers. They say that the bureaucracy is killing the soul; a spirit awakened is being strangled by red tape.

Nevertheless the sale of books is amazing. Soviet reports show that 245,000,000 books were bought last

year, a number exceeding book sales in the United States, which has a literate population far exceeding the Russian. Tiny villages often have well-equipped book stores, and the reading room as a feature of the village or factory club is the rule. Much foreign literature is translated and widely read. It is, of course, pirated, as are most Russian authors in the west, insofar as they are translated.

The budget for education is relatively large. Pre-war Russia had a total budget one hundred percent higher than that of Soviet Russia to-day, but the present expenditure for education is 68 percent of pre-war. Yet the increase in education is not nearly so sensational as one is led to believe. I was frankly surprised to learn that there are only three percent more primary educational institutions than there were before 1914 although there are 39 percent more pupils. The number of primary educational institutions has actually decreased since 1920. Secondary educational institutions are less numerous than before the revolution—94 percent of the pre-war number, with 139 percent of the pre-war number of pupils. On vocational education I could get no figures comparing to-day with 1914. They are, however, on the increase—from 165,442 pupils in 1920 to 245,283 in 1927, with a proportionate increase in the number of institutions. Technical schools have also increased in number and attendance.

A great deal is written by Soviet apologists about

the workers' faculties for the education of adult workers. Actually there are only 46,000 such students in the whole of Russia and the number of institutions has decreased from 130 in 1923 to 109 in 1927.

The universities make a better showing, on paper. There are 136 percent of such institutions compared with 1914, and 28 percent more students. But for a number of such "universities" the name is absolutely a misnomer. To call the Chinese school bearing the name "Sun Yat Sen University" anything except a school in revolutionary salesmanship is to offend the truth. It is a large house in very bad repair, completely unfitted for a modern institution of learning. The students are to forty percent members of the communist party and were picked by the former Kuomintang government. Recently, when a lot of them declared their solidarity with the Trotsky oppositionists they were deported back to China—a most inhumane measure, because it meant, under the circumstances, almost certain death. Their places were taken by more reliable proletarian Chinese. They are given a two years' course, with all expenses, including pocket money, paid "by voluntary subscription." Who the voluntary subscribers are I was unable to find out, and by no amount of "pumping" did I succeed in extorting from any of the students—almost all of whom spoke English—how much their subsidy was.

The "university" is dreadfully dirty. On the floor are cigarette stubs, and on the walls no beautiful Chinese pictures, pride of an ancient culture, but horribly crude and ugly propaganda posters which the average school-child would not be proud of as examples of draftsmanship. The course consists of "political" history and geography; languages, political economy, and social science. Physics, mathematics, chemistry, and natural science are not on the curriculum, and when I asked about them a student said, "Oh, we've had those things in China." Such literary efforts as I saw consisted of revolutionary editorials and poems in numerous languages.

There is another such "university" in Moscow, where negro porters from the United States, British dockhands, and potential agitators from other western nations are given similar advantages of higher education with all expenses paid. The Soviet government, as such, dissociates itself from these instructions, but they are counted amongst the universities of the Union, none the less.

And in the regular universities all thought is hemmed by the most bigoted adherence to the materialistic Marxian philosophy and any other viewpoint is barred from discussion. Russia is probably the most fundamentalist country in the world. Its fundamentalism is rather more modern than that of Tennessee, but it is not less rigid. I remember read-

ing in Germany a report of a discussion which took place in Russia between the two schools of thought: materialism vs. idealism. The discussion ended with the expulsion of the idealists from the University. Materialistic fundamentalism leads to the most absurd bigotry. A distinguished German professor invited to lecture in Russia used the word "psychology" in announcing the title of his lecture. He was asked to change it on the ground that Russia did not believe in the "psyche" but only in the flesh: therefore would he please make his lecture on "reflexology."

For the intellectual who holds life and ideas to be dynamic, Russia is a mental prison. For Russia thinks that she has found the absolute truth. It is this intellectual rigidity which makes some of Russia's greatest contemporary scientists show so little enthusiasm for the present régime. I think particularly of one man whose name is known throughout the world. In Soviet Russia he occupies somewhat the same position which Count Tolstoy had under the Tsar—he is too great to be removed no matter how uncomfortable or heretic he may be, and besides, Lenin, who, above all revolutionary Russians, possessed common sense and lacked that rigidity of mind so characteristic of his followers, foreseeing perhaps what might come, specifically stipulated that this man was to enjoy unhampered opportunity to work as long as he should live.

In its campaign against illiteracy the Soviet government is able to produce figures showing great progress. But here again figures are not very reliable. I was told by a man who has had opportunity to study this question over a period of years, and in whose objectivity and competence I have great faith, that a Russian is considered literate when he can form the letters of his name, and read the same. Nevertheless the earnestness of the campaign, the way in which the theaters, cinemas, and radio carry the message of education to the illiterate peasant is impressive, and if the Soviet government has not gone further, it is perhaps amazing that as much progress has been made against the natural laziness of the peasant mentality.

All sorts of crank schemes have been tried in education. Some of them have been successful; many of them have proved worthless. As far as method is concerned, the teaching technique is finding a workable level. There are still schools where children are not encouraged to study individually, in the fear that an individual instead of a collectivist human being will evolve. They are only allowed to work out their assignments in groups. The result has seemed to be a collective ignorance and the plan is being abandoned.

The fact that communism was free to attempt an entirely new system of education has given great op-

portunity to the really talented pedagogues who wanted to introduce new methods. As long as they did not interfere with communist ideology they were given a free hand in organization, and some of the results are very satisfactory. I saw, for instance, text books for very small children, which in both text and manner of presentation were suggestive for educators anywhere. The attempt to keep the child in touch with reality is, pedagogically speaking, a step in advance of the methods of most countries which keep the young child busied with perfectly useless knowledge.

The crisis in Russian education will come as Russia is opened up, as the new generation has an opportunity to learn how other nations live, and what other ideas prevail in the world. I do not think it possible, despite the censorship, to keep Russia isolated as she has been, for very much longer. It will only be possible if other nations continue to collaborate by contributing to this isolation. The country is awake and alive. Self-criticism is growing despite the rigors of the régime. The avidity with which foreign books are read is indicative of a longing to come into contact with the rest of the world. The worst thing which can happen to Russia is another decade of mental isolation increased by international hostility.

Photo by W. K. Ziegfeld Russian Expedition. © *Underwood & Underwood*

EQUALITY OF THE SEXES IN RUSSIA

"I've Been Working on the Railroad" as a soprano solo

CHAPTER X

LAME EROS

I

In the matter of sexual morals Russia is more confused than even the hectically discussed "young generation" in America.

The theological rules governing relations between men and women have been swept away. Nowhere does one see more clearly the decadence of the church than in its complete impotence to furnish guidance through the problems of sex to the younger generation of Soviet citizens. But this is increasingly true of the church even in countries where religion is respected and supported by the state—certainly in all Protestant countries; certainly in the United States. In Russia the break-up of theological influences has been forcibly accelerated, the state using the many instruments at its disposal for the furtherance of the atheistic campaign. But the weakening of theological power has been accompanied by the dissolution of other influences which, in the western world, are still powerful. I do not refer only to the revolution in the laws governing sexual relations. By introducing absolutely free divorce without even the impedi-

ment of necessary consent of both parties, and by fixing the responsibility for children outside of registered marriage the state has specifically contributed to a greater volatility in sexual relationships. But more important than the law is the spirit in which the law was devised, and the economic conditions under which the law is administered. In the west economic interests work against a dissolution of the family. In Russia the establishment of an economic system which strictly limits the possibilities for the accumulation of property laid as sharp an axe at the roots of marriage as did the abolition of theological rules and the change in the legal system. Indeed, the only place where the family continues to be powerful in Russia is on the land, where the church and tradition are more firmly established, and where Bolshevism did not dare to disestablish the ancient custom of land-owning by households. There, where the break-up of the family means the disintegration of peasant small-holdings, and consequent economic loss, the family remains more solidly fixed. In urban Russia it is ceasing to exist. Social factors, too, both those consciously created and fostered, and those arising from poverty, bad housing, and the mal-functioning of the economic machinery, have worked together to break down the old morality based upon bourgeoise standards and habits, of social and material existence.

But something has happened which is more pro-

found even than all this; something of which these outward phenomena are but the manifestations; something which is of the spirit of communism and which works upon the spirit. In its attempt to do away with everything which binds man to an individualistic outlook and creates in him emotional energies and loyalties not directly of service to the state, communism has attacked the sentimental and æsthetic associations of love. It has tried to reduce all relationships to a simple biological basis, in which the satisfaction of sexual desires is no more complicated, and hardly more interesting, than the satisfaction of hunger, with only eugenic considerations regarded as of importance. It has retained sexuality; in this it is unlike Puritanism, which refused to recognize the flesh except as sinful. But I doubt whether even Puritanism more effectively conspired to destroy love. Communism has lamed Eros.

Surely this accounts for the boredom and aridity of Russian life and society. As one lives in Moscow one becomes slowly aware that here is a country from which beauty has fled. One seldom sees a beautiful woman—in the land once world-famous for women of wit, charm, and soul. I cannot accept the explanation that womanly beauty is largely a matter of class; of sexual selection by plutocrats or aristocrats; of *soigné* habits dependent upon bourgeoise conditions; and that the reason there are so few beautiful women

in Moscow is because they are all of the proletarian or peasant class. No doubt such origins, and the fact that hardly any one in Moscow lives decently, according to western standards, affects the picture. Moscow women do not look well-groomed. In any large public assembly, or on the streets one sees that the majority of women are badly groomed, have tired, flaccid skins, are often pale—under the cosmetics which are again in general use—and no doubt this is partly attributable to biological qualities and adverse material conditions of life. Yet the Russian ballet is full of physically beautiful women who on the stage, in some dance from other days, create a world where Eros is not dead. Off the stage they, too, present an appearance of apathy, as though something in them had died. Poverty cannot account for it. Italian peasant women live under equally hard conditions, bear innumerable children, and work so hard that they are often old at thirty, and still there is a beauty about them which is indestructible. Like Walt Whitman's old women, they are "more beautiful than the young." It is this inner beauty of women, some pride of sex, arising from the consciousness of being loved, which seems to perish in the new society of communist Russia, where all the emphasis is upon doing, and not upon being, where schools and all conscious influences work to minimize the importance of love, where Eros, one of the most effective powers for the development

and differentiation of individual personality is frowned upon as the enemy of the state, as "bourjui." The women of Soviet Russia, living in a land where there is no legal restriction upon sexuality, often have the look which one sees upon the women of New England farms, where sexual life is suppressed.

Russia claims to have "emancipated" women, to have done more for women than any other country. It has, indeed, done everything to make women independent of men and dependent upon the state. It has put their labor on the same economic footing as that of men. Not only do state factories and offices recognize the principle of equal pay for equal work, but the peasant woman has her own stake in the land. If she separates from her husband, she can claim her share of the estate. The state has given women equal political rights with men, from simple voting to office-holding, and in many parts of the Union there are more women in the local soviets than men. The state protects women through pregnancy and child-birth, and gives them the exclusive right to determine, even after a pregnancy has begun, whether they want to continue it. But one wonders, after living awhile in Russia, whether the process could not better be called "sterilization" than "emancipation"; whether Russia, by its simplification of Eros to merely the most convenient formula for satisfying the sexual urge and populating the state, is not building a civi-

lization more hostile to everything which is essentially woman than any in the world.

At any rate the glorious emancipation has not satisfied women. Apart from a few ardent party members, and certain professional women of the type that in any country finds expression only in activity, I did not meet a single woman in Russia who was not dismayed and discouraged both by the provisions of the marriage law and by the spirit in which it is administered. Nor does the contemporary fiction of Russia, sharply reflecting everyday life, reveal anything except profound discontent. Woman, put on precisely the same level as man, has been de-womanized. *Das ewig weibliche* of Goethe is regarded as a bourgeoise joke; the conviction deep in the minds of most peoples with an ancient civilization, whether they be Roman Catholic Latins, Indian Brahmins, or Faustian Europeans, that there is such a thing as a masculine and a feminine principle in the universe, and that the instinct which leads a man to search eternally for the right woman is one arising from the very will to life and development; that the degradation or devitalization of the erotic relationship is a degradation and devitalization of the senses and the spirit, and that marriage may be more than a social or crudely biological relationship but be the expression, as Count Keyserling puts it, of a "sense of common destiny"—this feeling, so strong in Europe, and not

unknown in the United States, is repudiated in spirit and in law under communism.

II

The law itself, like all Russian justice, is based upon the principle of right being identical with the interests of the collective, there being no other measuring rod for determining what is right or wrong in relations between individuals. The state therefore says, in effect: We have no interest in individual sexual relationships; no man owes sexual loyalty to any particular woman, nor does any woman to any particular man. The state is interested in only one loyalty—to the collective. Science, and experimentation, will alone determine what is eventually the best form of regulating sexual life. The state, therefore, does not interfere, either to sanction or to prevent any alliances between men and women. A man and woman may, if they choose, marry in a church, and take upon themselves all of the obligations which the church imposes. That is to say, they may do so if they are not communists. A communist who married in a church would be expelled from the party. The lay brother is forgiven; his sin is only ignorance. Or a man and woman may marry in a registry office. Or, if they wish to avoid the registry fee, they may marry *de facto*—live together without appearing in a registry office, and this fact itself constitutes a legal mar-

riage. Economic obligations as between husband and wife are equal. Neither is responsible for the support of the other, except in cases of illness or unemployment, when the party who is well or has a job is compelled by law to support the one who is ill or out of work. But this provision is legally of little value because either party may divorce the other, without previous consultation, merely by appearing and indicating the desire for divorce, at the nearest registry office, so that a man who does not want to support a sick wife can divorce her between morning and evening, and cease to be legally responsible.[1] But, insofar as maintenance is enforceable, the unregistered partner has an equal claim with the registered one. She merely needs to prove marital relations, or cohabitation.

If a child arrives as the result of any union, however transitory it may have been, that is another matter, because now the state is directly affected. Under perfect communism the child, of course, would be the immediate charge of the state, but this involves a greater perfection of the system and a larger accumulation of collective capital than the state has achieved. Therefore, the parents of the child are made jointly and equally responsible for its support.

[1] Actually the Peoples' Courts, which have large discretionary powers, often use influence in dealing with cases like this, but they cannot refuse a divorce if either party insists. They can often persuade a couple not to be too hasty.

Here again the question of whether the parents were or were not registered as married does not enter into the judgment. A child constitutes a marriage if the man has not already a wife and a man is exactly as responsible for the child of a woman whom he has never legally married as he is for the children of his legal or, better said, registered, wife. He may have a registered wife and may live with her and their children in a family relationship; if, however, he has another child, by another woman, out of however transitory a relation, this child has precisely the same claim upon him as the others.

Few economic considerations prevent the young Russian woman from having a child inside or outside of registered marriage. Her pregnancy is protected by the state. She cannot be dismissed from the factory or office where she works because of pregnancy, and must be given a three weeks' vacation before and after the birth. Most of the larger factories are provided with crèches where she can leave the infant during the day, and the factory laws compel the administration to give her free time during the day to nurse her baby. Although there is an increasing hostility amongst registered wives toward the *de facto* variety a woman in Russia does not lose her reputation, or her job, because she has a child. On the contrary the infant is often her best weapon; it will often hold a man to her, who would otherwise go

away, because in any case he must share in its support, at least equally with the mother.

The result of this system is an odd new class of woman gold-diggers who capitalize having children. The tendency of the courts is to believe the woman's story, especially as it is difficult to establish paternity on any biological or physiological basis. There are courts where the aspect of a two months' old infant, the color of its eyes or hair, have been taken as sufficient evidence for establishing paternity! The burden of proof is not on the woman but on the man. If he cannot prove that he has never had intimate relations with the woman during the period when conception must have taken place, he is caught and held responsible, and if it can be proved that the woman had relationships with other men during the same period the law may hold them all responsible and tax each accordingly. The burden for the protection of the virtue of women is therefore taken, to a large extent, off their shoulders, and put upon men. But this does not please a certain class of instinctively virtuous women. For they see that as other women tend to become careless in their relationships and careless of the results of them, men become hostile to and wary of all women. This is so true that something approaching a sex war is beginning to be discernible in a country which never knew such a thing. Not all the pragmatic teaching of the com-

munists about the welfare of the workers' state has succeeded in making young men willing to assume the obligations of a doubtful paternity. It only inclines them toward cynicism about fatherhood. They are likely to regard it as a trap.

The way out—if they can persuade the woman—is abortion. Abortion is theoretically frowned upon. Marxism has no argument to support an arbitrary limitation of the population since it has always rejected the Malthusian doctrine that poverty and war are results of over-population, and has maintained that these evils are exclusively the result of inefficient economic organization. Logically the only argument which communism could advance to justify abortion or birth control would be eugenic. But there is a wide breach between theory and practice in Russia. The theological arguments against abortion are rejected. And to meet the immediate necessities of an impoverished and badly housed population, and until the entrancing *fata morgana* of the future becomes a reality, the Soviet state has legalized abortion and even provided free clinics for its practice. The practice is carried on so extensively that it cannot be regarded either as a eugenic measure or one which is only taken after careful consideration, and for pressing economic reasons. It is practiced free only when the woman can present the state authorities with a satisfactory argument as to why it is necessary, but

any pregnant woman can have the operation performed legally at her own expense. And the clinics private and public are full of women who take advantage of this permission. Abortion has become the common, general way of avoiding parental responsibility.

Any reputable physician of however liberal principles will testify to the deleterious effect upon the health of repeated operations of this kind, especially when they are not performed under the most perfect hygienic conditions. And Soviet hospitals are neither so numerous nor so well equipped that the most favorable conditions are guaranteed. But who can measure the psychic effect on women of a state of affairs where the coming of a child is constantly regarded either as a crafty measure on the part of the woman to enchain her man and annex part of his income, or as a trifling accident which can easily be overcome?

Opposition to the present marriage system is passionate and strong amongst women. Those who are married—registered—and attempting to live on something like a family basis are as strongly as men enemies of the system of alimony for all children. When husband errs and part of his skimpy income is appropriated for some other woman's children, she who considers herself his wife is infuriated. She says: "This is the sacrifice of the monogamous, family-founding woman, to the irresponsible and light-

minded. It is the business of the woman, not of the state, nor even of men, to ascertain whether the man who desires her is already responsible for a family. If she is deceived, the more fool she; she should be careful. If she takes risks let her pay for them, or if the state thinks she shouldn't, then let the state pay. But not we, our husbands, and our children!" The government issued the new marriage law [2] tentatively and submitted it for discussion in local soviets in the hope of obtaining for it enough popular support to give the measure the appearance of having been democratically adopted. But it could not get such support. The tendency amongst the mass of women is for the recognition only of the registered, and not the *de facto* marriage, but so far the state has not been willing to make this concession to public opinion. On the other hand there is an increasing realization that the present system is economically and psychologically unsatisfactory. But communism fears the re-establishment of the family as a return to the ideal of a cosy bourgeoise existence with the hearth and not the state as the center of life, and is supported in its attempt to found another system by the breakdown of family life in bourgeoise countries.

It is impossible to get reliable figures on divorce, due to the existence of *de facto* marriages of which there is no record. Such marriages are concluded

2 Operative from January, 1927.

and dissolved without the cognizance of the courts. Among registered marriages the divorce rate is so high—in urban communities—as to justify the assumption that the relation is almost completely volatile. (Amongst peasants the family holds together for reasons which I have cited above.) A divorce is as easy to get, but not so expensive, as a trolley ticket. A man can marry a woman, take her home, return next day, and get a divorce, and the official will hardly do more than shrug his shoulders. She must be sixteen years old, she cannot be a near relative, nor an imbecile nor insane, and she must give her consent to the marriage. She need not consent to the divorce. Of course such a system encourages casual relationships.

Michael Sostschenko in a satirical story entitled "Marriage" tells of the comic-tragedy of poor Wolodka who failed to recognize his bride at the wedding. "It was not so strange—one might say that Wolodka had never really looked at his bride. More specifically stated, he had never seen her without her cloak and hat, because the whole adventure took place in the streets." Wolodka had met the girl on a street-car, and afterward had seen her once or twice in the streets. And so they decided to marry. And that was also accomplished in the registry office without the girl removing her hat and coat.

But afterward they went to the home of the girl,

and there, suddenly she disappeared, and amongst all the girls in the room, who wore no hats nor coats, poor Wolodka could not recognize his bride! And he became more and more nervous and desperate, and at last, because he reckoned that the girl who was seated next him at table must be the one he had married, he kissed her. Great was the scandal. His bride, it was revealed, was not in the room at all, but was dressing in a neighboring alcove. And so Wolodka was driven from the house, without even getting his piece of chicken, and he went back to the registry office from which he had emerged only an hour before, and got a divorce. "There no one even scratched his head about it—such things are the order of the day now," comments the author.

In practice, of course, it is not always quite so simple. If a man has taken a woman into his home, he can divorce her within twenty-four hours, but it is not so easy to put her out of the house. The housing regulations have not the easy liberality of the divorce laws. The law recognizes that to get a new husband or wife is relatively easy but that getting another room is almost impossible. And if man and wife live in a few square feet of space, as do most city dwellers in Russia, a division of the dwelling is not very practicable. Yet it comes about that a man and woman will divorce, and each will re-marry and bring a new spouse into the crowded flat, and all four live to-

gether. But not amicably. Free divorce has not even provided a last word for domestic quarrels. He, inflamed by her latest sarcastic remark, may rush to the registry office and come home waving a divorce—but she, in the meantime, may have moved into the best part of the dwelling quarters.

And so marriage and love have not been "freed." Only new bonds have been established, and without the sentimental and emotional associations which helped to make the old marriage system tolerable. If love is merely the satisfaction of a sexual urge and one does not want children—then, thinks the confused young Russian—why not satisfy this urge in the least complicated way? And so the prostitute continues to flourish.

Indeed, if some of the younger writers are to be credited, the general degradation of sexual relationships has resulted even in the degradation of prostitution. Reduced to its most wretched aspects by poverty and the disintegration of all æsthetic values, it persists in a form lower, perhaps, than anywhere in the world, Nikolai Nikandrow gives an incredible picture of a Russian brothel and the love-life of Russian youth in a story entitled "Night Scenes." Here a community of girls, diseased, despondent, yet clinging to life with a wild and terrible tenacity, keep open house for all who come—Nepmen and chauffeurs, workmen and students—in the ruins of an ancient

palace where the clients creep through holes in broken-down brick walls, where the light above the roofless walls is the moon, where the beds are the weed-grown earth; a brothel in a rabbit-warren of bricks, stucco, and crumbling stone. Yet the hope of abolishing prostitution—a bourgeoise makeshift, and the result of an unequal economic system—was one ground for the "reform" of marriage. The advocates of free love were wont to say that marriage was only legalized prostitution.

Obviously something more is needed for the establishment of a new ethics in meeting the sexual problem than Lenin's advice to young men: Think always and only of the welfare of the soviet state. When a dozen different communist leaders, all equally sincere and all equally solicitous for the welfare of the Soviet state, advocate a dozen different modes of life one can only conclude that with whatever fanaticism the doctrine of economic determinism is accepted, this credo does not clarify the whole of human psychology nor furnish an answer to all the questions man may ask, and that even communists retain personal complexes. One prominent university professor in whom a psychoanalyst might find some resemblance to St. Paul, who, out of his own complexes, transmitted to Christianity the conviction that love was sinful, advises Russian youth in almost St. Paul's own words that it is better to marry than to burn. "Take a wife," says

this professor, "a woman who shares your earnest ideals and will collaborate in your work for the communist state; be as continent as possible, because sex is a waste of vital energy which the state needs."

But how is communist youth to know whether to take the professor's advice when another good communist, Mme. Alexandra Kollontai, has a viewpoint diametrically opposed to it. Kollontai is the apostle of "winged Eros"; she is for the widest possible sexual experience as bringing one into the widest possible relationship with the collective; she seems to feel that some sort of communist communion of spirit will arise from a fearless and joyful promiscuity. Numerous young men with whom I spoke in Russia had yet another viewpoint: Love doesn't matter; it hasn't any problems. One satisfies one's necessities and there is nothing more to it. Work is what matters. But this indifference to love is, for women, more terrible even than the asceticism of the more fanatical leaders. Men are not bees, humanity is not an ant hill, and there are still more young people in Russia who believe that love matters than who do not. The interest in psychoanalysis is a proof of it. Having failed to find an answer to their searchings in the authority of the state, more and more members of the Russian intelligentsia are looking into their own natures, no longer with the aid of religion but with Dr. Freud's key to complexes. And there are still a few people

in Russia who have the courage to say: "Go to the poets, my children, where you will learn more about love than from either Marx or Freud."

The sexual chaos of the last years has already awakened an active distaste. One sees this from the passionate bitterness with which younger writers describe the present state of affairs, from the violent interest which every discussion of sex awakens and from the protests of the younger poets. Perhaps, as I have suggested in another chapter, what Russia is searching for is a sort of companionate marriage; a new kind of erotic comradeship between men and women. There was always such a tendency in the relations of men and women in Russia. Long before the revolution it was evident in the relative lack of sexual self-consciousness. Together with their ebullient natures the Russians have the sound instincts of a healthy and unsophisticated people. They do not play with sex in the manner of the more cultivated and decadent peoples. Youths and girls bathe together in the Russian streams with the modesty of young children. Visiting Europeans are shocked to find that men and women are indiscriminatingly sold sleeping berths in railroad train coupés. But the Russian does not expect this situation to be abused. There is both frankness and modesty about sex in the attitude of the average, unspoiled young Russian. Perhaps there is a chance for the emergence of a real

marriage of comradeship, which will really be in the service of the pioneering state, in a country so essentially healthy, if it does not fall the victim of disillusionment or a new Puritanism. But this will not happen until there is a legal system which dignifies sexual relationships. And the next generation will not get off scot-free from the confusion and degradation of these years.

© *Underwood & Underwood*

MAKING HAY IN RUSSIA

The preponderance of woman workers is noticeable

CHAPTER XI

THE RED FIELDS

I

Two hours from Moscow, on a bumpy, candle-lit train, where you sit on hard wooden benches, arranged in double-deckers, with peasants lying on the top decks smoking evil-smelling *machorka* tobacco—two hours from Moscow, and you are in another world.

Superficially a world much the same as it was before the revolution, I am told.

It is the world of the villages. Rows of wooden cottages stand side by side. Their walls are of rough-hewn logs, the windows tiny, the lintels carved in a fretwork of scrolls, the decorations picked out, perhaps, in colored paint. Inside a tall man must stoop to avoid the ceilings; the stove of stone or tiles burns, overheating the fetid interior. The room is very likely to be dirty, overcrowded, smelling of soup, fat, sheepskins, and humans. Usually an ikon glows in the corner.

The village sprawls with the carelessness of a spacious land. It has its Main Street, with rows of tiny shops, open-fronted, reminding one of an oriental

bazaar. If it is a market town, and market day, a large square will be crowded with rough little horses, hitched to sledges or wagons of unpainted wood, filled with straw and covered with linen rags. The tiny shops, all front, are stocked with the necessities of peasant life: petroleum in great glass jars or wooden kegs, blocks of solidified tar for repairing barrels and thatched roofs, hard candies to suck with tea, cranberries and pickled apples, fresh and frozen meats, overcoats of coarse cloth lined with calico, and with collars of Astrakhan, sunflower seeds, kasha, potatoes, woolen fascinators, vodka, mittens, petticoats, and children's toys.

Many, many toys. Chess sets for the national game of children and adults alike: with the Whites on one side and the Reds on the other; peasants against kings, farm-hut against château; Red army pawn against Tsarist soldier—devices for keeping alive the consciousness of the Revolution. Delightful dancing bears, of wood, to match the real bears dancing in the market-place. Dolls of wax and bisque, and cloth, and wood. Truly, Russia, with all its poverty, is a children's land!

The children themselves, in such a market-place, cannot be counted. Their numbers testify to Russia's bounding birth-rate—despite free abortion clinics and birth control. Their round, apple-cheeked heads are joined to short thick-wadded little bodies. The rest

is boots. They seem planted on sturdy pedestals of boots; one is surprised that they can move. They suck lollipops, drag new sleds of fresh, unpainted wood, caress new dollies. The cuffs which occasionally remove them from the way are delivered kindly, gaily, the way bears cuff their young. The children laugh.

Their fathers and mothers in fur caps, sheepskins, and boots, the sex of the parent hardly distinguishable from the costume, are a fine-looking race, tall, spare, weather-beaten, with shrewd lines around clear, far-sighted eyes. Their look is unlike that of the peasants of any European country except certain peasantry from the Hungarian plainlands. Their eyes have a farther vision.

I do not speak Russian, but my companion, a Russian-American friend does. We ask: "How is it here now? . . . The village is very pretty."

The peasants pause in arranging their great baskets of apples and potatoes. They crowd around. Here are foreigners. . . . Or are we, certainly, foreigners? Are we not, perhaps, people from the town? Officials? Spies? In their careful answers we detect the attitude of the peasant toward the government.

"It's pretty enough," one answers, indifferently. "It was much finer before."

This particular village is the seat of one of the great Russian monasteries. Its domes of gold and

powder-blue, its pink and turquoise arches, its parti-colored refectory, its fantastic bell tower, loom above the straggling village unreal as a dream. I have been in the monastery, kept by two curators, men of the greatest courtesy and of profound education in art and history. The great complex is a museum now, where one can read in the carefully preserved treasures the history of an institution based upon privilege, grown corrupt in its fatness. The Bolshevists took three hundred million roubles' worth of treasure away from this monastery alone, without touching anything except modern things, post-eighteenth century and of no great artistic value.

There is still the cathedral, the walls of which are covered to the last inch with magnificent ikons, their value as art treasures enhanced by settings of silver and jewels. There are candelabra big as lamp-posts and a Bishop's throne of pure silver. There are vestments recording the history of the church from its ascetic beginnings, when the founder was robed in simple linen, to the yellow velvet cloak worn by a high priest of later days, covered with nine pounds of pearls. There are stoles stiff with emeralds, robes decorated with profane embroideries from Persia, relating a concupiscent love story, churchly vestments of brocades from China, into which are woven the Imperial Dragon and the symbols of the Chinese religion. Here one sees the Russian church in its ut-

most pomp and its last cynicism. Here is a silver baptismal bowl presented by a gentleman who with this gift gave the church twenty villages and the souls and bodies of half a million serfs. Are not the peasants glad that the state has confiscated all this moribund magnificence; taken its lands and distributed them to the peasants themselves, opened this treasure to curious moujik eyes, freed them from the burden of an institution where the gentle Saviour had to be kept in brocades and jewels and his priests in fat food and expensive wines, bought from the back-breaking labour of impoverished moujiks?

But the peasants shake their heads and say: "It used to be finer here."

Are the peasants, then, dissatisfied? We ask, "Are you getting along all right?"

"Oh, yes, we are well enough off," they answer. There are signs of prosperity. Buying is brisk. Peasants are laying in petroleum and vodka in almost equal quantities, purchasing clothing and boots. "Have you a linen factory here?" we ask. "And how is business?"

A peasant looks at us quickly, and shrewdly. "What are you snooping around for?" he asks, with asperity. "Do you think you can squeeze any more out of us?" And he rubs thumb and finger together suggestively to suggest that we may be spies for the tax collector.

In this gesture is a world of meaning. It is not hostile but wary. The peasant is by no means satisfied. It is true that communism has given him the land. It is true that he has a radio, a reading room, a co-operative store, and a book-shop—all the work of the Bolshevists. He has absorbed certain cultural influences of the westernizing Bolshevists without being particularly grateful for them. He is "Tovaristch"—he can call President Kalinin himself "Tovaristch," and does, with affection, for Kalinin is the peasants' friend, and when things go wrong with local officials, he threatens often enough to go and see Kalinin, the little father, personally, and often does so. He has power. Here again, he is awakened, without being grateful. He is under no delusions that he rules himself. To be sure he can participate in the local soviets, and often does so. It gives him influence and importance in the village. Besides, it is interesting. Sometimes even he may get a chance to go to Moscow, where one gets free seats in the great theater, and where one is treated as well as any one else. But the handful of local communists runs things, and he knows it. He accepts it. He regards the government as a rather necessary evil. He is neither friend to it—in most cases—nor enemy.

When he does not like government measures he can always in the long run circumvent them. If the government thinks arbitrarily to lower prices by fixing

the price of this or that, the peasant stops producing it, turns his energies in a more profitable direction, or hoards. His support of the government is a negative support. He does not want counter-revolution nor believe in it. He is both docile and obstinate.

He is communistic in the primitive sense in which Russian villages were always communistic. But it is a curious anomaly that the Bolshevist policy toward the peasant tended to break down rather than strengthen the simple communism of the pre-war moujik, dating from the days when all were body-bound to the great estate owners in common poverty. To-day Russia is a nation of small-holders, and slowly that spirit is developing which is characteristic of all countries economically so organized, conservative, cherishing what it owns, individualistic, anti-urban, selfish.

II

Every leader of Russia knows that the future of communism depends on whether industrialism can grow fast enough so that the proletarian cities can keep control of power, and whether the peasants can be persuaded, by economic arguments, into adopting a more social form of organization, and one more compatible with the aims of the cities—working larger areas of land co-operatively, and so increasing production.

But so far the government's efforts in both direc-

tions have not been very successful. Rapid industrialization requires capital. A communist government, committed to world Bolshevism, has not met encouragement in borrowing from abroad, and the system has not been best fitted to accumulating capital at home. And the tendency of the peasant, having gotten his land, is to sit on it, and if possible extend it.

The Bolshevist policy toward the peasant has been opportunistic from the beginning, and at variance with orthodox communist teachings. The first land decree, passed on the second day of the revolution, and giving the landlords' land, implements, and livestock to the peasants, under the control of local land committees, was a revolutionary but not communistic measure in any sense. It did not tend to greater collectivism. On the contrary it created a thousand petty individualists where there was one before. It was purely a political measure, to enlist the moujiks in the Bolshevist ranks, and as such it succeeded admirably.

As a communist measure it has failed, and as an economic measure it has failed. Russia's twenty-three million farms do not begin to raise the amount of food that the great estates did, although government efforts for the improvement of agriculture have not been wholly vain, of course. The export of food has decreased at an even greater rate than its produc-

tion. No doubt the peasant eats better than he did before the war. If every Russian farm consumes two eggs more per week the Russian export of eggs is decreased by over a billion a year, if production remains static. The Russian peasant is aware of his rights and no longer willing that the cities should prosper at the cost of his stomach.

And this is the crux of the whole Russian problem. The peasant cannot be forced to produce at the point of the bayonet, or under the pressure of a thumbscrew bureaucracy. Ten years' experience has proved this by costly examples. Since the threat of a grain shortage this winter the government has resumed forcible delivery of grain and has waged a ruthless fight against all private trade in grain. Measures which tend to disaffect the peasantry can only be taken temporarily, however, once a food crisis has been averted by such measures the pendulum swings back. The peasant cannot be persuaded to produce by propaganda. Millions have been spent on it. It has had an educative effect, but in a rather different sense than was expected. It has not made the peasant more communistic and collective, but it has made him much more aware of his importance and power. Soviet propaganda has waked the moujik up. Even the co-operatives, encouraged in the hope of making him more collectivist, have furnished him with a collective weapon against the towns.

Russia has learned that only one thing will make the peasant produce and that is to offer him cheaper and better goods in exchange for his products. And this it still cannot do. The Russian peasant to-day can buy less for a pound of butter than he could before the war.[1] And if he cannot get boots for his butter, he wraps his feet in rags and eats the butter! Not only is his production lower but, apart from food, which he consumes in larger quantities, and of better quality than before the war, he is—despite his ownership of the land—materially worse off now than then. His implements have worn out and he cannot replace them. And he is infinitely worse off than the peasant of England, France, or Germany.

Every attempt is made to equalize the land. The ever-active land committees in the local soviets distribute to each peasant his share of the land, the average size of a farm varying from province to province, and constant readjustments are made, according to the quality of the soil and the size of the peasant's family. As each new child is born the peasant's land is increased. The family, and not the head of it, is the holder. Thus if a peasant woman divorces her husband she may take with her her share of the farm. But the New Economic Policy which created the Nepman has also created the *Kulak,* his country prototype. When the law was passed per-

[1] For detailed figures *vide* chapter—The State as Trust.

mitting peasants to rent out that part of their land which they could not work much land passed into the hands of the luckier, stronger, and more energetic members of the community. Taxation in Russia is levied according to capital, and the poorest peasants are exempt. Land acquired by lease is more heavily taxed than the socialized land, and each new head of cattle after the first is taxed at an increased rate. The *Kulak,* therefore, is strongly discriminated against. And nothing better illustrates the poverty of the Russian peasant than the realization of what constitutes a *Kulak.* A family which has capital assuring an income of $50 per year per adult member is considered "rich," and income above this amount is taxed 25 percent. "A horse for every peasant family" is a soviet slogan which is still far from realization.

Albert Rys Williams who has lived for years in the Russian villages told me that in one village in the county of Volsk, on the Volga, where there are thirty-four thousand households, there were, a year ago, five families, each of which owned five horses. Now there is no family with five horses and only four with four each. This means, of course, that the pressure of taxation upon the rich *Kulak* is such that he has had to reduce his plant.

And yet, despite this discrimination, despite setbacks here and there, despite the sporadic campaigns

of the government to drive the *Kulak* to the wall and re-equalize the situation of the peasantry, individual enterprise, talent, energy, even luck, cannot be wholly regulated, even by the most ubiquitous government. And the growth of the *Kulak,* accompanied as it invariably is by a campaign of the town against the cities, is, as far as the land itself is concerned, a sign of prosperity.

Indeed, it is a question whether the *Kulak* is not one of the truly representative types of to-day's Russia, the forerunner of a general tendency, the promise of the emergence of a new, pioneering, capable and prosperous farmer class. One of the most brilliant and prophetic stories which I have read from the pen of any contemporary Russian writer is Konstantin Fedin's "Transvaal." In William Swaaker, the owner of the farm Transvaal, Fedin has created a genius of the land. Full of restless energy, fearlessness, shrewdness, unbreakable will power, he becomes in turn president of the local soviet, then *Kulak,* then empire-builder, manufacturer of mill-stones which revolutionize the milling industry of his community, introducer of electricity. He is egoist, hypnotist, half-mad, possessed, but the peasants bow before him, whether he comes as herald of the revolution, as organizer for the soviets, or as the shrewd buyer of the discarded stones of their fields, which he grinds into mill-stones for them and extended lands for him-

self. He lives barely inside the rules of the collective, he loses his right to sit as a member of the local soviet, and is disfranchised. But wealth flows toward him, and power; to every change he is adaptable; because he feels out his times, his pioneer spirit moves in the direction which the nation is bound to go. He is the Man of Destiny. In him one feels the future of Russia, of the Russian land—ruthless, pushing forward, propelled by the vast life within itself. And with all his egoism, Swaaker knows, out of that same intuition which works in his individual interest, that his own destiny and that of the nation is bound up with the destiny of the working peasants. His own progress is, to a less degree, the progress of his community. He advances ahead, but not alone.

And this is the pivotal question in Russia to-day; the issue between Trotsky and Stalin: What to do with the Swaakers of Russia. Left to free competition a relatively rich and efficient peasant class would spring up. It pushes its way through even against communist obstacles. From the point of view of national prosperity this vigorous spirit is valuable, and a good symptom. From the point of view of orthodox communism it is not. Hence a policy divided against itself. Hence, the continual vacillation of the government. To-day the *Kulak* moves forward, to-morrow he is relentlessly suppressed. At this moment—while his enemies are in exile—the gov-

ernment who exiled them follows their policy. The thumb-screws are on the *Kulak*. But to-morrow?

And none of the oppressive measures push back energetic individuals quite to where they were before they moved forward. Disfranchisement is a weapon which the government uses against the *Kulak* but politically the peasants are indifferent; a vote is of less consequence than the economic power of thriving fields and well-stalled cattle. The *Kulak* like the Nepman trims his sails to the wind, but he is a good navigator. He is the efficient product of natural selection against great difficulties, and he is hardy.

The ideal toward which the soviets work is a nation of great co-operative farms, industrialized, mechanically equipped, electrically run, and manned with communist workers who share the interests of the city proletariat. But the ideal has practically no realization. Less than four percent of all the Russian land is worked collectively, counting government holdings, co-operative farms established by government bodies, colonies of town population—especially Jews—artificially settled, and agricultural concessions held by foreign capitalists.

Moreover, this ideal is held up to a people still largely illiterate, consisting of over a hundred races, varying from the poor Russian farmer to the richer Ukrainian peasant, including Georgians, who sometimes own three thousand head of sheep; Siberians

and half-Esquimaux tribes who live from fishing and trapping, and Asiatic nomads.

III

Before it can make a progressive agricultural population the Soviet government has to overcome enormous handicaps. Not only does it have to teach people how to read, but for whole tribes and races it must make an alphabet, because the language has never been codified. It has to overcome religious superstitions, in which orthodoxy or Mohammedanism are mixed with pagan rites long pre-dating Christianity. There are tribes in Russia who sacrifice horses, and there are rites which indicate the survival of tree-worship, and often these are more deeply rooted and harder for Soviet propaganda to combat than more recent Christian beliefs.

The atheistic campaign which the soviets carry on amongst the peasants is more easily understood if one has ever seen an Orthodox religious procession devoted to prayers for rain. Soviet scientists are less interested in the souls of peasants than in overcoming the fixed idea that magic, not knowledge, is the weapon against nature's caprices.

The soviets, everywhere, are a modernizing influence. They may not get far, but the emphasis is in favour of westernization. When they make a new alphabet for some Transcaucasian tribe they make it,

not in the Greek letters, but in Latin. And although they have not yet been able to substitute irrigation for prayer, nor the Fordson for the handplow, nor the McCormick reaper and binder for the old-fashioned flail, nor the factory for the hand-loom, most of Russia to-day knows that there are such things. Eisenstein, the great film producer—a man whose influence on Russia is almost inestimable—has just finished a film which will be sent out to local soviets through the entire country. It is the first colossal peasant film. In it the peasant sees the religious procession with its ecstasies, its frantic prayers for rain —and the dry fields which remain dry despite the primitive magic. Then he sees the new magic. The slender irrigation channel, bringing life to parched meadows, the grass and grain which grow before his eyes along its banks; he sees peasant boys swinging old-fashioned scythes slowly, with rhythmic gestures, cutting their way bit by bit through a grain field. And then he sees the machine—side by side with the scythe-swingers—laying low vast sweeps of grain, with only one man to guide it. For the first time in the history of Russia the Russian moujik is in touch with modern civilization. He wants modern civilization. The soviets have created the want.

This demand is constantly stimulated. Every larger town has its "Peasants' House," a combination club and hotel, where peasants coming in to market

© *Underwood & Underwood*

THIS IS "LOG-CABIN" IN RUSSIAN

A family group against the background of the old homestead

can stop for less than fifty cents a day for full board and room—and for nothing if they are poor. Here the peasant can go into a reading room and look at farm journals and books on agriculture. If he cannot read, pictorial charts, extremely well made and interesting, explain to him much about farm life; he can see pictorial representations of cattle diseases, and pictorial explanations of how to treat them, charts showing when various grains and vegetables should be planted, soil specimens with explanations of which soils are good for which crops. He can sit in a comfortable chair and listen to a lecture on agriculture, by a practical scientist, in person, or on the radio. Here he learns to eat with a knife and fork, instead of by dipping into the common bowl, as is still the custom in most of country-Russia. He can sleep in a bed with sheets, he who may have slept, all his life, in his clothes on the top of the stove. In these peasant centers are machinery demonstrations and I have seen scores of young peasants stand, riveted with fascination, before a milk separator. Here the man from the land can get information on how to construct a home-made radio apparatus, which will connect his farm with the town. Here are charts warning against fire, appealing for insurance and safer building. Here, if he is about to re-build his cottage, he can get plans for erecting a fire-proof, sanitary construction in place of his log hut. Here

he sees pictorial charts telling the story of how peasant A—— reorganized his farm, kept books, rebuilt his house, and enlarged his stock of implements by more modern methods.

All the resources of the country are concentrated on getting the peasant into touch with a larger community. So I have seen peasant women from the Caucasus, in wide trousers, and ribbon-bound braids, sitting next to bobbed haired Moscow girls, in imitation silk stockings and imitation Berlin frocks, voting, in a woman's conference. The Department of Education, hard put to it for funds, is making a great attempt to utilize all its resources to the greatest advantage and has put into practice a few excellent ideas. Thus many city schools are transferred en bloc—students, apparatus, books, everything except the actual building—to the country, during the summer vacation. They settle in the local public building, the city children sleep on cots or are boarded out with peasants, where they learn something of farm life and enjoy the fresh air, and the school itself becomes a day nursery, a public health center, a peasants' club, or whatever is necessary or possible in the village where it is situated.

IV

All of these efforts to reach the peasants have opened up Russia for commercial expansion in a

remarkable way. This is what impresses the foreigner coming to Russia and looking at the country as a potential market. Here is a population of well over a hundred millions, increasingly literate, settled on their own land, awakened to the possibility of a more modern and progressive life, eager for goods of all kinds, and able to increase production to the point of being able to buy goods, if sufficient stimulus can be brought—if they can be tempted by cheap and good industrial products.

It is the greatest potential market in the world to-day. It is almost impossible to exaggerate it. Here are twenty-three million farms, in villages where radios, Soviet propagandists, and Soviet films constantly preach modernity without being able to satisfy the desires they awaken. Here are twenty-three million farms where, if the owners could be persuaded to use plates instead of the common, wooden bowl, to wear shoes once a week, instead of heelless felt boots and puttees of rags—if they could be raised to something like the level of the western European peasant—could consume enough to keep the halting factories of Europe going.

Here are twenty-three million peasant farms which the Soviet government must keep conciliated if it is to retain its authority and power. It is because of the wants of these farmers, and the need for more rapid industrialization that Russia invites the co-

operation of foreign capital. Russia does not want to settle down into a primitive and not very productive peasant democracy. A peasant democracy of this sort would offer no challenge to the peace of the world. But neither would it contribute to the solution of the world's economic problem. Twenty-three million small-holds, growing just enough for the families which live on them, and a sufficient surplus to buy oil, tar, and the primitive implements for tilling the soil, maintaining the level of life of the pre-war moujik is no solution for Europe's problem of diminishing markets, and at the same time no realization of socialism.

Were the Soviet government's program purely internal, were it not also an experiment station, a source of income, a central headquarters for a world movement, trying, successfully or not, to overthrow every other government in the world, then there could be no question about western capitalism co-operating with the soviets and this despite the woeful inefficiencies of the state trust administrations. The practical end which the soviets pursue with great consistency, inside Russia, is one which European capitalism itself desires—the material advance of the whole level of the people. It is precisely this combination in program, of world revolution outside, and the extension of western civilization inside, which

makes it so difficult for the western capitalist to make up his mind about Russia.

The Germans have made up their minds. The German attitude is roughly this:

Russian communism is peculiarly Asiatic. It has very little chance of extending into Europe and, it seems to us, no chance at all in America. The fact that Russian communism failed to overrun Germany in 1916 and 1919 when Germany was defeated, starved, discouraged, inflamed with hatred of the western, allied powers, with its dynasty, army, and the whole super-structure of society in a state of collapse, is proof that Russian communism has little power over the western world. Russian communism is more nearly another Asiatic religion than it is a system of world economics, and the west is revolting from all Asiatic religions.

On the other hand, sovietism—communism as a working system inside Russia—is opening up the country, educating the peasant, creating a demand for material prosperity, and begging for western collaboration. We are not afraid of communist propaganda. We believe ourselves entirely competent to take care of it, if it comes within our own borders. We are far more afraid of smokeless chimneys, unemployment, and a reduced standard of living among our workers than we are of Russian propaganda, and

we believe there is more danger of a radical labor movement from these causes than from Russian leaflets.

We believe that the Russian peasant will become more productive as he is offered cheaper industrial goods and that it is possible to collaborate with the Soviet government in furnishing him with them—always taking into account peculiar conditions and the need for experience. We propose to capture as much of this market as we can.

There are, of course, constant fluctuations in Russian-German relations, growing out of the international situation, and influenced by incidents in the collaboration of the two countries. I am indicating only the general line which despite repeated diplomatic unpleasantnesses has been fairly consistently followed since the Treaty of Rapallo.

So much for the German viewpoint. It is true that her economic collaboration with Russia has not brought very great returns yet. But Germany realizes that she is not dealing with an ordinary nation, but with a continent, and that her investments are for the future. Germany is not only investing in Russia what small capital she can, but is investing, more than any other nation, brains. The German embassy is the most competent in Russia, it employs men who had wide technical and engineering experiences in Russia before the war, and who know the

language. Germany cannot understand America's do-nothing policy. She wonders why American capital does not combine with German experience for the exploitation of this market, speculating that an increased foreign economic influence would do much to soften down Soviet foreign policy. Germany gambles on the anticipation that as the Revolution fades into history and the internal problems become increasingly complicated, Russia, provided she does not feel herself threatened with foreign blockade and isolation, will more and more direct her attention and her money to the solution of Russian problems and let the world revolution take care of itself.

Against this policy is the British—historically hostile to Russia, seeing Russia as a threat to her eastern imperialistic interests—working from the outside for the overthrow of the Soviet régime. So far Britain's policy has failed. The oil policy has failed. The Bolshevist government is not nearer political collapse than she was before the break, although she has suffered from it, heavily. British capital is trying the difficult acrobatic stunt of keeping a foothold in the country which the British government has repudiated.

And sooner or later the American state, and American business must choose a point of view. It is unthinkable that the United States can continue indefinitely to act as though Russia did not exist. We

alone amongst the nations settle the Russian problem by choosing not to contemplate it. We alone can afford to do so. But this is not the best possible defense of a policy.

CHAPTER XII

THE PERMANENT CRISIS

RUSSIA is in a condition of permanent crisis. When the Russian Communist Party exiled Leon Trotsky, the personality of the man, his history, and the circumstances under which the decree was issued all worked together to create the impression of a sudden, acutely critical moment. Actually, students of Russia could foresee this moment as inevitable, once the state had passed a certain point in its development. Trotsky represented the left opposition to the present régime and tendency, which under the leadership of Russia's cleverest politician steers a course between right and left. Less dramatic and daring but harder to dispose of is the opposition from the right. It is important to remember that the forces which push, sometimes in this direction, and sometimes in that, are all within the communist party and the Soviet state itself. A revolution is going on continually in Russian communism. It is possible that when it is finally resolved the system in Russia will have only a remote relationship to the governmental theories of Marx, or even to the system foreseen by Lenin.

Yet, for the outsider, trained to think in terms of

conflicting, organized, and circumscribed political forces, it is hard to visualize this conflict. It is not like the conflict between the Conservative and the Labor Parties in Great Britain, where two different theories of government, two different social aims, and two different classes collide. There is truly only one party in Russia, in the sense that every one of any influence whatsoever accepts, as *de facto,* the working-class state, the Soviet system, and government by the party which is a highly selected, disciplined ruling class deriving from the proletariat. The differences of opinion, which are so acute as to have caused the banishment from Russia of an entire group of faithful, sincere, and ardent communist leaders, do not arise from the question, "Shall we be communists?" but from the query, "What sort of communism will work in Russia?" There is no breath of counter-revolution in the sense of a desire to re-establish a bourgeoise system. Such counter-revolution, attacking from outside, failed; inside, its supporters have been completely suppressed.

The dominant tendency at present, and the opposition from the left, are both incarnated in personalities. Stalin is virtual dictator of Russia to-day. His assailant is Trotsky, representative of orthodox communism. The opposition from the right has no such outstanding leader. It is in the bureaucracy and among the technical experts of the state trusts, who

want a more dynamic and pragmatic interpretation of communist theory. This opposition from the right works by more subtle means than that of the left. In its hands is part of the actual administration of the country and its power consists in its cumulative experience, and in the way it interprets and carries out party policy.

Trotsky's influence is not dead in Russia, despite his exile. Among his followers are some of the most ardent and fanatical communists. And he has so many followers abroad that his exile has literally split the international party. This fact is not without indirect influence, in Russia.

A Jewish intellectual, he spent years in prison and exile under the Tsar. He escaped and worked as a journalist in New York, living in the Bronx. He returned to Russia with Lenin on the verge of the bolshevist revolution, and was its most fiery speaker, its most magnetic personality. He organized the Red Army. He was, for the outside world, the revolution's most brilliant apologist, and his comments on the trend in Russia and Europe were translated into all western languages and enjoyed the consideration of others than communists.

To-day he goes over the same hard road he travelled in 1905; beyond the vast steppes, to exile in Turkestan. He is not only banned physically, but excommunicated in spirit. The film depicting the bolshevist

revolution, Eisenstein's "October," barely shows him. History drops him.

A former comrade in exile issued the ban. When Trotsky departed for Siberia in 1905 he was accompanied by Lenin and Stalin. Lenin is canonized in to-day's Russia, and Stalin has a position, however temporary it may be, as powerful as was that of the Tsar.

What does Trotsky really stand for? Lloyd George said, "Trotsky will be Russia's Napoleon." Certain uninformed people inside and outside of Russia, who hate the present régime, turn to Trotsky because they think that he, being against the present government, must have something in common with bourgeoise opponents of it. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Trotsky himself says that he is a true Leninist. He describes the moment when the group which he leads was expelled from the Russian communist party as the "thermidor," referring to the moment when the French revolution swung into reaction. He maintains that the present régime is but bringing in the counter-revolution. "I am no Napoleon; Lloyd George is again mistaken," he said, packing his books, thousands of them, and preparing for a long exile.

This time they sent him off in a salon-car. There are, after all, some advantages in being exiled by former comrades.

The differences in the programs of Stalin and Trot-

sky are implicit in the personalities of the two men.

Stalin is a man with a long-standing grudge; a man who loves power, and who feels that he never got his just deserts. A strong man, admittedly; a true revolutionary who, like the others, suffered prison and exile, but who never was recognized by the revolution during Lenin's lifetime. The dramatic days of the 1917 revolution did not bring him forward. Lenin disliked him. Lenin was surrounded by exiles who had been his friends and confidants abroad, in Switzerland, elsewhere in Europe, men who knew the inside of every European labor movement. Stalin has hardly been outside of Russia in his life—once he went to a socialist conference in Stockholm; once he spent a few days in London. He knows no European language.

He is a sound, logical speaker and writer, of no intellectual brilliance. People say Bucharin, the secretary of the Third International, supplies the rationalization of his ideas. Stalin is the will. A magnificent machine politician, not overscrupulous when working for what seems a desirable end.

He carefully prepared the way for his rise to power. The secretaries of the local party organizations became, mysteriously, Stalinists. Would-be communists who were loyal to him were preferred to other applicants for membership in the party. Stalin, who had never held a political office, became Secretary

General of the Russian communist party. Before he had the post, it was not one of very great importance. He made a dictatorship out of it.

He is a Georgian from the Caucasus. Educated—he studied for the priesthood—but non-European in his outlook. He is simple and popular with simple people, who feel him to be one of themselves. A story is told of how Stalin was once reviewing the Red Army, when a soldier stamped impatiently and, receiving a frown from Stalin, complained, "I've been standing here for hours." "So have I," answered Stalin. "Yes," said the soldier, "but you have decent boots"—and he pointed to his own rag-bound feet. And Stalin took off his own boots and gave them to the soldier. The adventure ended in Stalin's having pneumonia. This story is quite probably a myth, but it is important that people tell it, and believe it. He might do something like that. The masses know Stalin to be of their blood and speech. He is daring; he broke prison-bounds oftener than any revolutionary. And he is sentimental with all his unscrupulousness, capable of weeping openly at a revolutionary melodrama.

Trotsky is an absolutely different type; a Jew, an ironist, an intellectual. His convictions are with the proletariat, but his manners, his speech, and his emotional reactions are those of the cultivated European. He is frail and small, thin-skinned, with an exag-

gerated forehead, and fine, almost delicate hands. The photographs of him do not do him justice. He has fine blue eyes, and great personal charm, is a brilliant causeur, a student and connoisseur of art, a man of the world, who speaks English, French, and German, and is at home in any European capital. He loves a fine gesture, and knows how to make it. In the end he accepted this last hard sentence with the same sang-froid with which he took upon himself the Tsar's decree of exile in 1905. His personal courage is impressive.

The programs of Stalin and Trotsky are the expressions of their personalities. Although both are committed to the Marxian doctrine and to the Leninist credo that socialism can only be developed under the dictatorship of the proletariat; although both men are anti-national in their theories, Trotsky is instinctively internationalist, accustomed to think and feel in world terms, whereas Stalin is instinctively provincial and Asiatic. One of the few journalists who have ever interviewed him was the Pekin editor of the leading Japanese newspaper. Stalin greeted him with the words, "I am happy to see you —I, too, am an Asiatic." Stalin believes that the world revolution is desirable and inevitable, but that it can wait. He believes that Russia can save herself. He is suspicious of foreigners—even, one suspects, of the most orthodox and docile foreign com-

munists. He comprehends pretty thoroughly the nature of the Russian peasant. They say he fears the peasant more than he trusts the town worker. At any rate he is constantly aware of the necessity of keeping the peasant more or less contented. He has supported programs certain to disaffect large portions of the peasantry only under pressure. He believes in the adaptation of the communist theory to the specifically Russian mentality and situation. He prefers even the Russian Nepman to the foreign concessionnaire.

Trotsky in his foreign policy is both more progressive and more Machiavellian. He is the eternal revolutionary, the instinctive internationalist, who knows no home but the company of his comrades everywhere in the world. An isolated Russia, settling into a peasant democracy, with a socialist administration of the towns, does not interest him in the least. For Russia he is an empire-builder, dreaming of a vast new civilization which will be the hearth for a world movement. This is in the foreground of his mind, as it is in the background of Stalin's.

Trotsky would suppress the Nepman at home, and give increased encouragement to foreign concessionnaires in Russia. He would say: The Nepman is at best a little fellow. He is a pest, a blight, a source of infection. He makes his neighbors discontented, and opens a wedge for the gradual return of the old

private trading system. Concessions to local private traders prejudice socialism at home, do not attract to the country new capital, in short we gain nothing from them. They do not accelerate the development of the country. But great foreign trusts can come into Russia under conditions which we fix; they are outsiders; they must employ their workers under our labor conditions; they do not affect the way the country is run. And they will help us to make Russia soon into a rich, powerful, industrial country. The faster that can be accomplished the sooner the world revolution will come.

Trotsky sees pure Marxist theory breaking down under the strain which the struggle for mere life puts upon the Soviet administration. Stalin believes in the moujik. Trotsky does not. For Stalin the poor moujik is the heart of the country, the source of all of its vitality. Trotsky, more abstract and intellectual, sees the peasant, whether he be Russian, European, or American, as inevitably an individualist, satisfied with small gains, hugging his bit of soil, greedy within mean limits, selfish and anti-social—not stuff out of which to make a dynamic and grandiose socialist state. He accuses the government of permitting Nepmen to speculate in grain, of coddling the better off peasant, who, as a result is increasingly the overlord of the smaller peasant, and who begins to act as middleman, holding grain for higher prices. It is

painful for the government that much of Trotsky's diagnosis is indisputably true. As he departed for Wjernyi, in Russian Turkestan, the grain crisis arrived in Moscow. Little else has filled the press during the past winter besides discussion of what measures are being taken to collect grain and avoid a famine in the large centers, and how successful these measures are.

Stalin believes that agriculture can gradually be socialized, and made thereby more producible, by co-operative organization and contracts between state trusts and peasants' co-operatives. It must be admitted by the government that this program is almost completely unrealized. The peasant co-operatives, as often as not, become a weapon which the land uses against the town. Trotsky says that the attempt to placate the peasants has led to a cooling off in the enthusiasm of the town-worker, who is the real bulwark of the communist state. He claims that while government measures are notably failing to make the peasants socialistic, unemployment in the towns, terrible prices, the apprehension that peasants and Nepmen are being protected against the interests of the proletariat, are causing the government to lose the support of those supporters which it has. This diagnosis seems to be exaggerated. There are two theories about the political significance of the hard sentences against the opposition. One is that the

government is terrified of them because of the truth of their criticisms, the other that the government is so secure that it can allow itself despotic measures. The truth seems to lie somewhere in between. Were the government not apprehensive it would hardly take such brutally suppressive measures against its critics, but were it not fairly secure with the workers it would hardly dare to do so. The government's control over all of the organs of public opinion is a great weapon; it has enabled them to wage an unscrupulous campaign against the Trotskyists and confuse public opinion. It has accused Trotsky and his followers of being mensheviks, even bourjuis, when precisely the opposite is the truth.

But the difference between Trotsky and Stalin is largely one of emphasis. Trotsky says: "Industrialization, fast, with all the outside foreign capital which you can get; concessions there if necessary; none inside the country; rigorous suppression of profiteers, whether Nepmen or rich peasants. Were he in power it is a question whether he would follow a policy very different than Stalin's. The industrialization of Russia is not halted by Stalin's program, but by inefficient administration, the form of economic organization, and Russia's world situation. It is a question whether foreign capitalists would have more faith in Trotsky, the international revolutionist, than in Stalin, the silent, non-European overlord

of Russia's destiny. Following Trotsky's banishment, the government, which always steers a fluctuating course and compensates on the left for every concession to the right, put through a vigorous campaign against peasant hoarding and profiteering without notable results. The next move will probably be again to conciliate the disaffected peasantry.

The discipline of the Russian communist party is one of the phenomena of the world. Between Stalin and Trotsky there is still some bond. With all the stubbornness of his nature Trotsky opposed the Stalin program. With all the violence of the ancient Tsars Stalin meted out to him his punishment. Yet, in the end, Trotsky accepted his fate and the party's will, with considerable docility. He went into exile without offering physical resistance. He still recognized, to a certain extent, the party orders. And going, he re-affirmed his belief in communism, in the world revolution, and in the Soviet system and the proletarian dictatorship.

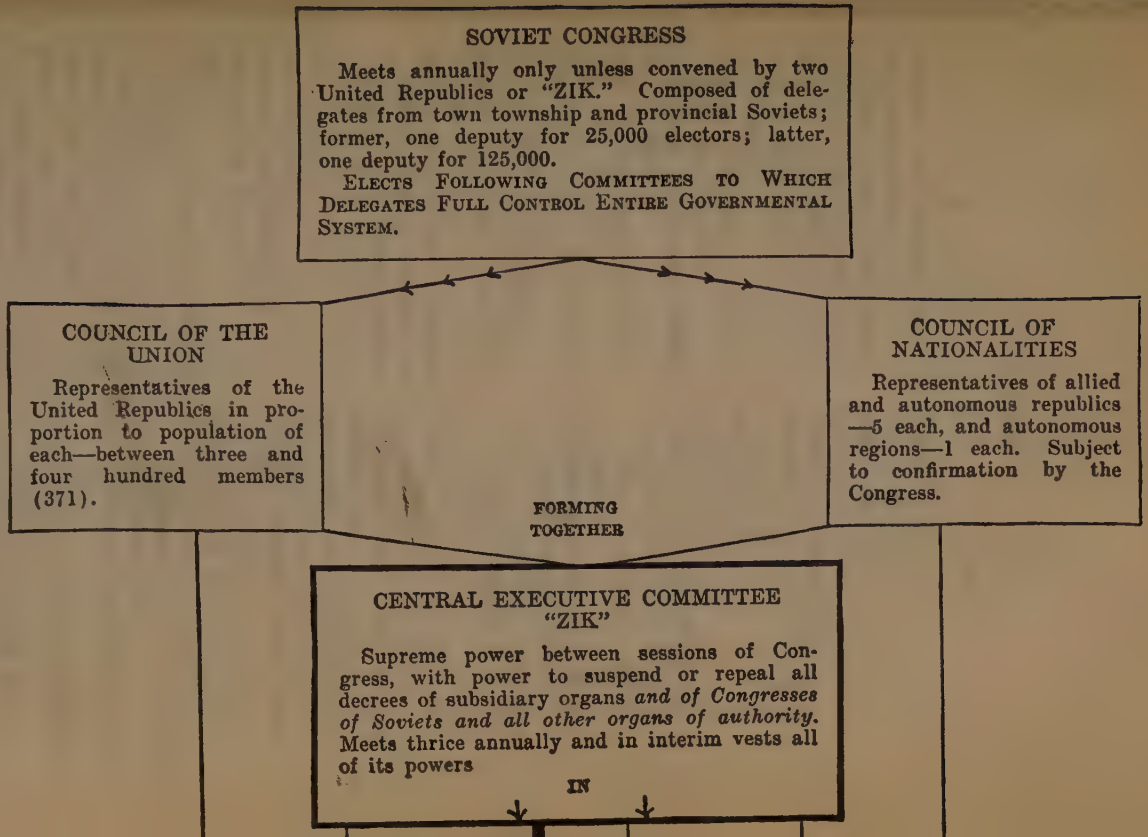
The western world may rightly regard the defeat of Trotsky as a retreat of the world revolution further into Russia. The world revolution is not repudiated by Stalin but he is certainly less interested in it than Trotsky and Trotsky's followers and friends. But Stalin by no means represents the wing farthest to the right, in communist opinion. There are influential persons in Russia who think that the country is still

far too involved in the revolutionary movements of other countries, and who regard the Third International as an irksome burden on the Soviet state. There is growing up in Russia a Third Estate, a body, essentially non-political, of men of ability and experience, who have come into important administrative positions in the Soviet bureaucracy, as technical advisers, officials, and trust and bank directors. Many of them have to deal commercially or diplomatically with representatives of foreign nations, and are continually aware of the difficulty of carrying out a policy which on the one side makes overtures of friendliness to capitalistic governments, asserts the possibility of economic collaboration with them, and on the other side supports subversive movements in their countries. They learn from contact with the rest of the world how difficult it is to co-operate with the world and at the same time wage war against the system under which the rest of the world is administered. They see that the Russian adventure in China accomplished nothing for the world revolution but was a costly matter for the impoverished socialist state. These people are more interested in the good-will of the German foreign minister Mr. Stresemann than in the loud but ineffectual little group who occupy the communist benches in the German Reichstag; they are more excited by a visit to Russia from Ivy Lee than from Scott Nearing, and find Mr. Harriman a

more welcome guest than Bill Heywood. They see that all that Russia gets out of world communism is the satisfaction of being its Mæcenas.

Similarly, inside Russia they see that political opportunism and economic wisdom are not synonymous terms. All purely political questions seem small to them in the face of the economic problems which besiege their country. The lack of food in the towns and of manufactured goods in the country is a fact. The diminution of the wheat export to a point where it may be necessary to import grain from America is a fact. The insolvency of numerous important Soviet industries, the slowness with which new capital accumulates, the vast expense of Soviet administration and management, the prohibitive prices of home-manufactured goods, the decline in the buying power of the rouble—these are all facts which are realized by the men who are responsible for the administration of Russia. Many of them are not communists. They are non-political experts, hired by the government, who have no direct voice in policy-making. But their opinion is not negligible and their influence is bound to increase, although with recurrent backslidings. They wish to divorce politics and economics more completely; to lop off inefficient industries, reduce wages, increase hours, and lighten the burden of obligations toward the workers, which are often heavier than the state industries can stand. They judge the

advisability of any measure, not according to whether it is in harmony with communism and furthers the interests of the working class but by whether it will increase production. The tendency of their program is toward state capitalism and government by experts, with the welfare of the whole national economy rather than of any one class as the objective. It is this group which is attracting to itself the best brains of young Russia and it is this class which is likely to dominate the second act of that stupendous drama, of which the ten long years since the revolution have been but the prologue.


SOVIET CONGRESS
Meets annually only unless convened by two United Republics or "ZIK." Composed of delegates from town township and provincial Soviets; former, one deputy for 25,000 electors; latter, one deputy for 125,000.
Elects Following Committees to Which Delegates Full Control Entire Governmental System.
COUNCIL OF THE UNION
Representatives of the United Republics in proportion to population of each—between three and four hundred members (371).
COUNCIL OF NATIONALITIES
Representatives of allied and autonomous republics—5 each, and autonomous regions—1 each. Subject to confirmation by the Congress.
FORMING TOGETHER
CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE "ZIK"
Supreme power between sessions of Congress, with power to suspend or repeal all decrees of subsidiary organs *and of Congresses of Soviets and all other organs of authority.* Meets thrice annually and in interim vests all of its powers
IN

INDEX

A

Abortion, 227; legalized, 269
Agricultural policy, 164
  products, prices, 127, 135-137
  representation, 79, 80 *n.*
Agriculture, handicaps, 293; socialization, 312. *See also* Farms
Airplanes, manufacture of, 157; military, 175, 199
Alcoholism, campaign against, 131, 132
Allies of Red Army, 177, 207
Alphabets, new, 293
Ambassadors, how financed and disciplined, 113
America. *See* United States
American attitude toward Russia, 301
Americanization, as a socialist ideal, chapter, 159-168; opposition of Europe toward, 161
Amusements, 27-32, 45
Anti-Semitism, 47
Apaches. *See* Besprizorny
Architecture, 11-12
Area, 5
Armageddon, troops of, chapter, 191-210
"Armored Train 1469," 29, 193
Arms in civil life, 197
Army. *See* Red Army
Artists' Club, 55, 66
Arts, encouragement of, 56-71; "proletkult," 59
Atheistic campaign, 293

B

Baccarat, 43
Ballet, 31, 262
Bela Kun, 44, 179
Besprizorny, the, 171, 244-252
Block, Alexander, 57
Bohemia, Moscow's, 42, 55, 66; Queen of, 67
Bomb plots, 186
Boncour, Paul, 196
Books, number published, 56; of school children, 201-203, 232, 258; enormous sale of, 252
Bourgeoisie, in Moscow, 42; definition, 221, 230 *n.*
  ideas, conquest of, 125; through schools, 215, 220, 230
British attitude toward Russia, 301
  gold mining concessions, 155
Brothel, 274
Brutality. *See* Terror, the
Bucharin, 307
Budget, military, 195; education, 253
Buildings, 12, 24
Bureau, for Maintaining Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, 52
  of Cultural Relations. *See* Voks
Bureaucracy, 14; representatives of, 55
Businessmen. *See also* Nepmen
  foreign, in Moscow, 42

C

Candy industry, 129
Capital, shortage, 144; need of foreign, 147-149, 153
Capitalism, state, 121-158
Capitalistic world, fear of, 169-190
Casino, Moscow, 32, 42, 183
Cathedral, 282
Catholic Church, Communism compared with, 96, 109-114
Celebration, Soviet, 7
Cells, organization, 83; quality of human material in, 84; in military organization, 197, 198, 204; in foreign factories, 208
"Cement," 60
Censors, Board of, 27
Censorship, literary, 64, 65
Central, Committee, 85, 86
Control Committee, 85, 86, 116
Executive Committee, 80; powers of, 81
Party Congress, 86
Revisions Committee, 85, 86
Chamberlain, Austen, 175, 200
Chase, Stuart, 138
Chemical warfare, 175
Chemicals, production of, 157
Chicago, enthusiasm for, 67, 165
Children, 266, 280; illegitimate, support of, 225, 267-268; waifs and orphans, 171, 244-252. *See also* Education; Schools; Youth organizations
China, sentiment for, in schools, 236; Russian adventure in, 315
Chinese University. *See* Sun Yat Sen University
Christ, Lenin idealized to resemble, 91, 102, 107-108
Church, decadence, 259. *See also* Catholic church
lands distributed, 283
Churches, 98
Civilization, new, compared with American, 161; a mechanical, 165
past, destroyed, 23-24
Western. *See* Westernization
Clothes and styles, 45, 53
Clubs, peasants', 294-296
Collectivism, artistic, 70; aim of modern education, 219, 224; influence upon administration of justice, 224. *See also* Communal living
Collectivist tenets, abandoned, 121
Commercial expansion, 296
Communal living, 16-20
Communism, made a national faith, 91; emotional nature of, 97, 109; future dependent upon growth of industrialism, 285; German attitude toward, 299; revolution continuous in, 303
Communist Party, and Third International, 55, 87, 209, 237, 315; organization and power, 72, 85-88; system compared with that of Catholic Church, 96, 109-114; religious ardor toward, 97-100; periods of probation, 109; espionage of members by O. G. P. U., 188

Communists in Red Army, 204
Concessionnaires, causes of success, 133, 146; conditions and contracts, 149-158; relations with labor, 150; with banks: marketing problems, 152; need of capital: of experience, 153; revising the contract, 154; opportunities for wealth, 155
Concessions, why granted, 146-149; why successful, 155; countries favored, 156; nature of, 156; now offered, 157
Congress, Soviet, 78-80
Consomol, 106, 220, 221, 222, 223, 226, 230
Constitution of the U. S. S. R., 73-75
Contracts with concessionnaires, 149, 154
Contradictions, Soviet Russia a land of, 3
Co-operative, farm the Soviets' ideal, 292
  shops, 21
Cossacks, 191
Coudenhove-Kalergi, Count, 161
Council of, Nationalities, 80, 81
  People's Commissaries, 82
  the union, 80
Counter-revolution, 170-208
Courts, 82, 179, 224
Credits, 122, 123; for concessionnaires, 152
Crimes, punishment of, 179-180, 224
Crisis, permanent, 303-317
Customs, 6-10, 20. *See also* Amusements; Communal living

D

Dalton Plan, 211 *n.*, 212
Death sentence, the, 179, 180, 224
Debenko, 52
Defense Aid. *See* Society for Aviation and Chemical Defense
Democracy, theory of, 92-94
Dictatorship, 88
"Diary of a Student." *See* Kostja Rjabzew
Diplomatic society, 41, 49-55
Disarmament, international, desire for, 171, 175, 209
District Congress, 79 *n.*
Divorce, free, 260-274
Dostoievsky, 117
Dreiser, Theodore, 63
Drunkenness, 131
Duncan, Isadora and Irma, 31
Duranty, Walter, 97

E

Economic problems, 316
Education, 294-296; service ideals, 96; aim-conscious system, 161; political, in army, 205; making new mental type, 211-258; class-conscious, 230; political, in schools, 235-241; books read, 252; budget; statistics, 253; universities, 254-256; materialism vs. idealism, 255. *See also* Schools
Ehrenburg, Ilja, quoted, 61
Eisenstein, Serge Mikhailovich, 45, 108, 294, 306

Emotional nature of Communism, 97, 108, 109
England, feeling toward, 159; military intervention of, feared, 169; communist party sympathy, 178; rupture with, and resulting terror, 183, 186; hate campaign against, 200; allies against, in India and China, 208
Eros, Lame, chapter, 259-278
Europe, contempt for ideals of, 159; traditions, 160; opposition to Americanization, 161
Expulsion from the party, 111

F

Factories. *See* Industry
Factory workers. *See* Workers
Faith, Leninism as a, 89-120
Family, the, ceasing to exist in urban Russia, 260
Farben-Industrie, I. G., 157
Farmers. *See* Peasants
Farms, co-operative, the Soviets' ideal, 292; need of foreign capital, 298
Fear, of war, 169; caused by official espionage, 188
Federation of republics, 72-78
Fedin, Konstantin, 62, 290
Fields, Red, chapter, 279-302
Films, 65; propaganda of, 45; peasant film, 294
First Impression, The, chapter, 3-40
Fleet Verein in Germany, 198
Ford, Henry, 119, 163
Foreign, colony in Moscow, 42
Foreign, colony in Moscow, commissariat, social life, 41, 49-54; officials, 54-55
embassies, isolation of, 183-184
trade, control of, 123
Foreigners in business. *See* Concessionnaires
France, military system, copied, 196, 197
Franchise privileges, 79
Frank, Bruno, 92
Friends of Aviation. *See* Society for Aviation and Chemical Defense
Frontier quality of life, 6-10
Frunze, 189

G

Gambling, 43
General Party meeting, 85
Geneva conferences, Communist officials at, 51, 175, 209
German Reichswehr, 207
Germany, diplomatic incident due to importation of labor, 152; obtains concessions, 156; technical advice of, sought, 157; created new human type, 218; attitude toward Russian communism, 299-301
Gilbeaux, Henri, quoted, 59
Gladkoff, Fedor, 60
Gogol, 58, 70
Gold, concessions, 155
standard, adoption of, 122
Gosplan. *See* State planning commission
Government stores. *See* Co-operative shops

Grain crop, report, 128
Grand, Hotel, Moscow, 43, 183
Opera, 30-32, 45
Great Britain. *See* England
Gromann, 136

H

Haripenko, palace of, 49, 54, 112
Harriman concessions, 154
Hate campaign, 200-203
Hatvany, Louis, Baron, 93
Hegelianism, 218
Hero-worship. *See* Lenin; Leninism
Home life, collectivism in. *See* Communal living
Hotels in Moscow, 25-27, 42, 43
House committees, 19
Housing, 17, 20, 35, 121
Human, nature, changing, 218
qualities of Party members, 84, 85, 108
"Humoresques," 35-40, 185
Hungarian delegation in Washington, 93

I

Ideals, 35
Incorruptibility, of O. G. P. U., 181; of party officials, 188, 224
Industrial system, 121-158
Industrialism, future of communism dependent upon growth of, 285
Industry, private, not increasing, 144. *See also* Concessionnaires
state, profits, 126, 131; prices, 126-127, 136-138; operated at loss, 128; not divorced from political life, 129; inefficiency of, 133, 145, 149; production costs, 139; labor conditions, 150
"Inspector-General, The," 58, 70
Intellectual rigidity, 256
International party, effect of Trotsky's exile, 305
Invasion. *See* War
Italy, trade with, 126, 141; price reductions, 140

J

Jaures, 196
Jesenin, 57, 58
Jewish Nepmen. *See* Nepmen
Joffe, Adolphe, 110, 112, 189
Journalists, foreign, 42
Judges, 179
Junkers airplane works, 157
Justice, administration of, 224-226

K

Kagan, 51
Kalinin, Michael Ivanovich, 115, 200, 284
Kamenewa, Mme., 52
Kamerney theatre, 45
Karolyi, Michael, Count, 93
Kaufmann, Professor, quoted, 135
Keynes, John Maynard, 122
Keyserling, Hermann Alexander, Count, 264
Kidd, Benjamin, 97
Kollontai, Alexandra, 52, 276
"Kommyhap," 21
Korepanoff, 187
Kossuth, Louis, centennial of, 93

Kostja, Rjabzew, "Diary of a Student," 228, 243; quoted, 104, 211, 212, 213, 222, 223
Krupp concessions, 153
Kujbyshew, 139
Kulak, 288-292; representation, 80 *n.*

L

Labor. *See* Workers
Lame Eros, chapter, 259-278
Land, attempt to equalize, 121, 288
Language, never codified, 293
Languages, lack of foreign, 24
Lay public, toleration for, 118
Left. *See* Opposition
Lenin, Wladimir Iljitch, 52, 144, 164, 192, 200, 223, 256; in his tomb, 89, 97; statues and pictures of, 90, 101; reverence for, 100; idealization of, 102; recalls Bela Kun, 179; hero-worship of, in schools, 229, 234; quoted, 252; dislike of Stalin, 307
Lenin corner, 101, 205, 234
Leninism, 3; a Power Formula and a Faith, chapter, 89-120; compared with democracy, 91; with Marxism, 94; a personal religion, 107; practical, defined, 168
Lewis, Sinclair, 62, 63
Liberty, individual, theory of, 92-94
Life-ideal, 35
Lindsey, Ben, 229
Literature, 56-71
Litvinov, Maxim Maximovitch, 49, 51, 112, 113; quoted, 87; on danger of invasion, quoted, 170; at Geneva, 175, 209
Litvinov, Mme., 51
Living quarters of officials, 112
Lloyd George, David, quoted, 306
Love, effect of communism on, 261, 276; *see also* Sex life
Lunacharsky, 53, 68, 69, 214
Lunacharsky, Mme., 53
Lux, Hotel, 44

M

Machine age, 119
Machinery, agricultural, 164; adoration of, 165-166
Magazines and reviews, 66
Maierhold, 65, 68; quoted, 70
Making a New Mental Type, chapter, 211-258
Manual training in schools, 242
Market, 33-34, 280; Russia the greatest potential, 297
Marriage, 227, 260, 265-276
Marx, Karl, 88, 103, 120, 228
Materialism vs. idealism, 255
Mayakowski, 64, 66, 165
Mayfair and Montparnasse, chapter, 41-71
Mechanical civilization, ideal of, 165
Mental Type, Making a New, chapter, 211-258
"Michail Lykow," 60
Middleman, 138
Military, parade on Red Square, 97, 176-178, 191
preparations, 170, 191, 199
system, 191-210; expenditures, 95; universal, training, 196; volunteer organization, 197;

equipment, 198; efforts to strengthen morale of army and people, 199; hate campaign, 200-203. *See also* Red Army
Militia, volunteer, 195, 197
Miller, Rene Eulep, 57
"Mind and Face of Bolshevism, The," 57
"Minus Six," sentence of, 182
Modernizing influences, 293
Monastic order, comparison of Communism to a, 96, 109-114
Money credits. *See* Credits
Moneyed classes. *See* Nepmen
Montparnasse and Mayfair, chapter, 41-71
"Mopra," 236
Moral power in Bolshevism 115, 116
Morale failing, 38
Morality, breakdown of old, 260
Moscow, 5, 10-16; housing, 17; shops, 21-23; hotels, 25, 42, 43; amusements, 27-32; market, 33-34; social life, 41-71
Moscow Trading Organization, 128
Mosktorg. *See* Moscow Trading Organization
Motors and motor trucks, prices, 126
Moujilso. *See* Peasants
Moving pictures. *See* Films

N

N. E. P. *See* New Economic Policy
Nanoff, 187
Nepmen, 41 *n.*, 46-49, 152, 310-311; children of, 230, 231
New Economic Policy, 41 *n.*, 144, 146, 288
Nikandrow, Nikolai, 62, 274

O

O. G. P. U. *See* Secret Military Police
Oath, of Tsarist soldiers; of Red Army soldiers, 206; of Young Pioneers, 230
Obedience to the party, 110
"October," 108
"Octobrists," 203, 220
Officers, army, 193, 197
Officials, government, how financed and disciplined, 111-114; espionage of, 188; nervous illness and high mortality, 189; incorruptibility of, 224
Ognjew, Nikolai, 104 *n.*, 211 *n.*
Oil, production and sale, 141-143
Opera, 30-32, 45
Opposition, the, 103, 164, 303, 312-313. *See also* Trotsky
Organizationburo, 87
Orphans. *See* Besprizorny
Orthodoxy. *See* Religion
Ossinski-Obolensky, 51
Osoaviachim. *See* Society for Aviation and Chemical Defense

P

Painting and painters, 55-57, 69
Palace used by foreign office, 49, 112
Pan-Europa movement, 161

Party, the. *See* Communist Party
Paternalism of government and trade unions, 22
Peasant goods, purchasing power of, 135-136
Peasants, representation, 79, 80 *n.*; efforts to increase efficiency of, 163; return to individualism, 164; war weariness, 172; in the army, 193; homes, 279; characteristics, 281; Bolshevist policy toward, 285; production, 287; educative influences, 294; as Trotsky sees them, 311
"Peasants' House," 294-296
Permanent crisis, the, chapter, 303-317
"Pioneers," 99, 203, 220, 221, 222, 223, 231; oath of, 230
Pirating, literary, 63
Plays, censorship, 28, 163
Podrazkoff, 187
Poets, 55, 57, 59
Police. *See* Secret Military Police
Politburo, 83, 87
Political, Bureau. *See* Politburo
Direction Workers' and Peasants' Army, 204
education in schools, 235-241
Population, 5, 17
Post, police control over, 181
Posters, 56, 65; military, 171, 176, 201
"Potemkin," 45
Power formula, Leninism as, 89-120
Præsidium, the, 81, 82, 87
Prices, for industrial products, 126; for agricultural products, 127; discrepancies between industrial and agricultural, 135-138; how fixed, 137; breach between wholesale and retail, 138-140; when reductions "ordered," 140; of oil, 143
"Primus," 18
Private, industry. *See* Industry, private
shops. *See* Shops
Probations, periods of, 109
Production, efforts to increase, 161-163; peasant control of farm, 287-288. *See also* Industry
Programs of Stalin and Trotsky, 306, 309-314
Proletkult, 59
Propaganda, in theatre, 45, 65; effect upon peasants, 287
Prostitution, 274
Protection for governmental trusts, 127
Prove brothers' case, 186
Provincial Soviet Congress, 79 *n.*
Psychoanalysis, 276
Psychosis, War, chapter, 169-190
Public opinion, government's control over organs of, 313
Publishing houses, nationalized, 56, 64
"PUR," 204

R

Races, 292
Rakowsky, 208
Rasputin, Grigorii Efimovich, 118

"Rasputin," drama, 95
Red, Army, 109, 110; parade on Red Square, 176-178, 191; creation of, 193; treatment of, by world press, 194; reduction in size, 195; expenditures for: aiming toward volunteer militia, 195; universal military training, 196; recruiting and training, 197; weakest in equipment, 198; morale, 199; organization and political education, 204-205; oath, 206; allies for, 207; aid the "Besprizorny," 252. *See also* Military system
Fields, chapter, 279-302
Square, military parade on, 97, 176-178, 191
Regional Soviet Congress, 79 *n.*
Religion, 98, 99, 100, 117, 293; weakening power of, 259
Religious ardor toward Communism, 96-100; toward Leninism, 107
Republics, union of, 72-78
Revolution, the, effect upon the theater, 45, 65; upon the arts, 57, 58, 60, 64
Revolutions, 24
Right. *See* Opposition
"Right to withdraw," 76-78
Rjabzew. *See* Kostja Rjabzew
RKI. *See* Workers' and Peasants' Inspection
"Roar, China," 29, 68
Rohan, Prince, Karl Anton, quoted, 78, 161
Royal Dutch Company, 143
Rural life, 279-302
Russian Trade Delegation in the United States, 157
Rykow, 115, 120, 200

S

Sacrifice motif in Communism, 108, 109, 120
Salaries of officials, 111-113
Schools, 104 *n.*, 106, 296; war propaganda in, 171-174, 201-203; school life, 211-214; teachers, 214; administration of justice, 224; shortage of, 229, 253; revolutionary celebrations and songs in, 201, 232; books and stories, 232; Lenin worship, 234; political education, 235-241; social work; manual training, 242; teaching technique, 257. *See also* Education
Secret Military Police, 19, 26, 82, 195; apparatus of, 170; practices, 179; uniformed men, 180; secret service, 181; the Terror, 182-185; the Prove case, 186; espionage of party members, 188; defended by Stalin, 189
Secretariat, the, 86, 87
Sex, life, 117, 225-229
morals, 259-278
war, 268
"Shepherd's Song," 201
Shops, 21-22
Skolny-Rabotnik, 212
Skrabs. *See* Skolny-Rabotnik
Slums, 17
Smolensky market, 33-34
Smuggling, 47

"So lacht Russland," 35 *n.*-40
Social, life in Moscow, 41-71
work in schools, 242
Socialist Ideal, Americanization as a, chapter, 159-168
Socialist Soviet Republics, Union of, 72-78
Society for Aviation and Chemical Defense, 170, 174, 175, 198, 201
"Song of Hate," 203
Songs as school propaganda, 201-203
Sostschenko, Michael, 35-40, 167, 185, 243, 272
Soviet government, first impressions, 3-40
and Third International, 209
Soviet state, structure of, 72-88
Soviet Year Book, 78, 80 *n.*
Sovietism, German attitude toward, 299
Soviets a modernizing influence, 293
Sownarkom. *See* Council of People's Commissaries
Spendthrift tendency, 22
Spy, the, 179, 180
Stage. *See* Theaters
Stalin, Ivan V., 55, 86, 87, 120, 200; power of, 114, 304; on vodka, quoted, 132, 133; on American spirit, quoted, 168; on the O. G. P. U., quoted, 189; issue between Trotsky and, 291; personality, 307-308, 309
Standard Oil Company, 142, 143
Standardization of products, 166
Stanislawsky, 29, 70, 107
State, The, as a Political Machine, chapter, 72-88; as Super-trust, chapter, 121-158
planning commission, 133
States rights, 75-78
Statistics, discrepancies in, 128
Stores. *See* Co-operative shops
Stretjakoff, 68
Sun Yat Sen University, 173, 237, 254
Superstitions, 293
Super-trust, the State as, chapter, 121-158
Suppers at diplomatic receptions, 54
Supplies, shortage in basic, 23
Supreme Court, 82
Supreme Economic Council, 124

T

Taxation, 48, 289
Tcheka. *See* Secret Military Police
Tchicherin, 55, 113, 114, 189; appearance and character, 50
Teachers, 214
Tenancy, system of, 121
Terror, the, 169, 178-180; after rupture with England, 183, 186; means employed, 184; in contemporary literature, 185; when dealing with party members, 188
Theaters, 27-30; propaganda, 45; seriousness of, 65; artistic collectivism, 70; the machine in the, 166
Thermidor, 306
Third, Estate, 315
International, 55, 87, 209, 237, 315

"Thus Laughs Russia," 35-40
Tipping, 9, 27
Tolstoy, Alexei, 95
Tolstoy, Leo Nikolaievich, 256
Tovaristchi, 9
Towns, 6
Toys, 280
Tractors, 164
Trade Unions, relations with concessionnaires, 149; privileges of members, 151
Traders, independent. *See* Nepmen
Train service, 9
"Transvaal," 290
Treves, 51
Troops of Armageddon, chapter, 191-210
Trotsky, Leon, 52, 53, 95, 103, 110, 111, 145, 164; on vodka, 132; on concessions and foreign capital, quoted, 148; on standardization, quoted, 166; creation of Red Army, 193; issue between Stalin and 291; exile, 303, 305; personality, 305-306, 308-309; foreign policy, 310; industrialization policy, 313
Trotskyists, government's campaign, 313
Trusts, state. *See* Super-trust
"Turbin Family, The," 29, 193
Tverskaya, 10
"Twelve, The," 57
"Twelve Thousand, The," 92

U

U. S. S. R. *See* Union of Socialist Soviet Republics
Ukrainian co-operative organization, 126
Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, 72; constitution, 73; competence and authority, 74; states rights under, 75; control of resources, 76; "the right to withdraw," 76-78; mechanism of, 78-88
United States, democracy and liberty in, 92-94; offered best concessions, 156; successful in trading, 157; and Russia, struggle for world domination, 160. *See also* America; Americanization
United States Political Department, 82. *See also* Secret Military Police
Universities, 254-256; Chinese, 173, 237, 254
Uplifters, foreign, 42, 43

V

Villages, 279-285
Vodka industry, 131-133
Voks, 14, 52
Volost Congress, 79 *n.*
Volunteers. *See* Militia
Vote, the, how distributed, 79

W

"Wall Newspaper," quoted, 173, 222
War Psychosis, chapter, 169-190
Wells, H. G., 165
Westernization, 293, 298
Williams, Albert Rys, 289
Women, 261; new beauty ideal, 46; in Moscow society, 51-

53, 67; equal rights, 263; civilization hostile to, 263-264. *See also* Marriage
Italian, 262
Work, ideal of, 161, 232
Workers, method of payment, 122; contracts, wages, welfare, 149-152; efforts to increase production of, 161-163; in the army, 192, 197; of the world as allies, 177, 207
"Workers' and Peasants' Inspection," 86 *n.*, 130
World revolution an aim of education, 235
Woroschilow, 191, 195
Writers, 55, 62; material success, 63

Y

Youth, and sexual life, 225-229
organizations, 99, 106, 203, 220, 230

Z

"ZIK." *See* Central Executive Committee
ZK. *See* Central Committee
ZKK. *See* Central Control Committee

Library Bindery, Inc.
2 1950

18900

DK
267
T5

THOMPSON, DOROTHY
THE NEW RUSSIA.

DATE DUE

GAYLORD PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Colby-Sawyer College Library
The new Russia,
GEN DK267 .T5
Thompson, Dorot c.1
3 3469 00024 1743

S0-AHX-975